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THE PARIS OF THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.

IN laying down the sixth volume of the Vicomte de Bragelonne, after following D'Artagnan from when the Gascon stripling rides into Meung upon his father's cherished "orange-colored horse" to where the grizzled captain dies Marshal of France, his baton broken by the shot which shatters his breast, one feels that the friends with whom one has fought and galloped through eleven volumes must be real. Our thoughts still linger in the antechambers of the Louvre, the shaded walks of Fontainebleau, the hostelries of the Boulogne road. The hoof-beats have not quite died away, the swords are not yet quite quiet in their scabbards; we remember gallants and ladies laced and beribboned, and turn regretfully to modern streets, where all the world seems to have gone into mourning, as if the great cardinal had just issued another sumptuary law and sent the silks and satins of puce and cramoisi to join the gold galoons and velvets of other edicts. But a moment ago and D'Artagnan was at our elbow; Richelieu in the Palais Royal; a little Louis XIV. at play in the garden of the Tuileries; but the book is closed—the musketeer who has so long stood sentry, keeping the door of the past against the present, fades away and follows king, cardinal, and captain into retirement, in the quiet National Library, where behind the dusty glasses of the cases the leonine wigs still curl, the laces still flow over the armor, in the extension of life which the cunning burin of Nanteuil has accorded them. If the people are gone, their town, at least in part, remains, and their memory with it; the monuments stand on the squares, soldier and magistrate alike shine in marble in the dusky church corner, and we may follow in the footsteps of Athos and Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan about that Paris of Louis XIII. which still shows in the older quarters of the city of to-day like some ancient manuscript beneath the commonplace accounts of daily life that later men have written there.

The epoch of 1627 to 1660 in France, the background against which Dumas's heroes stand, was not a noble one. The spirit of the Renaissance, the reawakening of thought and inquiry, had done its work in the south, and sweeping northward stood triumphant and portentous in England, Holland, and Sweden, before the laurelled helmets that followed Cromwell and Gustavus Adolphus. In Italy, Spain and France, grand adventure, the quest of continents, the discovery of new worlds, had degenerated into the petty exploits of the duellist and intriguer, and in them the seventeenth century stands like a stagnant marsh between the mighty river of the Renaissance and the torrent of the Revolution.

One vigorous personality was born of these new conditions. Out of the dull

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emptiness of the times, out of the dreary record of aimless conspiracies, invasions, famines, and persecutions, springs a striking figure, cloaked, booted, and spurred, his hand on his rapier, his moustachios turned straight up to heaven, ready to ride, to drink, to fight; gay, fearless, honorable, according to his code, a material and very individual type, which we call to all time the cavalier—the type of Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan—the darling of his age, and realizing daily its one supreme ideal, "un beau coup d'épée," a good sword-stroke. This type Dumas has multiplied into a quadruple fasces of human achievement; his heroes ride through a cycle of eleven volumes, with Richelieu before La Rochelle, with Charles I. in England, with the court of the young Louis XIV. at Fontainebleau and St. Germain, and above all in Paris.

Costume of Musketeers in the Time of Bragelonne.
(With Louvre in seventeenth century.)

This Paris of the Musketeers was a small city; a crowded, thickset town, bristling with towers, still wearing its girdle of ramparts, a girdle which upon its opposite sides the king had buckled firmly with two great châteaux —a castle palace to hold himself, the Louvre; a castle prison to hold his enemies, the Bastille. The latter is gone, and the former would not be recognized by our Musketeers could they see it now. Even before their time it had begun to throw off its feudal gloom and appear in Renaissance cheerfulness, just as the gentlemen who rode with D'Artagnan cast away the heavy cuirass of olden times and went to the assault in cloak and doublet; but it still, in place of the long galleries we see to-day, kept walls, gates, and battlements, and was a fortress. Between the Louvre and the frowning eastern sentinel, the Bastille, lay the town. There the burgesses worked and married and buried, in their net-work of tiny streets, threaded at tolerably regular intervals by long, narrow thoroughfares, named after the saints, or those scarcely less great personages the nobles, packed with houses crowding together till they seemed strug-

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gling up on each other's shoulders to get out of the press, and glad enough of the breathing space given them now and then by some convent garden ; for although convents were plentiful, they were generally pushed out a little upon the skirts of commerce, and with their long, blank, garden-walls made streets ugly by day and dangerous by night in their convenience for the foot-pad and assassin. Paris still had its triple division of town, city, and university ; the last lay to the south of the Seine, about the mountain of Saint Geneviève, where the school of Abélard had grown into a venerable assemblage of colleges, and where the architects were hard at work upon a new Paris, building the Sorbonne for Richelieu, the Luxembourg for the queen-mother, and laying the foundations of St. Sulpice.

The city upon its island—venerable descendant of the Lutetia of the Parisii, august with the double headship of Church and State, bearing at once the crosier and the mace, the cathedral and the Palace of Justice—was a mass of towers and pinnacles.

There the mother church of Notre Dame rose above Paris, not as now on its

A Street of Old Paris.

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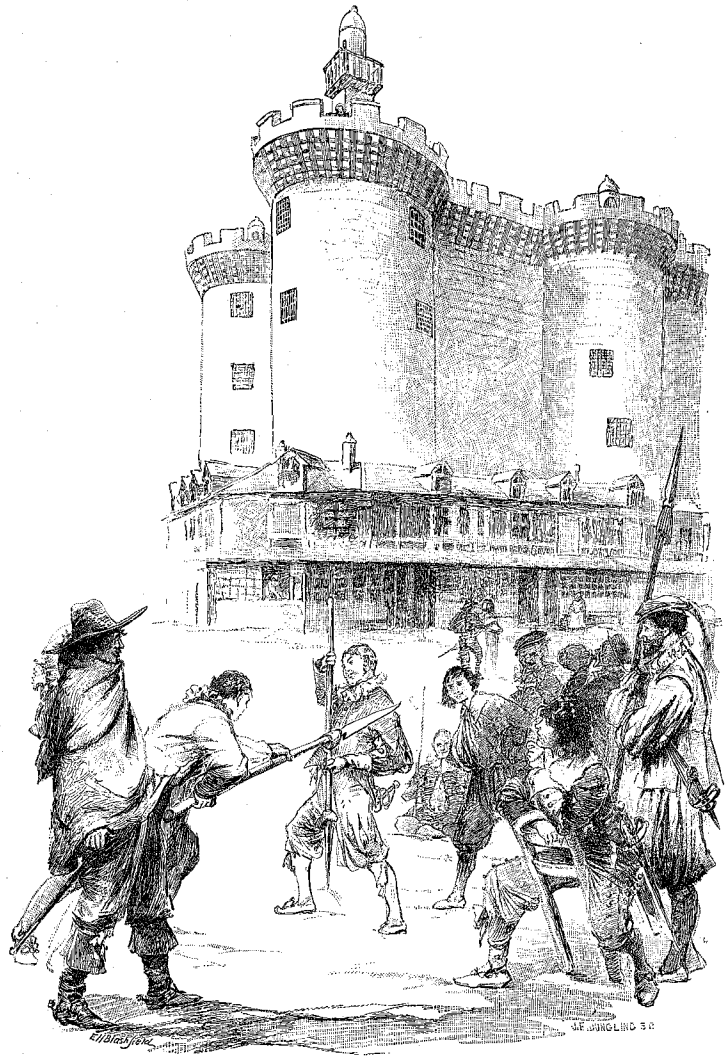

Swiss Guards Fencing with Halberds.
(The Bastille in the background.)

wide modern parvis, but crowded most of all by hovels huddling around its base, like the poor struggling to touch the raiment of Christ.

Thicker than anywhere else, the streets pressed about the Hôtel de Ville, the centre of the town, but not yet the true heart of Paris, and beating but feebly, close as it was to the fires of La Grève, the place of execution; it beat, nevertheless, and in the neighboring Palace of Justice, in D'Artagnan's own days, were men as brave as any Musketeer, and who first of all Frenchmen cried, "Live the Commonwealth!"

The tourist of to-day hardly goes into D'Artagnan's Paris, and never lives in the heart of it; he skirts it upon the grand boulevards, lodges often at one of the great hotels which are upon its edge in the quarter of the Louvre, and crosses it to go to the Hôtel de Ville,

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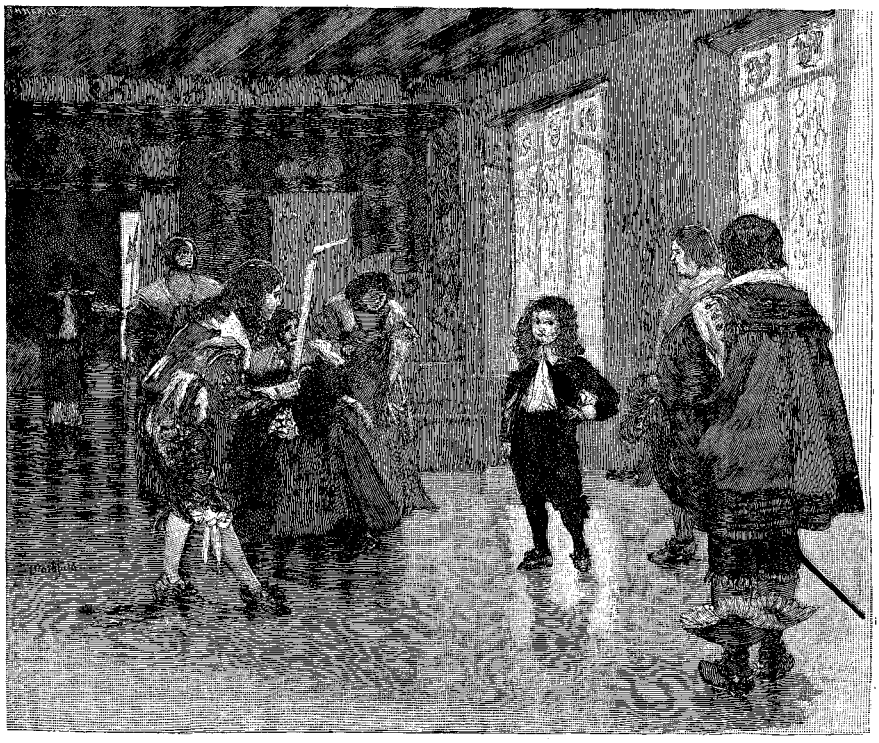
Notre Dame, or the Luxembourg. But the narrow tortuous lanes of the old times are inconvenient for circulation; he is driven along the main arteries and hardly sees the historic streets at all. He may live for years in Paris and never pass through them; his cab-driver knows but avoids them; while to him, as to the modern Parisienne, the Louvre means the grands magasins du Louvre. These are the high altars of feminine adoration, and to many visitors their line of *nouveautés* far outshines the dimmed splendor of the historic fleurs-de-lys in the great building opposite, and the quarter is consecrated rather by bargains than by recollections. And yet this old Paris is vastly interesting and easy to visit too; D'Artagnan would have stared at its modern map, and would hardly have found the city of 1648 upon it; for of the one hundred and eight or so of ruled squares, which barely include the metropolis of to-day, a dozen cover the town of the Musketeers, the walls of which upon the right bank of the Seine cut straight across the garden of the Tuileries, sliced off a corner of the present Palais Royal gardens, ran northeast to the boulevards, then really what their name signifies—fortified ramparts—and followed them to the Bastille. Even during the youth of the Musketeers these walls had grown elastic, and sieges of great cities were out of fashion; Henry II. had lowered the walls, and Richelieu breached them to make way for the Palais Cardinal, which his last will changed into the Palais Royal and property of the king. The bourgeois life had flowed over the ramparts long since, or struggled out through the fortified gates into the faubourgs, but it is mainly within their antique limits that the old houses are found to-day, by hundreds, from the Bastille to the Louvre, and from the Boulevard St. Denis to St. Germain des Prés; they are easily recognizable, for they thrust themselves out at the girdle like the gentlemen and ladies who wore the wadded gowns and doublets of 1627. Look at



The "Coucher du Roi."

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the people in the engravings of Bosse, see how they all hold themselves, bending backward from the waist ; then glance down some old street, and where his houses were lined and squared by Lemercier and Mansart. On all sides you find these old buildings sheltering their modern shops in the dull little Rue

Costume of the Corps of the Black Musketeers.
(In the time of Richelieu.)

the houses lean back like so many buttresses, there you may be sure the cavalier walked and rode and drank. In and out the houses straggle, nowise in line, like the soldiers of Louis XIII., where every man wore what uniform he pleased so that he fought ; while the troops of Louis XIV. were struck all arow and alike by the drill-sergeant's staff, just as Guénégaud, where Athos stopped in 1648, at the sign of the Grand Charlemagne ; in the Rue de Vieux Colombier, where the Odéon busses rattle under the towers of St. Sulpice, and where Athos again, in 1660, with the young Bragelonne, put up his horses in a quarter of shops filled to-day with church appurtenances, chalices, fonts, and candlesticks

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that would have furnished forth Aramis in his Breton bishopric, and with haloed statues much like the image de Notre Dame above the door of D'Artagnan's cabaret of the Place de Grève. There are still windows looking upon the statue of Henry IV. that may have seen Harcourt and Fontrailles hiding on the crupper of the great bronze horse to steal the burghers' cloaks; narrow streets in the Marais that echoed the scuffle when the gentlemen banded themselves together to rid the quarter of Marion Delorme of the foot-pads that infested it. The ancient façades are plentiful still about the central markets, and their ancient owners are remembered. Colbert kneels in marble in St. Eustache, and there are tablets and busts upon old houses to Molière and to Rousseau. Jean Goujon's lovely fountain still stands a monument to him in the Place des Innocents close by, though the ribbon shops are gone which in D'Artagnan's days did a thriving business right upon the charnel-houses that surrounded the square, showing openly their piles of grinning skulls to a populace which still inherited the mediæval and ghastly combination of indifference to, and fascination for, mortuary signs.

Thickest of all these souvenirs in stone and mortar stand in the part of the town which lies between the Hôtel de Ville and the Bastille, and where the little shops of a now humble quarter have burrowed into battered remains of stately old palaces, like Samson's bees in the carcass of the lion. The Renaissance goddesses, who saw the great King Henry walking with his minister in the sumptuous courtyard of the Hôtel de Sully, now see the washerwomen hanging their linen upon the heavy carving of its façades; school-boys play under the masks and friezes of the Hôtel d'Ormesson, and girls behind the gorgeous restored sculptures of the Lavalette. Between the Gothic towers of the palace of the Archbishops of Sens is a sign in huge letters, "to let for commerce or manufactures;" while the tower of John the Fearless, rising from that famous Hôtel de Bourgogne, theatre of Mazarin's Italian comedians, now also forms part of a school and is shored up with great beams. Only the lovely Hôtel Carnavalet has continued to be worthy of its ancient memories, though its mistress from 1689 to 1696, the charming Madame de Sévigné, would have been strangely surprised to see this shelter of whole lines of nobles turned into a "Museum of the French Revolution;" her genealogical tree made to furnish wood to house the axe that was laid to its root. These old streets have changed so little that it is easy to half shut the eyes and see them as they were; the Rue Tiquetonne, for instance, where D'Artagnan lived. Time, that deadly duellist, has let rapier holes through old Paris, and has opened the wide Rue Turbigo from the central markets to the Place de la République, but the Rue Tiquetonne has just escaped. There are wine-shops galore in it; indeed they flourish throughout the city. The blue blouses of to-day press about the thick glass tumblers as eagerly as the buff coats and ribboned pourpoints leaned over the tables where the wooden mugs and pewter tankards were spread. They are old, old shops, some of them; drooping feathers of wide felt hats have dragged in the wine lees on their benches, and great spurs have clinked over their door-sills; in one corner is a triangular, vine-covered, balconied roof where Athos and Porthos have certainly sat drinking toward sunset, and watched for D'Artagnan to come riding along the street to the sign of the Kid. It was a pleasant enough place, doubtless, to look down from upon seventeenth-century life, for then the little streets were thoroughfares, and below our Musketeers was the whole jostle and push of Paris—the street venders with their wares; the page carrying his master's falcon to be dosed; the long-gowned magistrate, his books borne before him by his lackey; the monk, haggling with the cobbler over the price of his patched sandal; the provost-guard, gay in the particolored blue and white and red of the city's livery; ladies in high-hipped gowns; exquisites with lace covering even the seams of their garments, and treading carefully on high pattens, strapped under soft boots, from the funnel-like tops of which cascades of lace escaped—boots bearing always the heavy spurs, sometimes of massive silver, and "changing often with the fashion," since it was an equestrian

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age, and these cavaliers, horseless, but all astride the hobby of dandyism, would as soon have worn their scabbards without swords as their boots without spurs. Sometimes a glittering squadron of gendarmes passed, covered with steel from head to knee in the last survival of armor, in deference to royal prejudice, despite a soldiery who hated it for its weight, and above all for the destruction which the visored helmet caused to the long locks that floated upon the shoulders of gentleman and burgess alike, and to the fierce mustachios, turned straight upward by assiduous use of that little instrument called the *bigotera*, and which one sees borne by Cupid behind the hearse in Voiture's Funeral of the Dandy.

Take the Rue St. Denis of to-day, suppress the sidewalks and almost suppress the pavement, fill the windows with swinging signs, touch the huge Parisian omnibus with a Cinderella's wand till it becomes the gilded coach of Louis XIV., diminish the number of vehicles, increase that of the horsemen, and you have the Rue St. Denis of Richelieu and Mazarin. By the middle of the seventeenth century chariots, as they were called, lumbered about the streets in such increased numbers as greatly surprised Bassompierre, returning from the Bastille after years of imprisonment, for Fiacre had commenced to let cabs and had given them his name, and soon philosophy, turning aside to the economic problem of cheap transportation, a "Pensée" of Pascal was presented to the world in the shape of the omnibus, or *carosse à cinq sous*. The Duc de Roannez in 1661 exploited this *Pensée;* but although business in many forms was permitted to the great, provided it bore the name of Privilege, the omnibus soon fell into disfavor—"the century was not yet ripe for the principle of equality it involved." The private carriages, or chariots, were huge vehicles seating eight or more comfortably; such was the one, so eagerly watched by the Musketeers as it was driven at full gallop along the Faubourg St. Antoine, from the gate to the Carmelites' Convent, with poor little Madame Bonacieux peeping from its window—a huge machine of wood, and leather, and great nails, and Genoa velvet curtains, with its wheels inordinately far apart, a perambulating room big enough for a whole family. The later coaches—which rolled out daily to St. Germain or Fontainebleau in long procession of six horses to each, the queens and maids of honor within, the young Louis riding at the portière of La Vallière—were equally large, but masterpieces of elegance in detail, and may still be seen at the Museum of Cluny or in the stables of Versailles. The Rue St. Denis often heard the trumpets of the Maison du Roi, and saw the famous company, called, from the color of their horses, the Black Musketeers, riding, one hundred gentlemen in files of four, with Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan in the ranks, their renowned captain, Monsieur de Tréville—right hand of the King and redoubted enemy of two cardinals—in advance, and just behind the scarlet casaques of the trumpeters. At first they were the Royal Carbineers, but soon carried the musket, and under their third commander, Monsieur de Tréville, or Troisvilles, to whom we are introduced in the first chapters of the Musketeers, they became the famous corps of the story—pre-eminently a *corps d'élite*. Sons of dukes enlisted as privates, and D'Artagnan is careful to tell us more than once that the captain of the King's Musketeers had precedence of the marshals of France.

Their equipment was splendid, its distinctive sign being a light blue casaque with a large silver cross on breast, back, and sleeves; they also wore the wide plumed hat, and the high soft boot reaching the thigh, while in Bragelonne's time they already had the stiff jack-boots—those enormous boots which ran after the English at Fontenoy and away from them at Blenheim; which splashed through Flanders, tramped into hostelries and over battle-fields, and bestrode the horses of Vandermeulen's pictures.

Tréville was the avowed enemy of Richelieu, Mazarin inherited the quarrel, and succeeded, in the time elapsing between the novels of the Musketeers and Twenty years after, in breaking and dismissing the company. But Louis XIV. soon reinstated it, adding a second squadron, of which he was the titular captain, and which made a brave show

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in 1660 at his entry into Paris, when the real D'Artagnan of the memoirs tells us that his horse wore a small fortune in ribbons.

The spot which has changed the least in all the city since the Musketeers met there in 1647, after twenty years of separation, is the sunny, spacious Place Royale, now Place des Vosges. It was the resort of fashionable Paris in the days of Louis the Just. On the site of the old Palais des Tournelles, destroyed by Catherine de Medici after her young husband met his death there from Montgomeri's splintered lance, Henry IV. built the quadrangle of houses which remain unchanged since the workmen set the medallion of the great King's kindly, bearded face against the central façade, or since a certain Marie Rabutin de Chantal opened her eyes on the world in one of these same hotels. The equestrian statue of Louis XIII., half nude and heroic, with tunic and buskins, rode there in marble in D'Artagnan's time, just as the modern copy does to-day, flecked by the sunlight through the trees that cluster thickly about it. The sullen Medicean face under its flowing hair looks over the gay flower-beds, the fountains, and the long line of steep gray roofs toward the little Church of the Visitation, where Mademoiselle de la Fayette, the only woman poor Louis ever loved, took the veil.

Under the arcades about the quadrangle are fascinating glimpses into quiet courts where caged birds sing in the sun and plants stand about fountains, where Bosse's coquettish maid-servants might fill their pewter nipperkins: courts that suggest a score of pictures. A languid *précieuse* should lean from the casement between the Renaissance masks and scroll-work; Mascarille and Scapin wait for Dorante and Léandre; gilded coaches roll under the portal, or a swaggering cavalier with a cartel lounges at the door. The whole square is a picture even to-day, when children play where gentlemen once fought; retired grocers and linen-drapers read their newspapers under the trees, and Monsieur Prud'homme laughs over his *Figaro*, where Malherbe and Ninon walked and talked. The high-pitched roofs, crowning the old pink and yellow and brown façades, are exquisitely delicate and soft in color; and over it all, above the gray velvet of the house-tops, is the pearly, low-lying sky so familiar to lovers of Paris.

Aramis's fashionable world was true to its own dominant passion in choosing the Place Royale for its duels and its promenades. From the early sixteenth century the Square had been a place of combat, the closed lists of the tournament; and bloody memories clung to it, which endeared it to the cavaliers. There Henry II. was killed, there the bravest mignons of Henry III. fell in the famous duel with Anjou's gentlemen, and were buried near by in the church of St. Paul—St. Louis, with great pomp, disconsolate royalty writing their epitaph. There—in D'Artagnan's own day, and in defiance of the king's edict, dictated by Richelieu, and sorely needed at a time when, in twenty years (ten of which were spent in active warfare), more French gentlemen had been killed in the duel than by the enemy—the Counts of Boutteville and Chapelle, out of pure bravado, fought under the placarded edict, and afterward expiated their disobedience on the scaffold. Later, and under a milder rule, came the blonde Duchesse de Longueville and Madame de Montbazon, rival Frondeuses, to watch the encounter between their respective admirers, Guise and Coligny. Fortune, as usual, smiled on the Venus of the Fronde, whose lover, Guise, ran his opponent through. But it was not only the swashbucklers who haunted the place; on pleasant days, after the early dinner, it was filled with the fine flower of seventeenth-century Paris. Marion Delorme aired her priceless laces under the arcades; on the Square, Beautru, the unbeliever, saluted the crucifix as it passed, and when a friend exclaimed, "What, Beautru, are you then on better terms with the Lord?" replied, "Oh! we bow, but we don't speak." In spite of his atheism Beautru was a royal favorite, as under Louis XIII., says La Bruyère, the courtier wore his own hair and was a free-thinker, while under his successor he wore a wig and was a devotee; Madame Scarron, who was to work this great change and "make religion the fashion,"

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often crossed the Place on her way to and from the little apartment where her crippled husband ruled over polite Paris at those famous suppers where witticisms replaced roasts. Arthénice, foundress of the first French *salon* and mistress of the celebrated Hôtel Rambouillet, seldom came to the Square, for she rarely left the house that she had planned and built for herself and her circle of wits, and which served as model for the Luxembourg and half the fine hotels of Paris. In the Place Royale Bussy Rabutin paid his court to lovely Madame Miramion before he carried her off by force, like a hero or a villain of romance, and before our brave D'Artagnan, the real Charles de Batz de Castelmore of the memoirs, rescued her. Bassompierre found many new things besides the carriages when he came there from the Bastille, after the long imprisonment, which must have been a sad trial to one so handsome, so elegant, and so witty that young men with pretensions to fashion or beauty were called Bassompierres.

He was sadly out of fashion, however, until his first interview with the court tailor, for since he was king of the mode costume had undergone a radical change, and no doubt he found it hard to admire his successors. Foremost among them was Cadenet, Comte de Chaulnes, the first to wear the beribboned lovelock much longer than the rest of the hair, which instantly became popular and was called, in his honor, the *Cadenette*, as befitted a discovery which was the most famous exploit of this marshal of France. A little later another exquisite, the Duke of Harcourt, in whose suite the historic D'Artagnan went to England, appeared in the Place Royale with a great pearl in his left ear. Next day the price of pearls was doubled, and all the barber-surgeons in Paris were busy. Even the grave Charles Stuart of England followed this fashion when he sat to Vandyck; its inventor was nicknamed *Cadet la Perle*, and when Mignard painted him in cuirass and sword-belt, he did not forget the famous ear-ring. Dandies are generally brave, and these gentlemen, recklessly careless of their lives, were extremely careful of their complexions, and spared no pains to soften and whiten the skin which they constantly risked in the duel; the hands that wielded sword and dagger were as smooth as a lady's, and dashing swordsmen slept in curl papers like Bob Acres.

"Carving the fashion of a new doublet," ordering laces in the Palais Royal, pondering over the choice of a ribbon or the setting of a jewel, occupied a large portion of a gentleman's time. A cavalier was no more ashamed of his love of dress or his use of cosmetics than is a modern Parisienne; and the cyprus scent, almond powder, and Spanish vermilion on his toilet-table did not prevent his risking life and limb in the service of his king or the defence of his honor. The French gentleman was far more mediæval than the burgess; and his ideas in regard to that same honor, in what it consisted and how it should be preserved, were some of them worthy of Don Quixote himself. To keep it, as he imagined, untarnished, he who had talked high-flown *Phœbus* with the *précieuses* overnight, would often, in the early morning, steal through the Place, his face muffled in his cloak, his plumed felt hat drawn well over the eyes, on his way to the deserted banks of the Seine, or the quiet stretch behind the convent of the barefooted Carmelites, where our friends first learned to know D'Artagnan, and from such an errand he sometimes came back still more quietly, feet foremost, borne upon the shoulders of his lackeys. Young blood was hot indeed which needed such a deal of phlebotomy, and society in a strange condition when the duel was not only a noble pastime, but, as a descendant of the old judicial combat, a criterion of truth, the only means of ascertaining which of two opinions was the correct one. Every difficulty was then a Gordian knot to be untied in the true Alexandrian manner, and cold steel was the sharpest and keenest of arguments, cutting through all sophistries and thrusting conviction home to the most obdurate. The pen was not yet mightier than the sword; there was no writing to *The Times* then; no "personal interviewing" concerning private grievance, no pettifogging among gentlemen; all differences, from creeds to the tying of shoe-knots, could only be

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A Casual Encounter.

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settled in one way, and the cavalier used his sword as instinctively as the insect his sting.

But the moment the combatants met refusal by accompanying it with twelve pots of cypress powder and six bottles of orange-flower water. These generals were worthy ancestors of the men who,

"Do you bite your tongue at me, sir?"

the plumed hats swept the ground in courteous salutation; the compliments crossed each other like rapiers; it was not until one of them was fairly conquered in gracious speech that the steel was unsheathed to take its part in this dual fence of word and weapons, for if they believed, like true Moslems, that "Paradise is found in the shadow of crossing swords," they had learned from the Spaniards the niceties of oriental politeness as well. These exchanges of civility often preceded the larger duel of the battle-field, and men who were to meet as enemies on the morrow vied with each other in courtesies.

During the siege of Lerida the commandant of that place sent ices and oranges every day to Condé, and at La Rochelle Buckingham presented Toiras with a dozen melons, and invited him to capitulate; while the latter sweetened his at Fontenoy, hat in hand, saluted the English with, "*Messieurs de la Garde, tirez les premiers.*"

The cavalier has led us a long way from the Place Royale, where he sauntered and chatted and made love in a certain stately fashion, carefully following the "*carte du Tendre*," that famous map of the region of tender sentiments, where every stage of the grand passion was indicated, from its birth in "the hamlet of Delicate Attentions" to its death in the "cold Lake of Indifference" or its attainment of supreme felicity on the "Mountain of Reciprocated Affection." A typical example of the feminine counterpart of the cavalier, who shared with him the study of the *carte*, was Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse. No personality of the time is more characteristic or better known than hers. Confidante of Anne of Aus-

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tria, friend of Buckingham, enemy of Richelieu, and catspaw of Spanish plotters, she played a leading part in the events of two reigns. Intrigue in person (and such a pretty person), conspiracy incarnate, giving more trouble to Richelieu and Mazarin than half a dozen Chalais or Beauforts; fertile in expedient as D'Artagnan's self, a hard rider, an expert in the use of sword and pistol, wearing hose and doublet as often and as gracefully as gown and kirtle, the Frondeuse was a perverse and fascinating personality, whom no historian of the seventeenth century can ignore, and who often was a prime mover of events. She was no Clorinda, in spite of her manly accomplishments, but, light as a bit of thistle-down, floated on the wind of every caprice, and, utterly lacking in principle or continuity of purpose, used her lovers like so many chessmen in the desperate games of chance in which she delighted, outwitting the cardinals with the joyous inconsequence of a child, and snarling European politics as lightly as she would tangle a skein of embroidery silk. Under Richelieu their scope was limited, but during the reign of his weaker successor Mesdames Chevreuse, Longueville, Bouillon, and Mademoiselle were the queens of Paris and the Fronde. They were the acknowledged leaders of faction. To please Madame de Longueville Turenne deserted the Royalists and served the Spaniard. After the surrender of Péronne the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt wrote to Madame de Montbazon, "*Péronne est à la belle des belles.*" Gaston d'Orléans sent a letter to the Frondeuses addressed to "*Mesdames les comtesses, maréchales de camp dans l'armée de ma fille contre le Mazarin.*" This same daughter, "*la grande Mademoiselle,*" when the Parliament and the Princes refused to succor Condé, fighting at St. Antoine, opened the gates of Paris to the wounded and the fugitives, and hurrying to the Bastille turned its guns on the Royal army, though "that cannon-shot killed her husband," as Mazarin said, alluding to the projected marriage between Mademoiselle and her cousin, Louis XIV., which this bold act of hers rendered impossible.

A Précieuse.
(A lady receiving in bed and playing cards with her visitors in one of the revelles or alcoves of the time—the bed drawn from that of Queen Anne of Austria at Fontainebleau.)

No picture of the Place Royale would

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be complete without one of these Amazons ; but when she wore the buff boots and the cavalier's cloak, and rode with pistols in her holsters and a Spanish letter stitched into the lining of her doublet, Madame de Chevreuse, or de Longueville, would not have cared to pass through its gay crowds. When the "Frondeuse Duchesse," as D'Artagnan called her, strolled with her train of admirers, heroes of the sword and the pen —Condé, Conti, Turenne, and Marcillac Duc de la Rochefoucauld, better known to posterity as the brilliant author of the "Maxims,"—she wore some such guise as that in which Nanteuil engraved her. Less stared at than Beaufort, whose massive shoulders and yellow curls made him the idol of the market-women, or his friend De Retz, the plotting Archbishop of Paris, "the least clerical of men," a whole Parnassus of poets passed on their way to the famous blue-room of the Hôtel Rambouillet: Voiture, Balzac, Malherbe (fortified against the cold by three doublets and eleven pairs of stockings), the young Corneille, Richelieu's first academicians ; Mademoiselle de Scudéri, authoress of the famous novels "Cyrus" and "Clélie ;" and Mademoiselle de Gournay, whom posterity remembers not because she wrote the "Ombre," but because her cat Piaillon and its four kittens were pensioned by Richelieu.

In striking contrast to the jolly clerics of the type of Aramis or De Retz, an ominous figure sometimes crossed the Place, generally trudging along on foot as befitted a poor monk. As he approached the gay groups voices were hushed, the ladies bent low in billowy courtesies, the cavaliers' feathers touched the ground in lowest obeisance before his gray Eminence the Cardinal's retriever. Galling indeed this deference must have been to the proud Bishop of Noyon, Clermont-Tonnerre, who, when

A Te Deum at Notre Dame.
(Street costumes of 1648, the Epoch of "Vingt ans après.")

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very ill, prayed God to have mercy on his greatness, and who, when saying mass, rebuked some young men who were chatting together, with "How now, gentlemen, do you think it is a Prodigal Sons, these allegorical figures of the Four Elements, or the Seven Temporal Works of Mercy, all in contemporary costume, the artist's patrons admired their own types and fashions.

Court Costume of the period of Bragelonne, 1658.

lackey who is saying mass for you?" Another more amiable clerical figure was that of the young Bossuet, who, at the age of twelve read his first sermon at the Hôtel Rambouillet one evening after midnight, and of whom Voiture said: "I have never before seen anyone preach so early or so late."

Though the nobles loved the Place Royale, royalty walked in state in the pleasaunce of the Luxembourg or the courts of the Louvre, and Richelieu and Mazarin preferred the quiet, green gardens of the Palais Cardinal; but there is one garden wherein nobles, cardinals, and royalty may be seen side by side, that "*Jardin de la Noblesse Française, dans lequel ce peut cueillir leur manière de Vêtements,*" for which Abraham Bosse, "*avec privilège du Roi,*" collected the brightest flowers. To-day we find them pressed between the thick leaves, yellowed by time, of huge red folios blazoned dimly with tarnished fleurs-de-lys. In these precious old engravings, these Wise and Foolish Virgins, and Here we find Aramis in church, elegantly devout, one knee on his velvet hassock, his dainty breviary under his arm, or offering the holy water to some fair penitent; in a group of the "Guards of his most Christian Majesty" D'Artagnan twists his moustachios with a conquering air; Miladi smiles, and waves her fan in the middle of a dance; Madame Bonacieux trips through a busy street with a black mask over her pretty face, and a letter in her beribboned bodice; in a wainscoted tapestried chamber, the leaded casement carefully closed, the huge door securely locked, Porthos's miserly flame counts her money; the handsome noble giving alms at the door of a pleasant country house we like to believe is Athos, at Blois; and we are sure that Porthos is the host who, with Mousqueton behind his chair, presides over the well-spread table in the "Banquet of Dives."

It is pleasant to think that, perhaps, D'Artagnan may have seen and handled these very engravings on his way across

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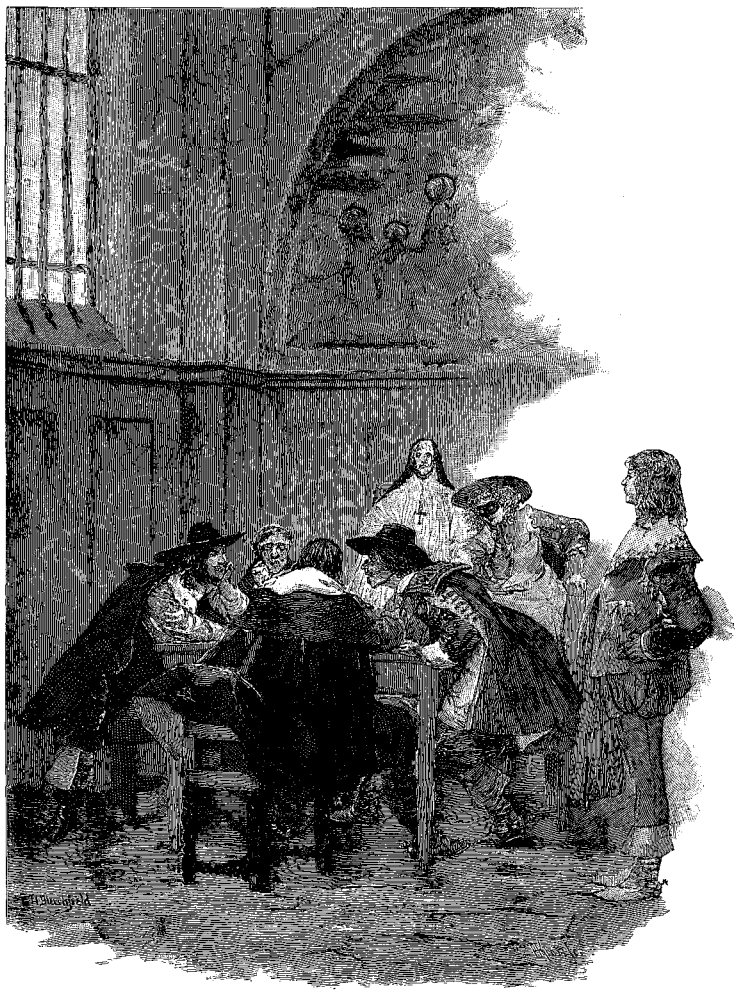

Conspiracy.

the Pont Neuf, or through the Cemetery of the Innocents, where they were sold, hung up in long rows like penny ballads, with a curious crowd before them.

If we would make our bow at court, look at kings and queens and nobles, prim and stately, pranked out in coronation robes and family jewels, Nanteuil will introduce us to the royal presence; and if we love aristocrats superbly costumed and posed, we may study Mignard's portraits. Bosse's are more familiar and homely, with but little of the grand air; his Anne of Austria has none of the beauty which bewitched Buckingham. The engraver could do but little with the dominant nose, the weak, retreating chin, and the full under-lip, so characteristic of her house, for her charm was all in her coloring, in the satin skin, the radiant complexion, and "the prettiest hand and arm in France," which the full half-sleeves, bordered with fine lace, set off admirably. She was quite aware of these advantages, and to the end of her life clung to the broad collars and cuffs that enhanced her fairness; it was not until she was over forty years old that the long mornings in bed, and the four hearty meals a day in which she delighted, transformed Buckingham's blonde goddess into a "*grosse suissesse*," according to De Retz, who in paying his court to her received

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the following advice from Madame de Chevreuse: Lose yourself in admiration of her fine skin and her pretty hand, and you can do what you like with her."

Louis XIII.'s thin, dark, melancholy face is a striking contrast to Anne's rounded fairness; very Medicean is the long chin, the aquiline nose, the hollow, dark eyes, in which there is no trace of the kindly, debonair Henry IV. Always ill, and always taking medicine, caring only for the chase, from which he was often debarred by his poor health, surrounded by household enemies—a wife, mother, and brother who constantly plotted against his throne and even his life—he saw his own creatures, his favorites and friends, join in the conspiracies against him, and the woman he loved, the young Demoiselle de la Fayette, frightened into a convent to become an agent of the Queen's party. He was a true Medici in caprice, indifference, and lack of affection; "Cinq-Mars is making an ugly face," he said, tranquilly, when his old favorite mounted the scaffold; and his sole comment on the death of Richelieu, his only friend, was: "A great politician is dead." With the same quiet indifference he appointed regent for his son the woman who had always been his own and his country's enemy, and when, a few days before his death, he asked the dauphin, who had just been baptized, what his name was, and the child answered, "Louis XIV.," the father only replied, gently, "Not yet." It was but a poor phantom of royalty that the brave Musketeers loved and served.

Bosse's Mazarin—portly, handsome, sly-looking—must have been a much better portrait of "L' illustrissimo facchino" than the sentimental prelate of the Louvre; his Louis XIV. is a Spanish Infante, with muttony cheeks and a round dot of a nose; very Austrian indeed he looks; there is no resemblance to his thin, hypochondriacal father in the round, chubby face of Dieudonné, before Victory and a wig had crowned him. Philippe de Champagne painted Richelieu in his cardinal's robe; the vivid scarlet makes the pale face ashy; the sunken cheeks and hollow eyes show what a wreck, physically, was the man who carried out the policy of the great Henry, and saved France from the fate of Austria and Spain. History shows us that our brave Musketeers fought on the wrong side, but many a young noble erred with them, and regarding Anne as a wronged and neglected wife, acclaimed in her the *Chimène* of Corneille's "Cid;" Spanish romance, Spanish Jesuitry, Spanish bombast were the order of the day, and how could a Spanish queen, with such a fine complexion and such pretty partisans as Mesdames Hauteville, Fargis, and Chevreuse fail to appeal to the chivalry of the youth of France? Condé's fierce, foolish face; Turenne's noble and beautiful head; lazy, laughing Madame de Longueville, the sorry heroes of the Fronde, the wits, and the beauties, and the scholars are all familiar to us through the fine engravings of the National Library, the monuments, busts, and portraits of the Louvre and Versailles. The English characters—Buckingham, Charles I., Henrietta Maria—Van Dyck painted more than once, lending his noble sitters something of the graceful languor, the unthinking melancholy of the high-bred hounds he so often placed beside them, and Lely's portraits of the merry monarch, and the dishevelled nymphs, "his seven councillors," remain to show how the standard of beauty changes from age to age.

For the backgrounds of his stories Dumas went naturally to the epoch of intrigue, his *mots de la fin* would not easily have come from the bars of a helmet in the rougher older days; it is the thrust of the rapier he loves rather than the downright blow of the heavy sword, the *coup d'estoc* rather than the *coup de taille*. His is the true drama *de cape et d'épée*, as the French have always called it, and his dialogue is its exponent—the cloak to dissimulate, the sword to attack and defend. The whole epoch of Louis XIII. and of Mazarin was mask and dagger, conspiracy and duel. Dumas leads us among a gilded *dramatis personæ;* he loves a noble, and though he distrusted princes the blood royal was never quite a common ichor to him. Friend and biographer of Garibaldi though he was, his artist side responded eagerly to the picturesqueness of the court. Chivalry and

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(Woman's costume of the time of the Fronde—the frame from an engraving of the epoch.)

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generosity, the generosity which is akin to lavishness, the courage that borders on temerity, were his favorite virtues. He defends Fouquet and detests Colbert; likes the financier who spends, not the financier who saves; and sympathizes thoroughly with that same ideal of the time, good swordsmanship. The intrigues of Richelieu and the nobles, the English Revolution, the Fronde, and the accession of the young Louis XIV. were all excellent material for the novelist, and if those who attribute impossible romancing to Dumas will follow French history, page for page, with the Musketeers, with the Dame de Monsoreau, and the Quarante-cinq, they will be equally surprised at the closeness with which he adheres to historical facts, the adroitness with which he uses real events, the cleverness with which he departs from them. His imagination has the better of it certainly in some cases, when he makes a wit of Louis XIV., and a sad and lofty hero of Charles II.; but the events are generally furnished by history. There are a good many incidents to a chapter, it is true, and some may agree with the child who, speaking of that boy D'Artagnan, the delightful Tom Sawyer, said: "I think those things might happen to a good many different boys, but I don't know if they'd all happen to just *one* boy." The justice of even this criticism, as applied to a book of Dumas, may be doubted on reading the memoirs of De Retz, or of Charles de Batz de Castelmore, Chevalier D'Artagnan. Dumas was a Bonaparte in fiction; his heroes were always busy, always there before the enemy, and he never objected to a multiplicity of events, like that old German officer who said of Napoleon: "We used to march and countermarch all summer long without gaining or losing a square mile; and now comes an ignorant, hot-headed, young man, who flies about from Boulogne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles in December; the whole system of his tactics is monstrously incorrect."

Our Musketeers, who are as reprehensibly active, are always fighting on the wrong side from the moment they are presented to us in the antechamber of Monsieur de Tréville, until we reluctantly part from them in the sixth volume of Bragelonne. They despised, like nobles and like soldiers, the burgesses of heroic La Rochelle and the Parisians behind their barricades; undoubtedly they shared Madame de Motteville's naive astonishment when she wrote of the popular manifestation that followed the release of Broussel: "Never was the triumph of king or Roman emperor greater than that of this poor little man, who had nothing to recommend him except his obstinacy in behalf of the public good."

Our heroes are Royalists, everyone of them, aristocrats to the ends of their strong fingers; believing implicitly in Divine right and the prerogatives of noble birth, that the gentleman was privileged to hustle the burgher, beat his varlet, and terrorize the magistrate; that "the people is a mule to bear burdens;" and in regard to their order prejudiced as the marquise who said, referring to the death of a dissolute nobleman, "God will think twice before damning a person of his quality."

And yet, in spite of it all, how we love them. Madame Roland wrote of her favorite authors: "Plutarch is my Bible, Rousseau my breviary, and Montaigne is my *friend;* not that I do not take exception to much that he has written, but when I say he is my friend that expresses it all." And what dear friends of ours these Musketeers are. How often in their beloved company have we galloped away from care and illness and sorrow. No *Atra Cura* can follow when we ride with D'Artagnan, a queen's honor hanging on our bridle-rein. How many Barmecide feasts we have enjoyed with them all in Paris taverns and wayside inns, and how often have they walked unseen by our side through the narrow streets and wide courts of their own old town. How we enjoy even the endless variety and boundless magnitude of their lies, and the dauntless way in which, true to their principles, if not to facts, they equivocate on occasions when truth-telling would have been so much easier and simpler; believing with Voltaire that words were given us to conceal our thoughts. And how we rejoice in their virtues — in Athos's open-handed generosity, in Portho's reverence for his comrades' abilities, in D'Artagnan's in-

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exhaustible invention, in Aramis's devotion to the trio; how, in our age of hypercriticism, of impartial views, of exhaustive analysis of even our friends' motives, their unswerving loyalty to each other appeals to us; and how near to our hearts they are in spite of their deep drinking and constant fighting. In them the old French joyousness still survives, the intrepid mirth that the Gaulish legionaries showed in Crassus's terrible campaign, when they jested and sang under the burning sun and the Parthian arrows, and to the Roman soldiers who asked them if they were not afraid, replied, laughing: "Yes, that the sky may fall on our heads." This gayety, which is the most virile form of courage, this high-hearted contempt of danger, which is the dominant note of the novel, warms the blood like a generous wine. Indeed the whole cycle, with its old pagan ideal of friendship, its apotheosis of the manly virtues—courage, fidelity, and perseverance—is a moral tonic invaluable in an epoch of weak nerves and indecision, in it we breathe a wholesome atmosphere that stimulates like pure air and bright sunshine; turning its pages we feel the strong sea-wind blowing in our faces, the cool breath of the forest is on our cheeks, sweet with the scent of sun-warmed pines and the odor of fresh earth trampled by hurrying hoofs. If the heavy perfumes of a royal alcove or a fine lady's toilet reach us, they are soon dispelled by a whiff of gunpowder or the rich bouquet of a flask of Burgundy; it is only now and then that a waft of incense crosses our path, but always around us and about us, resounding with the thud of the iron hoofs and the brave music of steel on steel, is the fresh air, whether it blows from the chalk cliffs of England, over the tulip-beds of Fontainebleau, or through the narrow streets of old Paris.

In Bragelonne the whole atmosphere changes; the soldiers became courtiers, court intrigue and the life of the *salon*, the strife of wits and diplomats, replaced the shock of steel and the hand-to-hand, man-to-man struggle of more robust times; while the swords that in the earlier story were crossed in fight were then raised in the minuet. Our heroes were of another age and they fared ill at court. Athos's heart was broken by the shattering of his idol, Royalty, and the despair of Raoul; loyal, steadfast Porthos was duped and became the tool of the Jesuits; D'Artagnan's pride was tamed by an unscrupulous master; the least worthy of our heroes only flourished under these changed conditions, the crafty Aramis, and even he ceased to be a personality, and as General of his order was only a wheel in a vast machine.

But in spite of this what a sunny picture of court life it is! A young king eager to enjoy; Colbert, the genius of finance, to coin gold for fêtes and armies; a host of men of letters to immortalize it all. *Le cardinal est mort. Vive le roi!* So the ballets are danced, the jewellers and embroiderers are busy, light laughter floats under the old trees of Fontainebleau, the walls of the Louvre echo the violins, comedies are played at Vaux, rockets rise from the gardens, even the gray castle of Blois, with its gloomy memories and blood-stained floor, becomes only a background for young and charming figures; and how the great author revels in this spring-time gayety. He loves physical beauty like a Greek, he delights in jewels and rich dresses like a woman, and he enjoys a feast like a true disciple of Vatel and Brillat-Savarin. As we read these dialogues inspired by Molière, these *mots* worthy of Bassompierre, these portraits that La Bruyère might have signed, how complete the illusion is. We feel that we have coquetted with Madame, sighed with De Guiche, and are quite sure that we have seen Molière make his preliminary studies for the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme:" we know intimately Fouquet's court of poets, dislike while we admire Colbert, and are firmly persuaded that Philippe would have made a better king than his brother; of course we are convinced that the Chevalier de Lorraine poisoned Madame; while for us the mystery of the iron mask is solved beyond a doubt. With what ease and grace it is done by this "Porthos of fiction:" just as the perfect gymnast performs his feats with an apparent carelessness, so Dumas's mastery of his technique renders that technique almost invisible; in it there is no sign of

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effort, no trace of the file; the story is told so perfectly that the manner of its telling is unperceived.

No one who has galloped and fought and laughed with the Musketeers can leave them without regret, and when we finally part from them we feel a certain sense of loss that our pleasant comradeship is ended; but we have only to return to the book-shelf, where a foot's space holds all this world of pleasure, like the tiny vase in the "Arabian Nights" that inclosed a genie who could fill all earth and sky with his gifts; we need but reopen the first volume—our heroes are alive and young again, and we can always repeat with D'Artagnan's last words, "Athos, Porthos, au revoir."

A DIALOGUE.

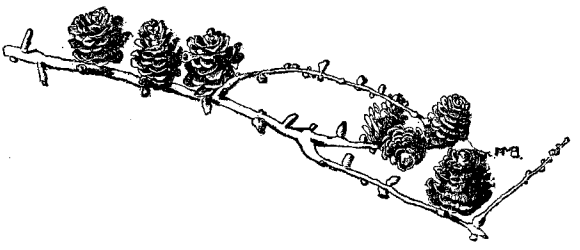
By Andrew Lang.

LUI.

Oh, have you found the Fount of Youth,
  Or have you faced the Fire of Kôr?
Or whence the form, the eyes, the mouth,
  The voice, the grace we praised of yore?
Ah, lightly must the years have sped,
  The long, the labor-laden years,
That cast no snows upon your head,
  Nor dim your eyes with any tears!
And gently must the heart have beat,
  That, after many days, can send
So soft, so kind a blush to greet
  The advent of so old a friend.

ELLE.

Another tale doth it repeat,
  My mirror; and it tells me true!
But Time, the thief of all things sweet,
  Has failed to steal one grace from *you*.
One touch of youth he cannot steal,
  One trait there is he leaves you yet;
The boyish loyalty, the leal
  Absurd, impossible regret!
These are the magic: these restore
  A phantom of the April prime,
Show you the face you liked of yore,
  And give me back the thefts of Time!



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GALLEGHER.

A NEWSPAPER STORY.

By Richard Harding Davis.

E had had so many office-boys before Gallegher came among us that they had begun to lose the characteristics of individuals, and became merged in a composite photograph of small boys, to whom we applied the generic title of "Here, you;" or, "You, boy."

We had had sleepy boys, and lazy boys, and bright, "smart" boys, who became so familiar on so short an acquaintance that we were forced to part with them to save our own self-respect.

They generally graduated into district-messenger boys, and occasionally returned to us in blue coats with nickel-plated buttons, and patronized us.

But Gallegher was something different from anything we had experienced before. Gallegher was short and broad in build, with a solid, muscular broadness, and not a fat and dumpy shortness. He wore perpetually on his face a happy and knowing smile, as if you and the world in general were not impressing him as seriously as you thought you were, and his eyes, which were very black and very bright, snapped intelligently at you like those of a little black-and-tan terrier.

All Gallegher knew had been learnt on the streets; not a very good school in itself, but one that turns out very knowing scholars. And Gallegher had attended both morning and evening sessions. He could not tell you who the Pilgrim Fathers were, nor could he name the thirteen original States, but he knew all the officers of the twenty-second police district by name, and he could distinguish the clang of a fire-engine's gong from that of a patrol-wagon or an ambulance fully two blocks distant. It was Gallegher who rang the alarm when the Woolwich Mills caught fire while the officer on the beat was asleep, and it was Gallegher who led the "Black Diamonds" against the "Wharf Rats," when they used to stone each other to their hearts' content on the coal-wharves of Richmond.

I am afraid, now that I see these facts written down, that Gallegher was not a reputable character; but he was so very young and so very old for his years that we all liked him very much nevertheless. He lived in the extreme northern part of Philadelphia, where the cotton- and woollen-mills run down to the river, and how he ever got home after leaving the *Press* building at two in the morning was one of the mysteries of the office. Sometimes he caught a night car, and sometimes he walked all the way, arriving at the little house, where his mother and himself lived alone, at four in the morning. Occasionally he was given a ride on an early milk-cart, or on one of the newspaper delivery wagons, with its high piles of papers still damp and sticky from the press. He knew several drivers of "night hawks"—those cabs that prowl the streets at night looking for belated passengers—and when it was a very cold morning he would not go home at all, but would crawl into one of these cabs and sleep, curled up on the cushions, until daylight.

Besides being quick and cheerful, Gallegher possessed a power of amusing the *Press's* young men to a degree seldom attained by the ordinary mortal. His clog-dancing on the city editor's desk, when that gentleman was up-stairs fighting for two more columns of space, was always a source of innocent joy to us, and his imitations of the comedians of the variety halls delighted even the dramatic critic, from whom the comedians themselves failed to force a smile.

But Gallegher's chief characteristic was his love for that element of news generically classed as "crime."

Not that he ever did anything criminal himself. On the contrary, his was rather the work of the criminal specialist,

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and his morbid interest in the doings of all queer characters, his knowledge of their methods, their present whereabouts, and their past deeds of transgression often rendered him a valuable ally to our police reporter, whose daily feuilletons were the only portion of the paper Gallegher deigned to read.

In Gallegher the detective element was abnormally developed. He had shown this on several occasions, and to excellent purpose.

Once the paper had sent him into a Home for Destitute Orphans which was believed to be grievously mismanaged, and Gallegher, while playing the part of a destitute orphan, kept his eyes open to what was going on around him so faithfully that the story he told of the treatment meted out to the real orphans was sufficient to rescue the unhappy little wretches from the individual who had them in charge, and to have the individual himself sent to jail.

Gallegher's knowledge of the aliases, terms of imprisonment, and various misdoings of the leading criminals in Philadelphia was almost as thorough as that of the chief of police himself, and he could tell to an hour when "Dutchy Mack" was to be let out of prison, and could identify at a glance "Dick Oxford, confidence man," as "Gentleman Dan, petty thief."

There were, at this time, only two pieces of news in any of the papers. The least important of the two was the big fight between the Champion of the United States and the Would-be Champion, arranged to take place near Philadelphia; the second was the Burrbank murder, which was filling space in newspapers all over the world, from New York to Bombay.

Richard F. Burrbank was one of the most prominent of New York's railroad lawyers, he was also, as a matter of course, an owner of much railroad stock, and a very wealthy man. He had been spoken of as a political possibility for many high offices, and, as the counsel for a great railroad, was known even further than the great railroad itself had stretched its system.

At six o'clock one morning he was found by his butler lying at the foot of the hall stairs with two pistol wounds above his heart. He was quite dead. His safe, to which only he and his secretary had the keys, was found open, and $200,000 in bonds, stocks, and money, which had been placed there only the night before, was found missing. The secretary was missing also. His name was Stephen S. Hade, and his name and his description had been telegraphed and cabled to all parts of the world. There was enough circumstantial evidence to show, beyond any question or possibility of mistake, that he was the murderer.

It made an enormous amount of talk, and unhappy individuals were being arrested all over the country, and sent on to New York for identification. Three had been arrested at Liverpool, and one man just as he landed at Sidney, Australia. But so far the murderer had escaped.

We were all talking about it one night, as everybody else was all over the country, in the local room, and the city editor said it was worth a fortune to anyone who chanced to run against Hade and succeeded in handing him over to the police. Some of us thought Hade had taken passage from some one of the smaller seaports, and others were of the opinion that he had buried himself in some cheap lodging-house in New York, or in one of the smaller towns in New Jersey.

"I shouldn't be surprised to meet him out walking, right here in Philadelphia," said one of the staff. "He'll be disguised, of course, but you could always tell him by the absence of the trigger finger on his right hand. It's missing, you know; shot off when he was a boy."

"You want to look for a man dressed like a tough," said the city editor; "for as this fellow is to all appearances a gentleman, he will try to look as little like a gentleman as possible."

"No, he won't," said Gallegher, with that calm impertinence that made him dear to us. "He'll dress just like a gentleman. Toughs don't wear gloves, and you see he's got to wear 'em. The first thing he thought of after doing for Burrbank was of that gone finger, and how he was to hide it. He stuffed the finger of that glove with cotton so's to

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make it look like a whole finger, and the first time he takes off that glove they've got him—see, and he knows it. So what yous want to do is to look for a man with gloves on. I've been a doing it for two weeks now, and I can tell you it's hard work, for everybody wears gloves this kind of weather. But if you look long enough you'll find him. And when you think it's him, go up to him and hold out your hand in a friendly way, like a bunco-steerer, and shake his hand; and if you feel that his forefinger ain't real flesh, but just wadded cotton, then grip to it with your right and grab his throat with your left, and holler for help."

There was an appreciative pause.

"I see, gentlemen," said the city editor, dryly, "that Gallegher's reasoning has impressed you; and I also see that before the week is out all of my young men will be under bonds for assaulting innocent pedestrians whose only offence is that they wear gloves in midwinter."

. . . . . .

It was about a week after this that Detective Hefflefinger, of Inspector Byrnes's staff, came over to Philadelphia after a burglar, of whose whereabouts he had been misinformed by telegraph. He brought the warrant, requisition, and other necessary papers with him, but the burglar had flown. One of our reporters had worked on a New York paper, and knew Hefflefinger, and the detective came to the office to see if he could help him in his so far unsuccessful search.

He gave Gallegher his card, and after Gallegher had read it, and had discovered who the visitor was, he became so demoralized that he was absolutely useless.

"One of Byrnes's men," was a much more awe-inspiring individual to Gallegher than a member of the Cabinet. He accordingly seized his hat and overcoat, and leaving his duties to be looked after by others, hastened out after the object of his admiration, who found his suggestions and knowledge of the city so valuable, and his company so entertaining, that they became very intimate, and spent the rest of the day together.

In the meanwhile the managing editor had instructed his subordinates to inform Gallegher, when he condescended to return, that his services were no longer needed. Gallegher had played truant once too often. Unconscious of this, he remained with his new friend until late the same evening, and started the next afternoon toward the *Press* office.

As I have said, Gallegher lived in the most distant part of the city, not many minutes' walk from the Kensington railroad station, where trains ran into the suburbs and on to New York.

It was in front of this station that a smoothly shaven, well-dressed man brushed past Gallegher and hurried up the steps to the ticket office.

He held a walking-stick in his right hand, and Gallegher, who now patiently scrutinized the hands of every one who wore gloves, saw that while three fingers of the man's hand were closed around the cane the fourth stood out in almost a straight line with his palm.

Gallegher stopped with a gasp and with a trembling all over his little body, and his brain asked with a throb if it could be possible. But possibilities and probabilities were to be discovered later. Now was the time for action.

He was after the man in a moment, hanging at his heels and his eyes moist with excitement.

He heard the man ask for a ticket to Torresdale, a little station just outside of Philadelphia, and when he was out of hearing, but not out of sight, purchased one for the same place.

The stranger went into the smoking-car and seated himself at one end toward the door. Gallegher took his place at the opposite end.

He was trembling all over and suffered from a slight feeling of nausea. He guessed it came from fright, not of any bodily harm that might come to him, but at the probability of failure in his adventure and of its most momentous possibilities.

The stranger pulled his coat collar up around his ears, hiding the lower portion of his face but not concealing the resemblance in his troubled eyes and close-shut lips to the likenesses of the murderer Hade.

They reached Torresdale in half an

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hour, and the stranger, alighting quickly, struck off at a rapid pace down the country road leading to the station.

Gallegher gave him a hundred yards' start and then followed slowly after. The road ran between fields and past a few frame-houses set far from the road in kitchen gardens.

Once or twice the man looked back over his shoulder, but he saw only a dreary length of road with a small boy splashing through the slush in the midst of it and stopping every now and again to throw snowballs at belated sparrows.

After a ten minutes' walk the stranger turned into a side road which led to only one place, the Eagle Inn, an old roadside hostelry known now as the headquarters for pot-hunters from the Philadelphia game market and the battle-ground of many a cock-fight.

Gallegher knew the place well. He and his young companions had often stopped there when out chestnuting on holidays in the autumn.

The son of the man who kept it had often accompanied them on their excursions, and though the boys of the city streets considered him a dumb lout they respected him somewhat owing to his inside knowledge of dog- and cock-fights.

The stranger entered the inn at a side door, and Gallegher, reaching it a few minutes later, let him go for the time being and set about finding his occasional playmate young Keppler.

Keppler's offspring was found in the woodshed.

"'Tain't hard to guess what brings you out here," said the tavern-keeper's son, with a grin; "it's the fight."

"What fight?" asked Gallegher, unguardedly.

"What fight? Why, *the* fight," returned his companion, with the slow contempt of superior knowledge. "It's to come off here to-night. You knew that as well as me; anyway your sportin' editor knows it. He got the tip last night, but that won't help you any. You needn't think there's any chance of your getting a peep at it. Why, tickets is two hunderd and fifty a piece!"

"Whew!" whistled Gallegher, "where's it to be?"

"In the barn," whispered Keppler. "I helped 'em fix the ropes this morning, I did."

"Gosh, but you're in luck," exclaimed Gallegher, with flattering envy. "Couldn't I jest get a peep at it?"

"Maybe," said the gratified Keppler. "There's a winder with a wooden shutter at the back of the barn. You can get in by it, if you have someone to boost you up to the sill."

"Sa-a-y," drawled Gallegher, as if something had but just that moment reminded him. "Who's that gent who come down the road just a bit ahead of me—him with the cape-coat! Has he got anything to do with the fight?"

"Him?" repeated Keppler in tones of sincere disgust. "No-oh, he ain't no sport. He's queer, Dad thinks. He come here one day last week about ten in the morning, said his doctor told him to go out 'en the country for his health. He's stuck up and citified, and wears gloves, and takes his meals private in his room, and all that sort of ruck. They was saying in the saloon last night that they thought he was hiding from something, and Dad, just to try him, asks him last night if he was coming to see the fight. He looked sort of scared and said he didn't want to see no fight. And then Dad says, 'I guess you mean you don't want no fighters to see you.' Dad didn't mean no harm by it, just passed it as a joke, but Mr. Carleton, as he calls himself, got white as a ghost an' says I'll go to the fight willing enough, and begins to laugh and joke. And this morning he went right into the barroom, where all the sports were setting, and said he was going into town to see some friends, and as he starts off he laughs an' says, 'This don't look as if I was afraid of seeing people, does it?' but Dad says it was just bluff that made him do it, and Dad thinks that if he hadn't said what he did this Mr. Carleton wouldn't have left his room at all."

Gallegher had got all he wanted, and much more than he had hoped for—so much more that his walk back to the station was in the nature of a triumphal march.

He had twenty minutes to wait for the next train, and it seemed an hour. While waiting he sent a telegram to Hefflefinger at his hotel. It read:

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"Your man is near the Torresdale station, on Pennsylvania Railroad; take cab and meet me at station. Wait until I come. GALLEGHER."

With the exception of one at midnight, no other train stopped at Torresdale that evening, hence the direction to take a cab.

The train to the city seemed to Gallegher to drag itself by inches. It stopped and backed at purposeless intervals, waited for an express to precede it, and dallied at stations, and when, at last, it reached the terminus, Gallegher was out before it had stopped and was in a cab and off on his way to the home of the sporting editor.

The sporting editor was at dinner and came out in the hall to see him, with his napkin in his hand. Gallegher explained breathlessly that he had located the murderer for whom the police of two continents were looking, and that he believed, in order to quiet the suspicions of the people with whom he was hiding, that he would be present at the fight that night.

The sporting editor led Gallegher into his library and shut the door. "Now," he said, "go over all that again."

Gallegher went over it again in detail, and added how he had sent for Hefflefinger to make the arrest in order that it might be kept from the knowledge of the local police and from the Philadelphia reporters.

"What I want Hefflefinger to do is to arrest Hade with the warrant he has for the burglar," explained Gallegher; "and to take him on to New York on the owl train that passes Torresdale at one. It don't get to Jersey City until four o'clock, one hour after the morning papers go to press. Of course, we must fix Hefflefinger so's he'll keep quiet and not tell who his prisoner really is."

The sporting editor reached his hand out to pat Gallegher on the head, but changed his mind and shook hands with him instead.

"My boy," he said, "you are an infant phenomenon. If I can pull the rest of this thing off to-night it will mean the $5,000 reward and fame galore for you and the paper. Now, I'm going to write a note to the managing editor, and you can take it around to him and tell him what you've done and what I am going to do, and he'll take you back on the paper and raise your salary. Perhaps you didn't know you've been discharged?"

"Do you think you ain't a-going to take me with you?" demanded Gallegher.

"Why, certainly not. Why should I? It all lies with the detective and myself now. You've done your share, and done it well. If the man's caught the reward's yours. But you'd only be in the way now. You'd better go to the office and make your peace with the chief."

"If the paper can get along without me, I can get along without the old paper," said Gallegher, hotly. "And if I ain't a-going with you, you ain't neither, for I know where Hefflefinger is to be and you don't, and I won't tell you."

"Oh, very well, very well," replied the sporting editor, weakly capitulating. "I'll send the note by a messenger; only mind, if you lose your place, don't blame me."

Gallegher wondered how this man could value a week's salary against the excitement of seeing a noted criminal run down, and of getting the news to the paper, and to that one paper alone.

From that moment the sporting editor sank in Gallegher's estimation.

Mr. Dwyer sat down at his desk and scribbled off the following note:

"I have received reliable information that Hade, the Burrbank murderer, will be present at the fight to-night. We have arranged it so that he will be arrested quietly and in such a manner that the fact may be kept from all other papers. I need not point out to you that this will be the most important piece of news in the country to-morrow.

"Yours, etc., MICHAEL E. DWYER."

The sporting editor stepped into the waiting cab, while Gallegher whispered the directions to the driver. He was told to go first to a district-messenger office, and from there up to the Ridge Avenue Road, out Broad Street, and on to the old Eagle Inn, near Torresdale.

It was a miserable night. The rain and snow were falling together, and

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freezing as they fell. The sporting editor got out to send his message to the *Press* office, and then lighting a cigar, and turning up the collar of his great-coat, curled up in the corner of the cab.

"Wake me when we get there, Gallegher," he said. He knew he had a long ride, and much rapid work before him, and he was preparing for the strain.

To Gallegher the idea of going to sleep seemed almost criminal. From the dark corner of the cab his eyes shone with excitement, and with the awful joy of anticipation. He glanced every now and then to where the sporting editor's cigar shone in the darkness, and watched it as it gradually burnt more dimly and went out. The lights in the shop windows threw a broad glare across the ice on the pavements, and the lights from the lamp-posts tossed the distorted shadow of the cab, and the horse, and the motionless driver, sometimes before and sometimes behind them.

After half an hour Gallegher slipped down to the bottom of the cab and dragged out a lap-robe, in which he wrapped himself. It was growing colder, and the damp, keen wind swept in through the cracks until the window-frames and woodwork were cold to the touch.

An hour passed and the cab was still moving more slowly over the rough surface of partly paved streets, and by single rows of new houses standing at different angles to each other in fields covered with ash-heaps and brick-kilns. Here and there the gaudy lights of a drug-store, the forerunner of suburban civilization, shone from the end of a new block of houses, and the rubber cape of an occasional policeman showed in the light of the lamp-post that he hugged for comfort.

Then even the houses disappeared and the cab dragged its way between truck farms, with desolate-looking glass-covered beds, and pools of water, half-caked with ice, and bare trees, and interminable fences.

Once or twice the cab stopped altogether, and Gallegher could hear the driver swearing to himself, or at the horse, or the roads. At last they drew up before the station at Torresdale. It was quite deserted, and only a single light cut a swath in the darkness and showed a portion of the platform, the ties, and the rails glistening in the rain. They walked twice past the light before a figure stepped out of the shadow and greeted them cautiously.

"I am Mr. Dwyer, of the *Press*," said the sporting editor, briskly. "You've heard of me, perhaps. Well, there shouldn't be any difficulty in our making a deal, should there? This boy here has found Hade, and we have reason to believe he will be among the spectators at the fight to-night. We want you to arrest him quietly, and as secretly as possible. You can do it with your papers and your badge easily enough. We want you to pretend that you believe he is this burglar you came over after. If you will do this, and take him away without any one so much as suspecting who he really is, and on the train that passes here at 1.20 for New York, we will give you $500 out of the $5,000 reward. If, however, one other paper, either in New York or Philadelphia, or anywhere else, knows of the arrest you won't get a cent. Now, what do you say?"

The detective had a great deal to say. He wasn't at all sure the man Gallegher suspected was Hade, he feared he might get himself into trouble by making a false arrest, and if it should be the man he was afraid the local police would interfere.

"We've no time to argue or debate this matter," said Dwyer, warmly. "We agree to point Hade out to you in the crowd. After the fight is over you arrest him as we have directed and you get the money and the credit of the arrest. It you don't like this I will arrest the man myself, and have him driven to town, with a pistol for a warrant."

Hefflefinger considered in silence and then agreed unconditionally. "As you say, Mr. Dwyer," he returned. "I've heard of you for a thoroughbred sport. I know you'll do what you say you'll do; and as for me I'll do what you say and just as you say, and it's a very pretty piece of work as it stands."

They all stepped back into the cab, and then it was that they were met by a fresh difficulty, how to get the detective into the barn where the fight was to

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take place, for neither of the two men had $250 to pay for his admittance.

But this was overcome when Gallegher remembered the window of which young Keppler had told him.

In the event of Hade's losing courage and not daring to show himself in the crowd around the ring it was agreed that Dwyer should come to the barn and warn Hefflefinger, but if he should come, Dwyer was merely to keep near him and to signify by a prearranged gesture which one of the crowd he was.

They drew up before a great black shadow of a house, dark, forbidding, and apparently deserted. But at the sound of the wheels on the gravel the door opened, letting out a stream of warm, cheerful light, and a man's voice said, "Put out those lights. Don't you'se know no better than that." This was Keppler, and he welcomed Mr. Dwyer with effusive courtesy.

The two men showed in the stream of light and the door closed on them, leaving the house as it was at first, black and silent save for the dripping of the rain and snow from the eaves.

The detective and Gallegher put out the cab's lamps and led the horse toward a long, low shed in the rear of the yard, which they now noticed was almost filled with teams of many different makes, from the Hobson's choice of a livery stable to the brougham of the man about town.

"No," said Gallegher, as the cabman stopped to hitch the horse beside the others, "we want it nearest that lower gate. When we newspaper men leave this place we'll leave it in a hurry, and the man who is nearest town is likely to get there first. You won't be a following of no hearse when you make your return trip."

Gallegher tied the horse to the very gate-post itself, leaving the gate open and allowing a clear road and a flying start for the prospective race to Newspaper Row.

The driver disappeared under the shelter of the porch, and Gallegher and the detective moved off cautiously to the rear of the barn. "This must be the window," said Hefflefinger, pointing to a broad wooden shutter some feet from the ground.

"Just you give me a boost once, and I'll get that open in a jiffy," said Gallegher.

The detective placed his hands on his knees and Gallegher stood upon his shoulders, and with the blade of his knife lifted the wooden button that fastened the window on the inside and pulled the shutter open.

Then he put one leg inside over the sill, and leaning down helped to draw his fellow-conspirator up to a level with the window. "I feel just like I was burglarizing a house," chuckled Gallegher as he dropped noiselessly to the floor below and refastened the shutter. The barn was a large one, with a row of stalls on either side in which horses and cows were dozing. There was a hay-mow over each row of stalls, and at one end of the barn a number of fence-rails had been thrown across from one mow to the other. These rails were covered with hay.

In the middle of the floor was the ring. It was not really a ring, but a square, with wooden posts at its four corners through which ran a heavy rope. The space inclosed by the rope was covered with sawdust.

Gallegher could not resist stepping into the ring, and after stamping the sawdust once or twice, as if to assure himself that he was really there, began dancing around it, and indulging in such a remarkable series of fistic manœuvres with an imaginary adversary that the unimaginative detective precipitately backed into a corner of the barn.

"Now, then," said Gallegher, having apparently vanquished his foe, "you come with me." His companion followed quickly as Gallegher climbed to one of the hay-mows, and crawling carefully out on the fence rails stretched himself at full length, face downward. In this position, by moving the straw a little, he could look down, without being himself seen, upon the heads of whomsoever stood below. "This is better'n a private box, ain't it?" said Gallegher.

The boy from the newspaper office and the detective lay there in silence, biting at straws and tossing anxiously on their comfortable bed.

It seemed fully two hours before they came. Gallegher had listened without

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breathing, and with every muscle on a strain, at least a dozen times, when some movement in the yard had led him to believe that they were at the door.

And he had numerous doubts and fears. Sometimes it was that the police had learnt of the fight and had raided Keppler's in his absence, and again it was that the fight had been postponed, or, worst of all, that it would be put off until so late that Mr. Dwyer could not get back in time for the last edition of the paper. Their coming, when at last they came, was heralded by an advance-guard of two sporting men, who stationed themselves at either side of the big door.

"Hurry up, now, gents," one of the men said with a shiver, "don't keep this door open no longer'n is needful."

It was not a very large crowd, but it was wonderfully well selected. It ran, in the majority of its component parts, to heavy white coats with pearl buttons. The white coats were shouldered by long blue coats with astrakhan fur trimmings, the wearers of which preserved a cliqueness not remarkable when one considers that they believed every one else present to be either a crook or a prize-fighter.

There were well-fed, well-groomed clubmen and brokers in the crowd, a politician or two, a popular comedian with his manager, amateur boxers from the athletic clubs, and quiet, close-mouthed sporting men from every city in the country. Their names if printed in the papers would have been as familiar as the types of the papers themselves.

And among these men, whose only thought was of the brutal sport to come, was Hade, with Dwyer standing at ease at his shoulder—Hade, white and visibly in deep anxiety, hiding his pale face beneath a cloth travelling-cap, and with his chin muffled in a woollen scarf. He had dared to come because he feared his danger from the already suspicious Keppler was less than if he stayed away. And so he was there, hovering restlessly on the border of the crowd, feeling his danger and sick with fear.

When Hefflefinger first saw him he started up on his hands and elbows and made a movement forward as if he would leap down then and there and carry off his prisoner single-handed.

"Lie down," growled Gallegher; "an officer of any sort wouldn't live three minutes in that crowd."

The detective drew back slowly and buried himself again in the straw, but never once through the long fight which followed did his eyes leave the person of the murderer. The newspaper men took their places in the foremost row close around the ring, and kept looking at their watches and begging the master of ceremonies to "shake it up, do."

There was a great deal of betting, and all of the men handled the great roll of bills they wagered with a flippant recklessness which could only be accounted for in Gallegher's mind by temporary mental derangement. Some one pulled a box out into the ring and the master of ceremonies mounted, it and pointed out in forcible language that as they were almost all already under bonds to keep the peace, it behooved all to curb their excitement and to maintain a severe silence, unless they wanted to bring the police upon them and have themselves "sent down" for a year or two.

Then two very disreputable-looking persons tossed their respective principals' high hats into the ring, and the crowd, recognizing in this relic of the days when brave knights threw down their gauntlets in the lists as only a sign that the fight was about to begin, cheered tumultuously.

This was followed by a sudden surging forward, and a mutter of admiration much more flattering than the cheers had been, when the principals followed their hats, and slipping out of their great-coats stood forth in all the physical beauty of the perfect brute.

Their pink skin was as soft and healthy looking as a baby's, and glowed in the lights of the lanterns like tinted ivory, and underneath this silken covering the great biceps and muscles moved in and out and looked like the coils of a snake around the branch of a tree.

Gentleman and blackguard shouldered each other for a nearer view; the coachmen, whose metal buttons were unpleasantly suggestive of police, put their hands, in the excitement of the moment, on the shoulders of their masters;

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the perspiration stood out in great drops on the foreheads of the backers and the newspaper men bit somewhat nervously at the ends of their pencils.

And in the stalls the cows munched contentedly at their cuds and gazed with gentle curiosity at their two fellow-brutes, who stood waiting the signal to fall upon, and kill each other if need be, for the delectation of their brothers.

"Take your places," commanded the master of ceremonies.

In the moment in which the two men faced each other the crowd became so still that, save for the beating of the rain upon the shingled roof and the stamping of a horse in one of the stalls, the place was as silent as a church.

"Shake hands," commanded the master of ceremonies.

Two great, bruised, misshapen fists touched each other for an instant, the two men sprang back into a posture of defence, which was lost as quickly as it was taken. One great arm shot out like a piston-rod, there was the sound of bare fists beating on naked flesh, there was an exultant indrawn gasp of savage pleasure and relief from the crowd, and the great fight had begun.

How the fortunes of war rose and fell, and changed and rechanged that night, is an old story to those who listen to such stories; and those who do not will be glad to be spared the telling of it. It was, they say, one of the bitterest fights between two men that this country has ever known.

But all that is of interest here is that after an hour of this desperate brutal business the champion ceased to be the favorite; the man whom he had taunted and bullied, and for whom the public had but little sympathy, was proving himself a likely winner, and under his cruel blows, as sharp and clean as those from a cutlass, his opponent was rapidly giving way.

The men about the ropes were past all control now; they drowned Keppler's petitions for silence with oaths and in inarticulate shouts of anger, as if the blows had fallen upon them, and in mad rejoicings. They swept from one end of the ring to the other, with every muscle leaping in unison with those of the man they favored, and when a New York correspondent muttered over his shoulder that this would be the biggest sporting surprise since the Heenan-Sayers fight, Mr. Dwyer nodded his head sympathetically in assent.

In the excitement and tumult it is doubtful if any heard the three quickly repeated blows that fell heavily from the outside upon the big doors of the barn. If they did, it was already too late to mend matters, for the door fell, torn from its hinges, and as it fell a captain of police sprang into the light from out of the storm, with his lieutenants and their men crowding close at his shoulder.

In the panic and stampede that followed, several of the men stood as helplessly immovable as though they had seen a ghost; others made a mad rush into the arms of the officers and were beaten back against the ropes of the ring; others dived headlong into the stalls, among the horses and cattle, and still others shoved the rolls of money they held into the hands of the police and begged like children to be allowed to escape.

The instant the door fell and the raid was declared Hefflefinger slipped over the cross rails on which he had been lying, hung for an instant by his hands, and then dropped into the centre of the fighting mob on the floor. He was out of it in an instant with the agility of a pickpocket, was across the room and at Hade's throat like a dog. The murderer, for the moment, was the calmer man of the two.

"Here," he panted, "hands off, now. There's no need for all this violence. There's no great harm in looking at a fight, is there? There's a hundred-dollar bill in my right hand; take it and let me slip out of this. No one is looking. Here."

But the detective only held him the closer.

"I want you for burglary," he whispered under his breath. "You've got to come with me now, and quickly. The less fuss you make the better for us both. If you don't know who I am you can feel my badge under my coat there. I've got the authority. It's quite regular, and when we're out of this d——d row I'll show you the papers."

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He took one hand from Hade's throat and pulled a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

"It's a mistake. This is an outrage," gasped the murderer, white and trembling, but dreadfully alive and desperate for his liberty. "Let me go, I tell you. Take your hands off of me. Do I look like a burglar, you fool?"

"I know who you look like," whispered the detective, with his face close to the face of his prisoner. "Now, will you go easy as a burglar, or shall I tell these men who you are and what I *do* want you for? Shall I call out your real name or not? Shall I tell them? Quick, speak up; shall I?"

There was something so exultant—something so unnecessarily savage in the officer's face that the man he held saw that the detective knew him for what he really was, and the hands that had held his throat slipped down around his shoulders or he would have fallen. The man's eyes opened and closed again, and he swayed weakly backward and forward, and choked as if his throat were dry and burning. Even to such a hardened connoisseur in crime as Gallegher, who stood closely by drinking it in, there was something so abject in the man's terror that he regarded him with what was almost a touch of pity.

"For God's sake," Hade begged, "let me go. Come with me to my room and I'll give you half the money. I'll divide with you fairly. We can both get away. There's a fortune for both of us there. We both can get away. You'll be rich for life. Do you understand — for life!"

But the detective, to his credit, only shut his lips the tighter.

"That's enough," he whispered, in return. "That's more than I expected. You've sentenced yourself already. Come!"

Two officers in uniform barred their exit at the door, but Hefflefinger smiled easily and showed his badge.

"One of Byrnes's men," he said, in explanation; "came over expressly to get this chap. He's a burglar; 'Arlie' Lane, *alias* Carleton. I've shown the papers to the captain. It's all regular. I'm just going to get his traps at the hotel and walk him over to the station. I guess we'll push right on to New York to-night."

The officers nodded and smiled their admiration for the representative of what is, perhaps, the best detective force in the world and let him pass.

Then Hefflefinger turned and spoke to Gallegher, who still stood as watchful as a dog at his side. "I'm going to his room to get the bonds and stuff," he whispered; "then I'll march him to the station and take that train. I've done my share, don't forget yours!"

"Oh, you'll get your money right enough," said Gallegher. "And I say," he added, with the appreciative nod of an expert, "do you know you did it rather well."

Mr. Dwyer had been writing while the raid was settling down, as he had been writing while waiting for the fight to begin. Now he walked over to where the other correspondents stood in angry conclave.

The newspaper men had informed the officers who hemmed them in that they represented the principal papers of the country, and were expostulating vigorously with the captain who had planned the raid and who declared they were under arrest.

"Don't be an ass, Scott," said Mr. Dwyer, who was too excited to be polite or politic. "You know our being here isn't a matter of choice. We came here on business, as you did, and you've no right to hold us."

"If we don't get our stuff on the wire at once," protested a New York man, "we'll be too late for to-morrow's paper, and——"

Captain Scott said he did not care a profanely small amount for to-morrow's paper, and that all he knew was that to the station-house the newspaper men would go. There they would have a hearing, and if the magistrate chose to let them off that was the magistrate's business, but that his duty was to take them into custody.

"But then it will be too late, don't you understand?" shouted Mr. Dwyer. "You've got to let us go *now*, at once."

"I can't do it, Mr. Dwyer," said the captain, "and that's all there is to it. Why, haven't I just sent the president of the Junior Republican Club to the

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patrol wagon, the man that put this coat on me, and do you think I can let you fellows go after that? You were all put under bonds to keep the peace not three days ago, and here you're at it—fighting like badgers. It's worth my place to let one of you off."

What Mr. Dwyer said next was so uncomplimentary to the gallant Captain Scott that that overwrought individual seized the sporting editor by the shoulder and shoved him into the hands of two of his men.

This was more than the distinguished Mr. Dwyer could brook, and he excitedly raised his hand in resistance. But before he had time to do anything foolish his wrist was gripped by one strong, little hand, and he was conscious that another was picking the pocket of his great-coat.

He slapped his hands to his sides, and, looking down, saw Gallegher standing close behind him and holding him by the wrist. Mr. Dwyer had forgotten the boy's existence and would have spoken sharply if something in Gallegher's innocent eyes had not stopped him.

Gallegher's hand was still in that pocket, in which Mr. Dwyer had shoved his note-book filled with what he had written of Gallegher's work and Hade's final capture, and with a running descriptive account of the fight. With his eyes fixed on Mr. Dwyer Gallegher drew it out, and with a quick movement shoved it inside his waistcoat. Mr. Dwyer gave a nod of comprehension. Then glancing at his two guardsmen, and finding that they were still interested in the wordy battle of the correspondents with their chief, and had seen nothing, he stooped and whispered to Gallegher: "The forms are locked at twenty minutes to three. If you don't get there by that time it will be of no use, but if you're on time you'll beat the town—and the country too."

Gallegher's eyes flashed significantly, and nodding his head to show he understood, started boldly on a run toward the door. But the officers who guarded it brought him to an abrupt halt, and, much to Mr. Dwyer's astonishment, drew from him what was apparently a torrent of tears.

"Let me go to me father. I want me father," the boy shrieked, hysterically. "They've 'rested father. Oh, daddy, daddy. There a-goin' to take you to prison."

"Who is your father, sonny?" asked one of the guardians of the gate.

"Keppler's me father," sobbed Gallegher. "The're a-goin' to lock him up and I'll never see him no more."

"Oh, yes, you will," said the officer, good-naturedly, "he's there in that first patrol wagon. You can run over and say good-night to him, and then you'd better get to bed. This ain't no place for kids of your age."

"Thank you, sir," sniffed Gallegher tearfully, as the two officers raised their clubs, and let him pass out into the darkness.

The yard outside was in a tumult, horses were stamping, and plunging, and backing the carriages into one another; lights were flashing from every window of what had been apparently an uninhabited house, and the voices of the prisoners were still raised in angry expostulation.

Three police patrol wagons were moving about the yard, filled with unwilling passengers, who sat or stood, packed together like sheep, and with no protection from the sleet and rain.

Gallegher stole off into a dark corner and watched the scene until his eyesight became familiar with the position of the land.

Then with his eyes fixed fearfully on the swinging light of a lantern with which an officer was searching among the carriages, he groped his way between horses' hoofs and behind the wheels of carriages to the cab which he had himself placed at the furthermost gate. It was still there, and the horse, as he had left it, with its head turned toward the city. Gallegher opened the big gate noiselessly, and worked nervously at the hitching strap. The knot was covered with a thin coating of ice, and it was several minutes before he could loosen it. But his teeth finally pulled it apart, and with the reins in his hands he sprang upon the wheel. And as he stood so, a shock of fear ran down his back like an electric current, his breath left him, and he

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stood immovable, gazing with wide eyes into the darkness.

The officer with the lantern had suddenly loomed up from behind a carriage not fifty feet distant, and was standing perfectly still, with his lantern held over his head, peering so directly toward Gallegher that the boy felt that he must see him. Gallegher stood with one foot on the hub of the wheel and with the other on the box waiting to spring. It seemed a minute before either of them moved, and then the officer took a step forward, and demanded sternly, "Who is that? What are you doing there?"

There was no time for parley then. Gallegher felt that he had been taken in the act, and that his only chance lay in open flight. He leaped up on the box, pulling out the whip as he did so, and with a quick sweep lashed the horse across the head and back. The animal sprang forward with a snort, narrowly clearing the gate post, and plunged off into the darkness.

"Stop!" cried the officer.

So many of Gallegher's acquaintances among the 'longshoremen and mill hands had been challenged in so much the same manner that Gallegher knew what would probably follow if the challenge was disregarded. So he slipped from his seat to the footboard below, and ducked his head.

The three reports of a pistol, which rang out briskly from behind him, proved that his early training had given him a valuable fund of useful miscellaneous knowledge.

"Don't you be scared," he said, reassuringly, to the horse, "he's firing in the air."

The pistol-shots were answered by the impatient clangor of a patrol wagon's gong, and glancing over his shoulder Gallegher saw its red and green lanterns tossing from side to side and looking in the darkness like the side-lights of a yacht plunging forward in a storm.

"I hadn't bargained to race you against no patrol wagons," said Gallegher to his animal; "but if they want a race we'll give them a tough tussle for it, won't we?"

Philadelphia, lying four miles to the south, sent up a faint yellow glow to the sky. It seemed very far away, and Gallegher's braggadocio grew cold within him at the loneliness of his adventure and the thought of the long ride before him.

It was still bitterly cold.

The rain and sleet beat through his clothes, and struck his skin with a sharp chilling touch that set him trembling.

Even the thought of the over-weighted patrol wagon probably sticking in the mud some safe distance in the rear, failed to cheer him, and the excitement that had so far made him callous to the cold died out and left him weaker and nervous.

But his horse was chilled with the long standing, and now leaped eagerly forward, only too willing to warm the half-frozen blood in its veins.

"You're a good beast," said Gallegher, plaintively. "You've got more nerve than me. Don't you go back on me now. Mr. Dwyer says we've got to beat the town." Gallegher had no idea what time it was as he rode through the night, but he knew he would be able to find out from the big clock over a manufactory at a point nearly three quarters of the distance from Keppler's to the goal.

He was still in the open country and driving recklessly, for he knew the best part of his ride must be made outside the city limits.

He raced between desolate-looking corn-fields with bare stalks and patches of muddy earth rising above the thin covering of snow, truck farms and brickyards fell behind him on either side. It was very lonely work, and once or twice the dogs ran yelping to the gates and barked after him.

Part of his way lay parallel with the railroad tracks, and he drove for some time beside long lines of freight and coal cars as they stood resting for the night. The fantastic Queen Anne suburban stations were dark and deserted, but in one or two of the block-towers he could see the operators writing at their desks, and the sight in some way comforted him.

Once he thought of stopping to get out the blanket in which he had wrapped himself on the first trip, but he feared to spare the time, and drove on with his

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teeth chattering and his shoulders shaking with the cold.

He welcomed the first solitary row of darkened houses with a faint cheer of recognition. The scattered lamp-posts lightened his spirits, and even the badly paved streets rang under the beats of his horse's feet like music. Great mills and manufactories, with only a night-watchman's light in the lowest of their many stories began to take the place of the gloomy farm-houses and gaunt trees that had startled him with their grotesque shapes. He had been driving nearly an hour he calculated, and in that time the rain had changed to a wet snow that fell heavily and clung to whatever it touched. He passed block after block of trim workmen's houses, as still and silent as the sleepers within them, and at last he turned the horse's head into Broad Street, the city's great thoroughfare that stretches from its one end to the other and cuts it evenly in two.

He was driving noiselessly over the snow and slush in the street, with his thoughts bent only on the clock face he wished so much to see, when a hoarse voice challenged him from the sidewalk, "Hey, you, stop there, hold up," said the voice.

Gallegher turned his head, and though he saw that the voice came from under a policeman's helmet, his only answer was to hit his horse sharply over the head with his whip and to urge it into a gallop.

This, on his part, was followed by a sharp, shrill whistle from the policeman. Another whistle answered it from a street-corner one block ahead of him. "Whoa," said Gallegher pulling on the reins. "There's one too many of them," he added, in apologetic explanation. The horse stopped and stood, breathing heavily, with great clouds of steam rising from its flanks.

"Why in hell didn't you stop when I told you to?" demanded the voice, now close at the cab's side.

"I didn't hear you," returned Gallegher, sweetly. "But I heard you whistle and I heard your partner whistle, and I thought maybe it was me you wanted to speak to, so I just stopped."

"You heard me well enough. Why aren't your lights lit?" demanded the voice.

"Should I have 'em lit?" asked Gallegher, bending over and regarding them with sudden interest.

"You know you should, and if you don't you've no right to be driving that cab. I don't believe you're the regular driver anyway. Where'd you get it."

"It ain't my cab, of course," said Gallegher, with an easy laugh. "It's Luke McGovern's. He left it outside Cronin's while he went in to get a drink, and he took too much, and me father told me to drive it round to the stable for him. I'm Cronin's son. McGovern ain't in no condition to drive. You can see yourself how he's been misusing the horse. He puts it up at Bachman's livery stable, and I was just going around there now."

Gallegher's knowledge of the local celebrities of the district confused the zealous officer of the peace. He surveyed the boy with a steady stare that would have distressed a less skilful liar, but Gallegher only shrugged his shoulders slightly, as if from the cold, and waited with apparent indifference to what the officer would say next.

In reality his heart was beating heavily against his side, and he felt that if he was kept on a strain much longer he would give way and break down. A second snow-covered form emerged suddenly from the shadow of the houses.

"What is it, Reeder?" it asked.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the first officer. "This kid hadn't any lamps lit, so I called to him to stop and he didn't do it, so I whistled to you. It's all right though. He's just taking it round to Bachman's. Go ahead," he added, sulkily.

"Get up," chirped Gallegher. "Good-night," he added over his shoulder.

Gallegher gave an hysterical little gasp of relief as he trotted away from the two policemen, and poured bitter maledictions on their heads for two meddling fools as he went.

"They might as well kill a man as scare him to death," he said, with an attempt to get back to his customary flippancy. But the effort was somewhat pitiful, and he felt guiltily conscious that a salt-warm tear was creeping slowly down his face, and that a lump that would not keep down was rising in his throat.

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"'Tain't no fair thing for the whole police force to keep worrying at a little boy like me," he said, in shame-faced apology. "I'm not doing nothing wrong, and I'm half froze to death, and yet they keep a-nagging at me."

It was so cold that when the boy stamped his feet against the foot-board to keep them warm sharp pains shot up through his body, and when he beat his arms about his shoulders, as he had seen real cab-men do, the blood in his finger-tips tingled so acutely that he cried aloud with the pain.

He had often been up that late before, but he had never felt so sleepy. It was as if some one was pressing a sponge heavy with chloroform near his face, and he could not fight off the drowsiness that lay hold of him.

He saw, dimly hanging above his head, a round disc of light that seemed like a great moon, and which he finally guessed to be the clock face for which he had been on the look out. He had passed it before he realized this, but the fact stirred him into wakefulness again, and when his cab's wheels slipped around the City Hall corner he remembered to look up at the other big clock face that keeps awake over the railroad station and measures out the night.

He gave a gasp of consternation when he saw that it was half-past two, and that there was but ten minutes left to him. This, and the many electric lights and the sight of the familiar pile of buildings startled him into a semi-consciousness of where he was and how great was the necessity for haste.

He rose in his seat and called on the horse and urged it into a reckless gallop over the slippery asphalt. He considered nothing else but speed, and looking neither to the left nor right dashed off down Broad Street into Chestnut, where his course lay straight away to the office, now only seven blocks distant.

"The detective placed his hands on his knees, and Gallegher stood on his shoulders."—Page 162.

Gallegher never knew how it began, but he was suddenly assaulted by shouts on either side, his horse was thrown back on its haunches, and he found two men in cabmen's livery hanging at its head and patting its sides and calling it by name. And the other cabmen who have their stand at the corner were swarming about the carriage, all of them talking and swearing at once, and gesticulating wildly with their whips.

They said they knew the cab was McGovern's, and they wanted to know where he was and why he wasn't on it; they wanted to know where Gallegher had stolen it, and why he had been such a fool as to drive it into the arms of its owner's friends; they said that it was about time that a cab-driver could get off his box to take a drink without having his cab run away with, and some of them called loudly for a policeman to take the young thief in charge.

Gallegher felt as if he had been suddenly dragged into consciousness out of a bad dream, and stood for a second like a half-awakened somnambulist.

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They had stopped the cab under an electric light, and its glare shone coldly down upon the trampled snow and the faces of the men around him.

Gallegher bent forward and lashed savagely at the horse with his whip.

"Let me go," he shouted as he tugged impotently at the reins. "Let me go, I tell you. I haven't stole no cab, and you've got no right to stop me. I only want to take it to the *Press* office," he begged. "They'll send it back to you all right. They'll pay you for the trip. I'm not running away with it. The driver's got the collar—he's 'rested—and I'm only a-going to the *Press* office. Do you hear me?" he cried, his voice rising and breaking in a shriek of passion and disappointment. "I tell you to let go those reins. Let me go or I'll kill you. Do you hear me? I'll kill you." And leaning forward the boy struck heavily with his long whip at the faces of the men about the horse's head.

Some one in the crowd reached up and caught him by the ankles and with a quick jerk pulled him off the box and threw him on to the street. But he was up on his knees in a moment and caught at the man's hand.

"Don't let them stop me, mister," he cried, "please let me go. I didn't steal the cab, sir. S'help me I didn't. I'm telling you the truth. Take me to the *Press* office and they'll prove it to you. They'll pay you anything you ask 'em. It's only such a little ways now, and I've come so far, sir. Please don't let them stop me," he sobbed, clasping the man about the knees. "For Heaven's sake, mister, let me go."

. . . . . .

The managing editor of the *Press* took up the india-rubber speaking-tube at his side and answered "Not yet" to an inquiry the night editor had already put to him five times within the last twenty minutes.

Then he snapped the metal top of the tube impatiently and went up-stairs. As he passed the door of the local room he noticed that the reporters had not gone home, but were sitting about on the tables and chairs waiting. They looked up inquiringly as he passed, and the city editor asked, "Any news yet?" and the managing editor shook his head.

The compositors were standing idle in the composing-room, and their foreman was talking with the night editor.

"Well," said that gentleman, tentatively.

"Well," returned the managing editor, "I don't think we can wait; do you?"

"It's a half hour after time now," said the night editor, "and we'll miss the suburban trains if we hold the paper back any longer. We can't afford to wait for a purely hypothetical story. The chances are all against the fight's having taken place or this Hade's having been arrested."

"But if we're beaten on it——" suggested the chief. "But I don't think that is possible. If there were any story to print, Dwyer would have had it here before now."

The managing editor looked steadily down at the floor.

"Very well," he said, slowly, "we won't wait any longer. Go ahead," he added, turning to the foreman with a sigh of reluctance. The foreman whirled himself about and began to give his orders, but the two editors still looked at each other doubtfully.

As they stood so, there came a sudden shout and the sound of people running to and fro in the reportorial rooms below. There was the tramp of many footsteps on the stairs, and above the confusion they heard the voice of the city editor telling some one to "run to Madden's and get some brandy, quick."

No one in the composing-room said anything; but those compositors who had started to go home began slipping off their overcoats, and every one stood with their eyes fixed on the door.

It was kicked open from the outside, and in the doorway stood a cab-driver and the city editor, supporting between them a pitiful little figure of a boy, wet and miserable, and with the snow melting on his clothes and running in little pools to the floor. "Why, it's Gallegher," said the night editor, in a tone of the keenest disappointment.

Gallegher shook himself free from his supporters, and took an unsteady step forward, his fingers fumbling stiffly with the buttons of his waistcoat.

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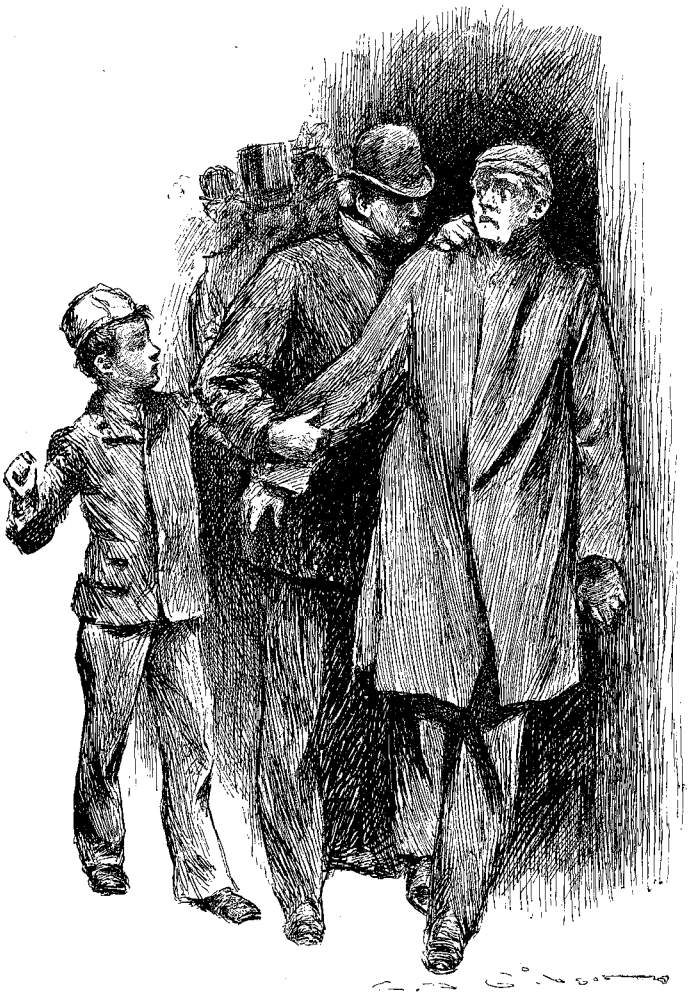
"Mr. Dwyer, sir," he began faintly, with his eyes fixed fearfully on the managing editor, "he got arrested—

men as rapidly as a gambler deals out cards.

Then the managing editor stooped



"For God's sake," Hade begged, "let me go!"—Page 165.

and I couldn't get here no sooner, 'cause they kept a stopping me, and they took me cab from under me—but—" he pulled the notebook from his breast and held it out with its covers damp and limp from the rain, "but we got Hade, and here's Mr. Dwyer's copy."

And then he asked, with a queer note in his voice, partly of dread and partly of hope, "Am I in time, sir?"

The managing editor took the book, and tossed it to the foreman, who ripped out its leaves and dealt them out to his

and picked Gallegher up in his arms, and, sitting down, began to unlace his wet and muddy shoes.

Gallegher made a faint effort to resist this degradation of the managerial dignity, but his protest was a very feeble one, and his head fell back heavily on the managing editor's shoulder.

To Gallegher the incandescent lights began to whirl about in circles, and to burn in different colors; the faces of the reporters kneeling before him and chafing his hands and feet grew dim and

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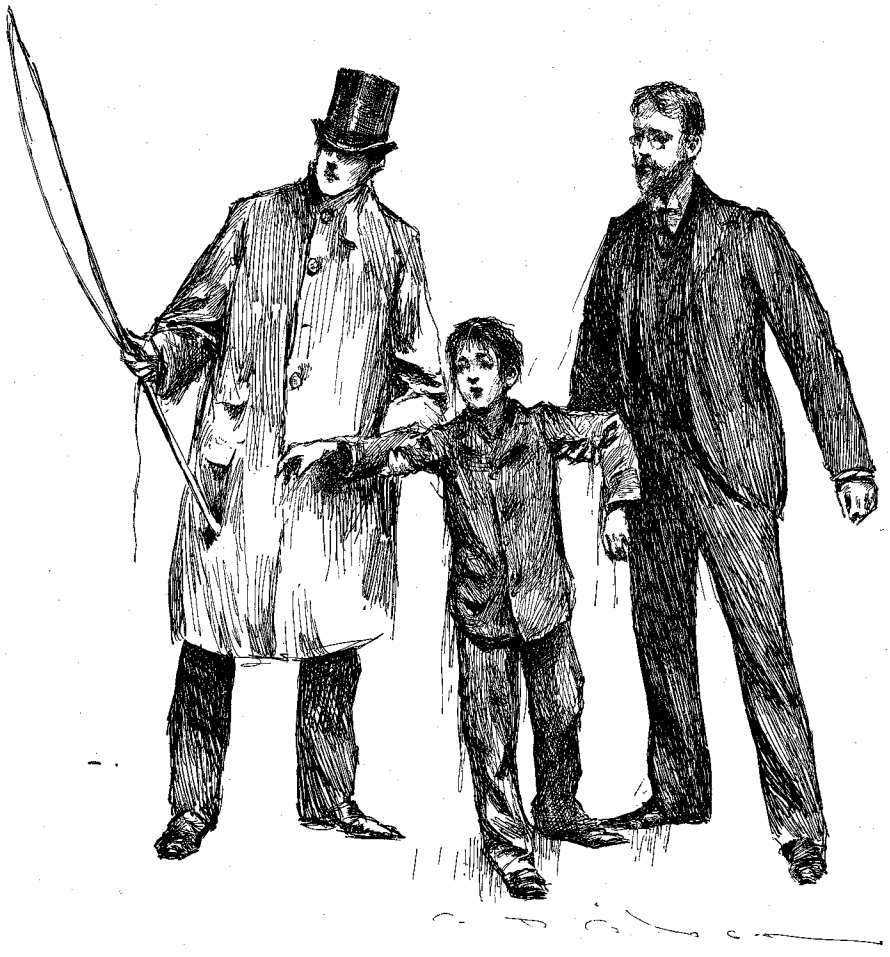

"Why, it's Gallegher," said the night editor.—Page 170.

unfamiliar, and the roar and rumble of the great presses in the basement sounded far away, like the murmur of the sea.

And then the place and the circumstances of it came back to him again sharply and with sudden vividness.

Gallegher looked up, with a faint smile, into the managing editor's face. "You won't turn me off for running away, will you?" he whispered.

The managing editor did not answer immediately. His head was bent, and he was thinking, for some reason or other, of a little boy of his own, at home in bed. Then he said, quietly, "Not this time, Gallegher."

Gallegher's head sank back comfortably on the older man's shoulder, and he smiled comprehensively at the faces of the young men crowded around him. "You hadn't ought to," he said, with a touch of his old impudence, "cause—I beat the town."

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SERGEANT GORE.

By LeRoy Armstrong.

ENLISTED men in the regular army do not indulge in much courting of any kind. These sons of Mars who hold the outworks of the realm are not often afforded an opportunity to court even danger. Fame, that is supposed to lurk in cannons' mouths, there to be sought by aspiring young gentlemen who make a living by the extinguishment of other aspiring young gentlemen, is a thing so rarely heard about in the army of the United States that sluggish blood, tamed by some drill and much fatigue, is never moved to deeds of daring. Fortune is, if possible, farther away than promotion, for the legions are not munificently rewarded, and the soldier who can loan money is a personage certain of distinction.

And as for courtship, which involves a gentler, fairer sex, that is quite out of the question. At their quarters, in the tedium of walking post, and on the long rides down the valley when "mounted pass" rewards good conduct, some of the men may cherish these dreams of fair women, but they always set the season of their felicity far in the future—when captivity shall have been turned to freedom.

But now and then even the ignoble recruit in the regular army finds an object about which he may moan and dream. It may not be a face or figure that would inspire great deeds in those who have more frequent views of women; but beauty is a matter of comparisons. The "handsomest woman in the valley" wears a diadem as dear to her as that which graces the "loveliest lady in the city."

Fort Bidwell had but one unmarried woman in the whole confines of the reservation, and she was a half-Spanish maiden who attended the commanding officer's children. Her father had been an army officer, who consoled himself for assignment to Fort Yuma by marrying the belle of the region—a territory that is even yet far more Castilian than Saxon. Judged by all canons of beauty Terita was not handsome. She was short and dark, low-browed, and gifted with a mouth of most generous extent; but then, she was young, her hands and feet were small and shapely, her eyes were deep and dark, and she had her mother's very witchery of dress. Seen beside the wives of the officers, Terita suffered somewhat; but then no soldier ever saw her there. To them she was ever alone and unshamed by comparisons.

When she wheeled the colonel's children down the esplanade of an afternoon—the time of all times when an American camp is lazy—the men would vie with each other in attentions. True, they could not do much, and the first man at her side, if not dislodged by Terita's frowns, was master of the situation.

But the sun shone brightly on the esplanade all the afternoon, while just across the creek which formed one boundary of the parade-ground was a level stretch of grass that lay like a carpet right up to the foot of a massive, towering wall of granite. The time-honored excuse for accosting the maid was to assist her and the children across this brook on a series of stepping-stones — so much more desirable than any bridge could have been. Once over, the commonest kind of courtesy demanded that Terita permit her adorer to walk up and down with her, to fill the admiring, envious eyes of all the garrison, and to win the colonel's graces no less than the girl's, by preventing any of the little blunderers from falling in the brook.

It was, indeed, to the rank and file, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Of course, all this implied a well-dressed soldier, the patient buffing of buttons, the polishing of shoes, and the tact to simply happen on the esplanade —not rush there as though this were

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the one thing which could make a man tidy and agreeable. And while four out of every five men in the fort would could expect she would dismiss the others, and keep herself for him only. But the girl was rapidly developing a

When she wheeled the colonel's children down the esplanade.

have given a month's pay any time to walk and talk with her, to touch her hand at chance intervals, and to wake that merry Southern laugh, not nearly that proportion cared to give the time and trouble necessary; and a still smaller number was prepared to march out there and run the risk of impalement on that keen glance, not to mention the ridicule such a fate would involve when one returned to the squad-room.

Yet the strife for her smiles was warm enough, and several shared with some approach to equality the honor of attending Terita, though not one of them stronger liking for Sergeant Gore than for anybody else. He was so handsome, so at ease; his blue eyes shone with such a light, and his soft, white hands were so caressingly tender when they touched her own.

He was so faultlessly dressed, and was so plainly accustomed some time in the past to even better company than hers, that Terita always greeted him with a surer welcome, walked with him longer, and was plainly happier with him than with the other men. And so it came to pass when rival admirers outwitted Sergeant Gore and gained the

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coveted position, she grew to inquiring about that young man; grew to speak of his dress, his learning, his better past. All this was gall and wormwood to the gallants who heard it, and one by one they read dismissal in the queries, and left the field to Gore.

He was not the only man of good family whom Dame Fortune, in a perverse mood, had sent to the ranks of the regular army; he was one of many. But his face and figure, no less than his family-tree, were his title-deeds of nobility. Sergeant Gore's weekly letter from his Philadelphia home had long been one of the events at the squad-rooms in Bidwell. A chosen few might listen to some passages. A somewhat larger circle had seen the photographs of mother and sisters, and knew the home-life of the Gores was one to envy. They paid him their highest compliment by being interested in that fairer half of life, and asking respectfully, when the quarters were stillest, about those from whom his honor kept him alien.

During the Modoc war young Billy Somers, just out of a civilian college at the East, dared the rigors of a campaign in the lava beds, quartering himself on his brother, the first lieutenant of Company G, First Cavalry. When Captain Jack and his three unclean abettors were hanged at Klamath for defying the flag and slaying the men who bore it, young William asked for a commission in the army. The officers in general endorsed his application, for he was an uncommonly agreeable fellow, and all declared his deserts firmly grounded on "brave and meritorious conduct in the Modoc war."

Pending the action of the Secretary of War the young man paid a visit to his friends in San Francisco, and then, as the unfruitful months vanished, he came to Bidwell and again accepted the hospitality of his brother. He found a comfortable seat on the broad balcony

There smoked good "conchas" and watched the golden afternoons drift by.

of Lieutenant Somers's quarters, and there smoked good "conchas" and watched the golden afternoons drift by.

He saw Terita, and being almost an

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officer, if not already crowned with a commission, he needed no introduction, and, indeed, very little formality of any kind, to claim her acquaintance. The girl was flattered by his attentions, in secret many times, vexed that fate gave her a choice so grievous; and she was often very good to Gore, though he, poor fellow, would come back to quarters with not enough of reason left to

"Let us walk on the grass beyond the creek to-night."—Page 180.

although the more surely he was an officer the smaller the chance for any union. But he found many pretexts for being with her. When his commission should come he might be assigned to some post in the South, and his Spanish was in woful need of dressing. And she—well, she was a woman, and not averse to compliment.

The children were seldom lifted across the creek now. Terita said the esplanade was good enough. And she could not encourage Sergeant Gore to walk with her there, where every turn brought them under Lieutenant Somers's balcony. Yet she did love him. She wept distinguish between a daily detail and a death sentence.

But at last the commons triumphed. Billy Somers's commission didn't come; maybe it never would. She fed the hope and let her heart follow its stronger bending. Gore was in ecstasies. He had less than a year to serve, and then an honorable discharge would restore him, somewhat like the prodigal son, to a father's house where there was plenty.

Terita slipped from her room one night and met her lover on the grassy walk beyond the creek. They strolled up and down there in the moonlight, busy with pictures that are never un-

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veiled but once in all the world. Gore wore his finest uniform, and strapped to his side, lifted from clanking against his spurs, was his burnished sabre; for he was sergeant of the guard to-day.

Why will a woman love the tools of war? What is there in a sword to fire her with devotion for the wight who carries it? No one knows, yet that has been her weakness since Æneas won the heart of Dido.

The mail had arrived to-day, and its chief treasure, his letter from home, was recited at length to the fairy by his side. Terita listened and clung to this handsome fellow; she stroked his massive arm, she touched his face, she sang him songs of love in the soft Spanish of her mother-tongue—and she turned like a panther when a man came quickly around the base of the great rock and approached her lover threateningly.

It was Billy Somers.

"Go to the guard-house, Gore," he said. "You have no business here."

But the sergeant knew his footing. He was trespassing on regulations; he was well aware of that, but between him and any citizen he was the better armed just now.

"I don't know why I should take orders from you," he said, calmly and firmly; then he added, "Mr. Somers," with a possible emphasis on the title.

"You are sergeant of the guard. Go to your post, or I will have your belts off in ten minutes."

"You go slow, or I will have you in the bottom of the creek in ten seconds," came in anger from the soldier. Then he added again, as thrust, reminder, taunting—all in one—"*Mr.* Somers."

"*Lieutenant* Somers," corrected the other, with an undoubted emphasis on the title.

"Lieutenant?" cried the girl, with an inflection of inquiry.

"Lieutenant!" echoed Gore, in deep derision. He did not believe the Secretary of War would ever make that man an officer.

"Yes, lieutenant," said Somers, sharply. "My commission came to-day."

That settled it. He was clearly master here. But Gore was game. He took Terita's hand and led her across the brook on the stepping-stones that long had paved the way from earth to paradise—stones that memory would bind about his neck hereafter, while he struggled in the infinite sea of despair.

But he would have given a sixth year of service in the barracks for just one hour at the hay corral with that subaltern.

"Good-night, Terita," he said, as he reached her door. There was no attempt at hushing his voice as became a plebeian on the borders of patrician realms. He lifted his cap with perfect grace, bowed low and went away, proud as a gentleman.

All the officers and their families, sitting the evening out upon their balconies, saw the episode; but they had not seen that brief passage at arms across the creek. The officer of the day only knew that here was a sergeant of the guard gallanting a girl when he should have been at his post. He put on his hat and called to the retreating figure, while Terita wrung her hands in an agony for Gore, then pressed them in rejoicing for Somers's good fortune.

The two men met half-way across the parade-ground.

"What are you doing, sergeant?"

"Disobeying orders, I fear, sir," answered the culprit, saluting.

"Go to your post. I shall report you in the morning."

They saluted again and parted. That night Sergeant Gore was Upton personified in his strict adherence to regulations. Next morning he was relieved before guard mount, and the corporal turned over "the fort and all its stores" to the succeeding detail.

"Lieutenant William Somers says you insulted him last night," said the commanding officer sternly, when he had summoned Gore before him. The non-commissioned man told the whole story just as it was.

"Go back to your quarters, and never let such conduct occur again."

Gore was out of it easier than he had expected. He was not even reduced to the ranks. Surely that grim old colonel saw more than the surface of things.

But Terita? Well, she grew very chilling. Young Lieutenant Somers honored her with a horseback ride down the valley, though his conduct met stern

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disapproval from the other officers and their wives. It was one thing for Terita to be courted by an enlisted man soon to leave the service; it was quite another for an officer to show her favors —and she a waiting-maid!

Sergeant Gore was not reduced to the ranks, but he might have been for all he cared. He was hopelessly smitten by that little girl. He could not wake his pride and dismiss all thought of her. He grew less tidy, and his springing gait became a painful drag. He did his duty in a slip-shod way, and only roused to interest when the squad-rooms were agog with speculation as to where "Lieutenant Billy" would be assigned for service. He only listened to their chatter when the men recounted some new freak of that late-fledged lieutenant. His arrogance, his tyranny, his petty spite, won him a place of singular dislike. Gore hoped, yet dreaded, that the time would come when he could wreak his anger on that upstart. He did much violence to his blood and training as he pictured some possible collision. He thought of Achilles, who was bereft by a baser, not a better, soldier—and smiled at the stupendous vanity pent in the simile.

A month went by. The new lieutenant had an open field for Terita, so far as rivals went, but he still found rough sailing in the social waters. At last, in self-defence, he announced his intention to marry the girl as soon as he was assigned to duty, and said, in a burst of heroics, that he would be proud to take her with him as his wife wherever he might go. And from that time his wooing was frowned on less hardly than before.

But that assignment to duty! It troubled him far more than anyone else. Until it came that Spanish damsel held him at a most tantalizing arm's length. It was very provoking. He prayed for the Presidio, near San Francisco; he dreaded Fort Yuma or St. Francis.

Sergeant Gore lay half-asleep on a bench in front of the quarters, and gazed at that point of rocks across the parade-ground. The October wind lifted his blond hair and blew it about, shaming him for neglecting the barber. It occurred to him that the mail-coach was due to-day, and he was not so tidy as he should be when his letter came. He glanced down at his uniform, at his dusty boots; he passed his palm across a very stubble-field of cheek. He waked to the consciousness that all this was unmanly, not to say unsoldier-like, no matter what the provocation, and he drew himself together with a quick resolve to be more worthy of that distant home where he was waited with such patient love.

As he set his face toward the rather humble house of tonsure some quality in the rising wind attracted him. An arrow of cold, like an icy needle, shot its warning through the warmer air. In the northwest, hovering on the ragged peaks of Shasta, were banks of leaden clouds, while just overhead, with lowering pressure, swept the fleecy vanguard of the storm.

"Blizzard to-night," said Gore, sententiously, to the barber; and then, in a tone more life-like than they had known in weeks, he added: "One shave, one haircut, one waxed mustache," and clambered in the chair.

When he left the place an hour later he was the Gore of other days. Not a fleck of dust stained the dark blue of his garments; not a touch of soil dimmed the lustre of his shoes, while buttons, linen, sunny locks, and all marked the model soldier.

Just before him a little heap of leaves and grasses woke in confusion and scampered up the spiral staircase of the wind. Over in the great corral swine were borrowing trouble with loud, incisive cries, and carrying wisps of hay into the lee of heavy walls. The army of clouds that stood on Shasta when he passed before had advanced a score of miles, and gusts of cold, like scouts, were trying the passages of cañon and hill. Light flakes of snow shot by, fell in a group on the porch at the quarters, and whirled in a waltz to the sharp whistling of the storm.

"Put on your overcoats," said the sergeant of the guard to the relief. Inside the squad-room some men were kindling a fire. Gore watched them through the window, then walked briskly to and fro the length of the building. He was erect, clear-brained, deep-breath-

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ing, exultant. His vigor was wakened by the tonic of frost.

Snow drifted in long, loose ridges across the parade-ground, as the sundown roll was called. At tattoo the blast had grown so bitter that the men stood close in the shelter of the buildings, as in midwinter; while the officer of the day, in top-boots and field-cloak, was buried to the knees in the gathering drifts. Taps, the final bugle-call of the day, was drowned in the louder trumpetings of the hurricane.

Gore thought of his horse, and stole from the barracks to make sure of the animal's comfort. The storm was raging. Winds, like moistened lashes, whipped his face. He bent his head and ran, stumbling over unfamiliar things, tripping, recovering, and chafing his freezing wrists. Surely he had gone far enough. He was bewildered. He turned his back and tried to find the outlines of the buildings or the hills. Vision could not pierce beyond that mad, tempestuous whirl of sleety snow.

He was lost!

But under the chilling paralysis of that moment, when life and death contended with just lengthened lances, the heart of the man rose with a throb of defiance. He would not be frozen. Where was the corral? the quarters? where was he? One moment of confusion meant a panic and the end. One moment of calmness might save him. He shouted aloud, but the vicious demon of the storm snatched the message and shattered it—scattered it to all the winds at once. He knew it could not be heard ten yards away. But he called again, and just as calmly. Somewhere in that hurrying blast was surely a breeze that would carry the cry to willing ears. He tried again.

Then, behind him just a little way, rose an answer. He turned and called quickly. Quicker still came a response. But this new voice was one of beseeching. It was a plea for help. Gore struggled toward it, guided by its rising, waking, hopeful repetition. He stumbled blindly against a fence—and knew his bearings in an instant.

There to his right, buried in the drift, battling feebly to escape, crouched "Lieutenant Billy."

Gore gazed on him in silence just one moment; but in that little lapse of time his bosom was a battle-field of tempests as fierce as that without. How easy to end it all just here! No need to touch him; no need to speak. No one on earth would ever know he stood above those epaulets and took receipt in full for slavery.

Just one moment, and then a breath from that good home in far-off Philadelphia flashed past the leagues that lay between, and stirred his heart to manhood.

"Hello there, Lieutenant!" he shouted, grasping a numbed arm with one hand, while with the other he held to the fence as to a life-line that could bear them both to safety. "Hello, there! Get up! You're freezing."

The bewildered man rose stiffly, grasping wildly for support. He could not walk; he could not stand. He fell full length and helpless in the snow.

Gore stooped and wrapped his strong arms about the prostrate body; he raised it to his shoulder and then crowded along against the fence till it led him to the quarters.

A month of fairest weather followed, and not a vestige of the storm-wrought ruin could be seen in the valley. Sergeant Gore was discipline again. He didn't care about Terita, and he was quits with Somers. His arms shone resplendent, his uniform was a model of beauty, his conduct was all that a soldier could desire. He declined with dignity the lieutenant's invitation to come to the officers' quarters and be thanked.

"Tell him," he said to the orderly, "that I saved him just as I would a steer or a pony. I don't care a copper whether he gets well or not."

This was far from true; but the brute in man is sometimes so strong that it demands concessions, and they must be made. He could not forget, and it was still more impossible to forgive.

He was strolling past the esplanade one day, upright, defiant. The mail had just brought him a letter from home. It raised him visibly above all things in Bidwell. It warmed and comforted—it satisfied him.

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Terita leaned from the colonel's balcony and accosted him.

"So glad to see you," she said. "I have wanted to talk with you. Let us walk on the grass beyond the creek to-night."

"What will Somers say?"

How perverse he was. But even as he watched for the effect of his thrust, his heart leaped wildly. Oh, those little hands, that gladsome face, those ripe, red lips!

"Why," with a laugh, "what do I care?"

Plainly the new commission had lost its charms.

"I'll come," said Gore, not quite so heartily as he once had done, but with a vein of independence that was worth much to him.

That night they crossed the creek, treading those blessed stepping-stones, and walked in the moonlight again. The evenings were chilling now, and Terita wore a true Castilian mantilla. They talked of everything — but one. She sang the old songs, she laughed and flattered him; she won him utterly, and then she said:

"You were so good to save 'Lieutenant Billy.' Poor fellow, he is so grateful to you."

Gore sniffed his contempt.

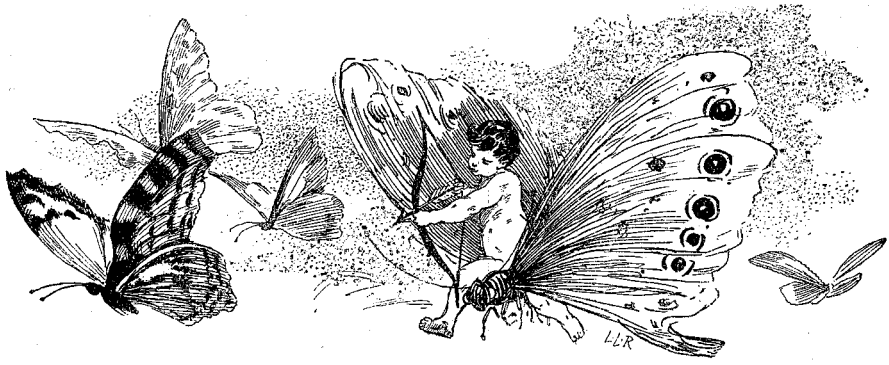
"He has been assigned to duty at—I can't remember."

"The Presidio?" with fear and trembling.

"No—oh, my, no. At Fort Buford, in northern Dakota. His orders came to-day."

Talk of anything now. She has spread her net, has secured her prize; here she transfixed him. When he left her that night Sergeant Gore trod on zephyrs. He was too happy to lie in bed even after taps, and stole away beyond the boiling springs to walk alone and fashion castles in the air—castles that in these later days he has peopled with the fairies of love requited, the genii of manhood's strength and woman's blessing.

And Terita? Why, time has given stature, rarest comeliness, and unswerving truth to her. She is prouder of her home, her handsome husband, and her pretty children, than ever was the wife of a grandee in Spain.



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By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AGLÄE, a widow.
MURIEL, her unmarried sister.

IT happened once, in that brave land that lies
For half the twelve-month arched by sombre skies,
Two sisters loved one man. He being dead,
Grief loosed the lips of her he had not wed,
And all the passion that through heavy years
Had masked in smiles, unmasked itself in tears.
No purer love may mortals know than this,
The hidden love that guards another's bliss.
High in a turret's westward-facing room,
Whose painted window held the sunset's bloom,
The two together grieving, each to each
Unveiled her soul with sobs and broken speech.
Both still were young, in life's rich summer yet;
And one was dark, with tints of violet
In hair and eyes, and one was blond as she
Who rose—a second daybreak—from the sea,
Gold-tressed and azure-eyed. In that lone place,
Like dusk and dawn, they sat there face to face.

She spoke the first whose strangely silvering hair
No wreath had worn, nor widow's weed might wear,
And told her blameless love, and knew no shame—
Her holy love that, like a vestal flame
Beside the sacred body of some queen
Within a guarded crypt, had burned unseen
From weary year to year. And she who heard
Smiled proudly through her tears and said no word,
But drawing closer, on the troubled brow
Laid one long kiss, and that was words enow!

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MURIEL.

Be still, my heart! Grown patient with thine ache,
Thou should'st be dumb—yet needs must speak, or break.
The world is empty, now that he is gone.

AGLÄE.

Ay, sweetheart!

MURIEL.

None was like him, no, not one.
From other men he stood apart, alone
In honor spotless as unfallen snow.
Nothing all evil was it his to know;
His charity still found some germ, some spark
Of light in natures that seemed wholly dark.
He read men's souls; the lowly and the high
Moved on the self-same level in his eye.
Gracious to all, to none subservient,
Without offence he spake the word he meant—
His word no trick of tact or courtly art,
But the white flowering of the noble heart.
Careless he was of much the world counts gain,
Careless of self, too simple to be vain,
Yet strung so finely that for conscience-sake
He would have gone like Cranmer to the stake.
I saw—how could I help but love? And you?—

AGLÄE.

At this perfection did I worship too. . . .
'Twas this that stabbed me. Heed not what I say!
I meant it not, my wits are gone astray,
With all that is and has been. No, I lie—
Had he been less perfection, happier I!

MURIEL.

Strange words and wild! 'Tis the distracted mind
Breathes them, not you, and I no meaning find.

AGLÄE.

Yet 'twere as plain as writing on a scroll
Had you but eyes to read within my soul.—
How a grief hidden feeds on its own mood,
Poisons the healthful currents of the blood
With bitterness, and turns the heart to stone!
I think, in truth, 'twere better to make moan,
And so be done with it. This many a year,
Sweetheart, have I laughed lightly and made cheer,
Pierced through with sorrow!

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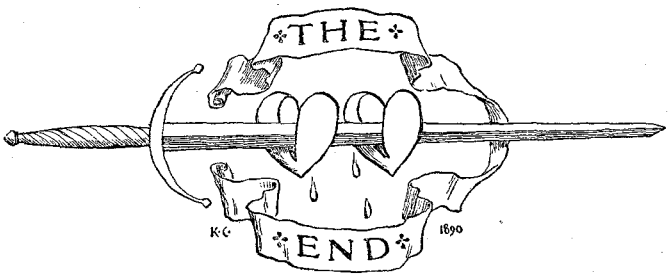
Then the widowed one,
With sorrowfulest eyes beneath the sun,
Faltered, irresolute, and bending low
Her head, half whispered,

Dear, how could you know?
What masks are faces!—yours, unread by me
These seven long summers; mine, so placidly
Shielding my woe! No tremble of the lip,
No cheek's quick pallor let our secret slip!
Mere players we, and she that played the queen,
Now in her homespun, looks how poor and mean!
How shall I say it, how find words to tell
What thing it was for me made earth a hell
That else had been my heaven! 'Twould blanch your cheek
Were I to speak it. Nay, but I will speak,
Since like two souls at compt we seem to stand,
Where nothing may be hidden. Hold my hand,
But look not at me! Noble 'twas and meet,
To hide your heart, nor fling it at his feet
To lie despised there. Thus saved you our pride
And that white honor for which earls have died.
You were not all unhappy, loving so!
I with a difference wore my weight of woe.
My lord was he. It was my cruel lot,
My hell, to love him—for he loved me not!

Then came a silence. Suddenly like death
The truth flashed on them, and each held her breath—
A flash of light whereby they both were slain,
She that was loved and she that loved in vain!



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JERRY.

PART FIRST (Concluded).

CHAPTER XIV.

"As to the assertion that *no* amount of evidence could establish the supernatural, we ask in amazement, 'On what is the supernatural based? Does it rest on anything higher than the idle habit of mind induced by the observation of constant recurrences?'"

THE fight with Paul was a great event in Jerry's life, and Joe chuckled over it with much satisfaction, being proud of Jerry's "sperret."

"An' the wuss youuns air, Jerry, the wusser hisn's lickin' air," he had said more than once; but this triumph was soon overshadowed by an occurrence of solemn portent.

It was going to be a bitter winter; everybody said so, and Joe had stopped work some time before to make preparation for it. Jerry worked with him heartily enough; coming home from the beloved lessons an hour earlier that he might help Joe bring the wood up from the gorges, where the pines grew best; helping him build a sheltered pen for the three pigs that were to be kept and killed as needed; helping him make a bin to keep the meal dry, and a box in which to pack salt beef.

Jerry rather liked it; there was a sense of plenty and comfort about the preparations which he had never experienced before. All winter there would be enough to eat, and enough to wear, and wood to warm them. All this his father could have done, the boy thought, but he never had, and the winters had been black times of terror to him and his mother.

But he said nothing to Joe about this, drew no comparisons; for already he was imbibing some idea of keeping faith since once the doctor had said to him—"You should remember you are speaking of your father"—and the boy had felt his face grow very hot; he did not realize why, but since then he had not talked about his home nor his old life. Indeed, he abhorred the thought of it, for gradually there was growing on him the knowledge of the fact that his mother had died for him. Sometimes he would sit up quite still in the night with his little bundle held close in his arms, and try not to long to kill his father, try not to curse him and the great brutal woman who was now his wife. For, living with the doctor day after day, he was gathering to himself a more clear and distinct understanding of right and wrong, and of the vast difference existing between the doctor and the people about him; he was making every effort to imitate and follow him in all things, and his love for this man was boundless. But growing up with this adoring love he bore for his hero, there was a deep grievance and bitterness; it was the doctor's love for Paul that Jerry had learned to watch for and suffer from; for Jerry hated Paul. The slow, cool scorn with which Paul looked at him—the manner in which he stood aside to let Jerry pass, as if the danger of touching him was to be avoided—the way in which he vacated the library whenever Jerry entered, was too much to be endured without breeding a hatred deep and lasting. But if Jerry had known it, Paul had also a great pain; if only it would not be beneath him to whip this little cur—this wretched little pauper who had dared to fight and overcome him; and beyond was always the dreadful doubt—"Did the doctor know?"

So the bitter feeling grew between the boys, and Jerry's wonder as to the connection between Paul and the doctor became one of the chief problems of his life—for he could not touch Paul if the doctor "sot much sto'" by him.

He would have liked to have asked the doctor about it, but the same feeling that now made him keep quiet about his

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own affairs made him hesitate about asking questions. So he only watched that he might learn with certainty what the feeling was between these two. And the watching made him heavy-hearted; for there was something in each that he could not understand nor copy, and they could talk of things of which he knew nothing; yet Paul was only a boy.

But there was always a brisk change when Jerry went back to the little house under the rocks. Joe was always there before him now, working busily and whistling the one straight, endless tune they had in common.

Each day the journeys for wood were made, until the piles grew so high that Jerry thought they would last forever. But Joe knew better, and worked day by day while Jerry was in the settlement, and after Jerry came home, far into the late evening. At last the stacks had grown high enough even for Joe, and as the covered pen was ready, Joe proposed that they should go for the pigs before another fall of snow.

"It'll be a heavy one when it do come," he said, looking at the clouds that were gathering; clouds of deathlike, ghastly white, "an' the devil couldn't drive them pigs up these rocks then."

So Jerry came home earlier than usual, and they set off.

"Jim Martin lives nigh ole Durden's mine," Joe said, "an' youuns kin jest tuck a leetle spy in the hole, Jerry."

Jerry's eyes opened very wide.

"I'm feared," he answered, forgetting in his excitement that the doctor had told him to say "afraid."

"Most folks is," and Joe shook his head mysteriously, "but I 'llows as it can't hurt youuns jest to peek in fur a minnit."

"An' the water?" Jerry asked, in a low tone.

"I 'llow it's a-drappin' yit," Joe answered, "an' it'll keep on a-drappin' tell the Jedg*ment* day; it soun's powerful creepy, it do."

To see "ole Durden's mine!" Jerry felt his hair rise up, and all his veins tingle; to look in, and maybe to see the gold glittering on the walls and floor, as he thought it must—to hear that water dropping all day and all night, never ceasing, never forming into a pool or stream that any human eye had ever seen. An indefinable trembling came over him as he tramped down the path behind Joe, and he longed for, yet feared, the termination of the afternoon.

"Thar's Jim Martin's," and Joe pointed to where a thin curl of smoke floated up slowly from among the rocks.

"Jim's house is piled thar plum aginst the rocks, it are, jest fur orl the worl' liker dirt-dauber's hole; but my Nancy Ann 'llowed she never wanted no rock wall to ourn house."

"I keep a-hear*ing* some*thing*," Jerry interrupted, laying great stress on the final g, which he found much difficulty in pronouncing, "some*thing* a-roar*ing*."

"It's a stream as comes down the mounting nigh the mine," Joe answered, "an' it falls over the rocks jest as purty!"

"A falls," Jerry suggested, feeling quite sure he had said the correct thing.

"Falls," Joe repeated, "the doctor names it thet too," he went on, "so I 'llows as youuns is correc'—a falls; an' youuns kin see it from up thar, from a rock as is jest ezackly over the hole of Durden's mine," stepping a little aside from the path to where one rock rose higher than the rest.

Jerry followed eagerly; a short, sharp climb, then he heard a slow, astonished exclamation from Joe.

"Great-day-in-the-mornin'!"

The boy leaned forward; and there, a little below the level of the peak on which they stood, lying on a thin, flat slab of rock that projected far out from the dizzy cliff, was the doctor.

"Well, Joe," looking up to where they stood above him.

"Evenin', doctor," Joe answered; "weuns is agoin' to Jim Martin's atter the hogs, an' I 'llowed I'd show Jerry the water."

"And it is very beautiful," the doctor said, turning his eyes again on the sombre gloom of the scene below them.

On all sides the grim, barren rocks darkening down into the deep gorge where the crowding pines dimmed the shadows to blackness; and from the far cliff where the light lingered longest, down from rock to rock the silver water falling and crying aloud—holding up "white, pleading hands"—down into

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the black gorge and out to lose its life in the hot, dry plains.

"I reckon it's sorry to come down," the child said, with a sigh; and the doctor turned and looked at the wistful face lifted to the far heights. Had the boy read his thoughts? the thoughts that came to him like voices from his own life, as he lay there watching the water that forever was falling like one in a dream—forever that weary cry!

"An' Durden's mine is down thar," and Joe, holding by a broken rock, leaned over and pointed to where below them the shadow deepened to the semblance of a black hole. His voice broke harshly on the silence, and the boy sighed once more, and looked into the eyes of the man below him. He could not tell what he saw there, but it was the same thing that made him sigh.

"An' the rock youuns is on, doctor, is mighty thin," Joe went on, as he stepped back to where Jerry stood.

"It has held me many times," the doctor answered, slowly; then they turned and left him.

To Joe it was the place where the "water came down an' looked rale purty;" to Jerry it was a place that made him afraid—made him feel as he had done when at last he had stood on the greatest height he could reach, and saw the sun setting across the plain; a feeling that made him walk in silence after Joe, and scarcely heed the talk of Durden's mine. Yes, he would go and look, what matter if he *were* dragged in to perish there; it would be better than this feeling he could not understand. The doctor understood, for the doctor looked into his eyes sometimes, and even in his blind ignorance Jerry could see and know the unuttered longing.

"He's lonesome, too," he whispered to himself, and followed silently down to where the black hole yawned.

Darker and rougher the gorge grew—the path narrowed to the merest thread of a track—then there came a level space covered with piles of *débris* from the mine, and through the broad cutting in the pines that once had been the road could be seen the village of Durden's, that had grown from the few miners' huts that at first had congregated around "Durden's find;" and near by, the stream that fell so far, fretted and fumed in the artificial channel which the old miners had cut for it.

"They says thet the water runned right in har," Joe explained, as they stood in front of the mine, "an' ole Durden got the fust gole outer the water; atter thet he foun' it in the rock, he did, an' he jest sot to work an' dug a ditch over yon for the water, an' dug in the cave fur the gole."

Then he led the boy nearer and nearer, picking his way carefully over the rocks and rotting logs that were strewn about the opening of the deserted mine, down into a sort of basin, where they paused and looked up to the slab far above them on which the doctor lay; and it looked so high and thin, such a precarious resting place!

A few steps further and the blackness of darkness gathered about them.

"Listen!" Joe whispered, pausing.

There was the sharp rattle of the stone they had dislodged that rolled somewhere into the darkness; then through the silence came the drip of far-off water—slow—heavy, regular, save that now and then there came a double sound as though too much had gathered for one drop—a quick, irregular sound like the catch in a sob or a sigh.

The boy stood very still; the silence and the darkness seemed to grow about him, and the sound of the dropping water seemed to rise and swell, then to fade and die like some creature crying! He was awe-stricken—he was afraid to stir—even to raise his hand to touch Joe who stood so near! Like one in a nightmare who could not move nor cry!

Great drops of sweat gathered on his temples—he trembled like a leaf in the wind; was there anything back there in the darkness? anything coming toward him—anything? that drawn, white face he had seen in the coffin! The dead eyes were open and staring at him—something touched him!

A wild cry broke from his lips, and turning, he fled up the rugged opening—falling, scrambling, breathless, until he lay sobbing under the ghastly white light from the snow-clouds; hiding his eyes and crying with sharp, quick gasps.

"Great-day-in-the-mornin'!" and Joe stood over the trembling child in much

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wonder; "I jest teched youuns, an' sicher holler I never hearn—what ails youuns, anyhow?" trying to raise the boy, "thar warn't nothin' to skeer youuns."

"I seen him—I seen him!" Jerry answered between his sobs—"I seen 'Lije Milton!"

Joe sat down on a rock, overcome.

"'Lije Milton?" he repeated, slowly—"an' 'Lije never b'lieved as he'd git up agin!"

No doubts of the fact crossed his mind; no question as to how or why; that Jerry had seen 'Lije Milton was a simple fact which proved to his mind that the dead hero did not sleep in peace and quiet.

Gradually the sobs died away, and Jerry lifted himself as one exhausted.

"Less us go," he said; "less git away from this place," and Joe followed obediently.

Jerry, somehow, was taking rank above him, and this last revelation raised him into something of a hero.

All the slow way home they were silent, except for the orders and cries to the hogs that were inclined to wander in their going. Neither at supper was there any conversation, and it was not until Joe had smoked one pipe, and had fairly started on another, that he broke the silence.

"It were surely cur'us, Jerry," he began, gravely, "thet I've been agoin' thar a heaper times, an' never sawn ner hearn nothin' ceppen the water a-drappin'—naryer thing ceppen thet, an' thar's sumpen in it sure—jest sure," looking solemnly at his companion, who, in a chair opposite, gazed steadily into the fire; thar's sumpen in it," he repeated, "fur it stan's to reason that 'Lije wouldn't hev come fur nothin'; thar's somethin' onlucky 'bout thet place fur youuns, Jerry, thet's what it means," decisively, "an' youuns hed jest better keep clar of thet hole."

"I will," Jerry answered, drawing his sleeve across his nose, "I'll never go nighst it agin, you bet—I mean again," he corrected himself.

"Agin or again," Joe repeated, "don't make no diffrunce to me; I ain't pertickler 'bout sich leetle trash as thet, but don't youuns go anigh Durden's; mebbe thar's a heaper gole thar, but it ain't fur youuns," pushing the fire into a brighter blaze, "an' I feels a kinder all-overish when I 'members how youuns screeched when I jest barly teched youuns; sposen youuns gits yer leetle book an' read a spell," throwing another log on the mass of coals, "it'll be sorter cheerfuller to read 'bout the leetle boy as got the fly in hisn's eyes," then more slowly, "but it beats me how he done it."

"The doctor said it was the words he wanted to larn me," Jerry answered, as he took his book down from a shelf, "I spec it ain't—it is not for rayly true." Joe's English was demoralizing, and Jerry puzzled sorely over his words, speaking slowly and correcting himself when he remembered. And Joe was very lenient, treating these efforts as signs of the weakness of Jerry's intellect.

"Jest please yourself 'bout words, Jerry," he said, kindly; "I don't rayly hev no feelin' agin one word or ernether; it's orl one to me, jest so I kin on'erstan' youuns; now jest pole erlong 'but thet boy an' hisn's fly."

So Jerry found the place and read slowly and earnestly, holding the book to catch the firelight. And Joe listened with much satisfaction, a look of pride growing in his eyes as he watched the child; and when the page was turned Jerry paused, as he always did, to show Joe the picture.

"It's jest as naytral," bending his gray head over the poor woodcut, "thar's the leetle boy, an' thar's hisn's fly—a rale big 'un—an' it's flewed away, it hes."

"'The fly is out of my eye,'" Jerry read in a sort of recitative.

"It jest is," Joe commented, "an' thet's what I said, it flewed away."

It was more cheerful, the reading, and their spirits rose in a measure; but when bed-time came, Jerry, by Joe's advice, brought his blankets and spread them close by Joe's bed; and once or twice in the night Joe got up to put more wood on the fire, and waked the boy to tell him to "quit a-cryin' so pitterful."

The darkness and the sobs together were more than Joe could bear, and the next morning it was determined that

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Jerry should ask the doctor about his vision in the mine.

Jerry's heart was very heavy as he trudged away to the doctor's, for with the feeling that his mother was always near him—the feeling that had given him so much comfort—there was mingling now the mystery of the dead who walked the earth because they were not easy in their graves. Joe believed it firmly; and yesterday, had he not seen 'Lije Milton with his own eyes? And was his mother wandering like this?

She had died for him.

"If she had let Dad bust my head agin the chimbly her'd a-been a-livin' right no," and he drove his hands deeper into the cavernous pockets of his coat, Joe's coat, that Paul had laughed at. His heart was heavy, yet with it there was a feeling of importance that sustained him; 'Lije Milton had come to warn him! And he held himself a little more erect.

The fire burned brightly in the study, and the doctor was there when Jerry entered.

"Well, Jerry," he said, then returned to the book he was reading, so that the questions which hung on Jerry's tongue had to be put away until the lessons, which were done mechanically that day, were over.

"We shall have some heavy snows," the doctor said when they had finished, "and you may not be able to come every day, Jerry, so I have arranged copies and lessons which you can do at home on the days when the weather is too bad."

"Yes, sir, and I'm very—" pausing, doubtfully—"much obliged to you," the doctor suggested, gravely.

"Much obliged to you," Jerry repeated, then added quickly, "I rayly—rayly are!" as if the copied words did not satisfy him, nor express his gratitude.

The doctor smiled, then asked, kindly: "Did you get your hogs home safely?"

"Yes, sir; and, doctor," feeling that the time for his revelation had come, "I went into Durden's mine," his eyes growing wide as he spoke.

"Well."

The boy paused; with the doctor listening, the story seemed, somehow, to lose all importance.

"It is the truth, doctor," then in the excitement that came over him, he returned to his own special English: "Yes, sir, sure as I stan' afore you, I sawn 'Lije Milton—I did, an' Joe 'llows as he come to tell me that the gole in Durden's mine ain't fur me."

"Did you expect to buy Durden's mine?" the doctor asked, quietly.

Jerry shook his head.

"No, sir."

"Then why should 'Lije Milton come back to tell you that you must not have it?"

Jerry looked doubtful.

"Joe said so."

"Well, Joe is mistaken; nobody can work Durden's mine unless they first buy it, and it will take a great deal of money to do that."

"Is Durden's mine full of gole?" the boy asked.

"I do not know," the doctor answered, "I have never examined it, but they say the new mine is much better."

"An' I never sawn 'Lije?"

"I do not think you did, Jerry," and the doctor smiled kindly on him.

"Well, farwell," looking up longingly into the face above him, "mebbe I can't git back to-morrow."

"Good-by, Jerry," holding out his hand.

The boy took it reverently, and looked at it almost adoringly; then for an instant his hold on it tightened and he raised his eyes—

"You goes to thet rock a-heaper times?" he asked.

"The rock over Durden's?" with some curiosity in his tone.

"Yes, sir."

"Very nearly every day," waiting for what the child would say next.

There was a pause; then, still holding the doctor's hand, Jerry drew a little nearer.

"Joe says it's awful thin," pleadingly, "an' you'll fall, please, doctor!"

The doctor shook his head.

"You and Joe need not be anxious," he said, "that rock will outlast me."

Jerry turned to the door.

"Farwell," he repeated, "but I'm afraid fur you;" then the door was shut, and the sound of his footsteps died away before the doctor moved.

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It had been so long since anyone had cared—since wistful eyes had watched for good or ill to him—so long!

Far back in the years there had been eyes whose faithfulness and love had never faltered; eyes that looked at him now from out the shadows when the day darkened—from out the fire—from out his books! Eyes he had turned away from—eyes

"that looked into his eyes with smile
That said 'be strong,' yet covered anxious tears the while!"

So long! And now these humble eyes looked up and pleaded for his safety—watched lest ill should come to him—loved him—believed in him.

Poor little waif; poor little ignorant heart still half asleep; was it kind to shake it free of dreams—to make it open its eyes to the broad, blinding light of knowledge — the merciless light that spared nothing?

The fresh shadowy dawn wherein he now lived, was it not better?

CHAPTER XV.

"Like dry and flimsy autumn leaves that blow
From all far distances, until by chance
They meet and rest within some sheltered spot;
So lives oft come together, and so rest,
Until some wilder wind sends them apart
To longer wanderings on the 'lonely road.'"

The day Jerry came home from the doctor's with his bundle of books and copies was the last of the open weather, and the winter closed in with cruel coldness.

For days the snow fell; the world lay motionless; no sound of wind, no movement, a death-like stillness while the snow-banks grew higher and higher—the pine-branches drooped and cracked sharply under the growing weight—and in the long, bitter nights the beams and logs of the house groaned and strained—shuddering as with a sudden blow from an unseen hand.

The wild creatures roamed and cried through the dark hours, coming nearer to man, growing fiercer and bolder in their hungry need. Each day as the door was opened, a path had to be cleared through the snow before Joe could do anything toward the day's work. Then in the long hours when Joe was gone, Jerry lived a lonely life in the dark house with window and door barred, and only the fire and Pete for light and company. Joe taught him how to load and use the rifle, and charged him not to hesitate to fire on man or beast.

He fed the hogs with the rifle close at hand, and watched with a nervous fascination the great tracks that day by day came about the house; and sometimes he heard the creeping footsteps and wild cries as he sat spelling over his lessons by the firelight.

A dreary life, until one day Joe brought home a window-frame fitted with glass, and screwed it in the window.

"Youuns kin see now, Jerry," he said, "an' kin read youuns' leetle books," and the boy looked up very thankfully.

After that he worked diligently, sending his papers to the doctor when Joe happened to pass that way, and in return receiving words of commendation and freshly arranged work. And in the long evenings he explained to his friend the processes by which he worked, and showed him all his papers, until over Joe's manner there came a change. He treated the boy so tenderly, listened to his words and explanations so proudly, and when Jerry read aloud sat silent and admiring. Out among his friends he spoke of Jerry as "my boy," and made allusions to the future when Jerry should stand with the best.

He bought the boy a cot—toiling up the slippery trail with it on his back—and Jerry's eyes opened wide with delight and wonder. Then he brought a new book from the doctor, and made a little shelf for Jerry to keep his books and papers on. And Jerry, grown white and a little thin from his winter's captivity, looked gravely out of the window, and wondered what all this attention from Joe meant.

He was growing very silent as the days went by, and was learning to brood in the enforced loneliness of his life.

From Joe he had heard all that he knew of Paul and his connection with the doctor; that Paul was the son of a

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friend who in dying had given him to the doctor, though some people thought that Paul was enough like the doctor to be his own; that Paul was very rich, and one day would own most of the mine in Eureka; and the reason Jerry had seen so little of him during his earlier visits to the doctor was that Paul was daily in Eureka learning from the engineer all about the mine and mining.

"He'll hev a heaper gole, sure," Joe had said, thoughtfully; "but I 'llows thet thar's some as'll hev as much." And Jerry had listened with a dull pain at his heart.

The doctor loved Paul—the doctor worked for Paul's interests; and Paul, a rich man, would pass Jerry by like the dust in the road.

It was a bitter thought to Jerry.

It was not often during the long winter that the boy could go to the doctor; but each time he came home with a clearer and more mortifying knowledge of his own deficiencies, and of the distance that lay between even Paul and himself — while the doctor seemed hopelessly far. But with this knowledge there came ever a firmer determination to overcome all.

He worked eagerly—carefully — unceasingly; doing his sums, writing his copies over and over, and reading his few books until he knew them very thoroughly. He saved and spelled out every scrap of newspaper that came into his hands, storing in his mind a strange medley of words and ideas; while through and over all was the memory of the doctor's words that had taken root and were bearing fruit in the boy's ways and tones—the suggestion that some day Jerry could be as the doctor was. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, building wonderful castles in the air. He would be a gentleman some day, and have books all around his room; he would have clothes such as Paul had, and walk and talk as Paul did—only he would be stronger, and love his lessons, which Paul did not. But one thing hurt him—one thing was a great disappointment to him — he could never touch Paul again, because Paul belonged to the doctor. And not only did Paul possess the doctor's love, but was protected by it from any revenge in Jerry's power. He could never touch Paul again, even though he had a feeling that Paul did not love the doctor—had not Paul called the doctor a "meat-axe?"

"But I whipped him for that," the boy would say to himself, and feel startled at the sound of his own voice coming back to him from the empty room. Each day he tried to read in the Bible the doctor had given him, but could make very little of it as yet; the words were strange and different from the words in his books, and he was often at a loss to understand them. But here Joe occasionally was able to give him unexpected help; telling him roughly and vaguely some of the stories brought to his mind by the names Jerry spelled out.

"Adam he were the fust man as ever growed," he said, "an' Eve were the fust woman, an' she were made outer Adam's bones, she were; an' youuns kin read an' see thet's the livin' truth; an' the critters an' the yarbs were made fust to gie Adam sumpen to eat."

"But the 'Golding Gates,'" Jerry asked, "it don't tell about that."

Joe shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't ezackly onderstan' 'bout thet," he said, "but I allers hearn thet the Bible telled all about it; I knowed a preacher onest as telled me a heaper tales, an' he 'llowed thet they comed from the Bible; an' the doctor he tole my leetle Nan 'bout the good place, an' he read it out the book thet thar wornt no mo' sufferin' thar, ner no mo' cryin'. Lord! I'll never forgit how he sot thar an' read the book 'tell I'd jest as lieve a-died a-longer Nancy-Ann," looking meditatively into the fire.

And Jerry, never thinking of turning to any but the first part of the book, plodded on as faithfully, as trustfully as he had journeyed toward the setting sun, because his mother had pointed there for the "Golden Gates;" he worked his way through verse after verse, with full intention of reading the whole book because the doctor had given it to him as a guide to his mother.

And gazing into the fire, or out of the window, he would dream and wonder without ceasing—longing for the snow to be over and the spring to come. He

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grew to love old Pete, and was sorry when the hogs were killed one after another, even though they lived like princes in consequence of it, having plenty of meat, and plenty of grease for their bread.

Jerry had never lived so well in his life, and he appreciated all his comforts, but not as he would have done a year ago; for he wanted now something more than food and clothes. In that little time he had been educated up to unappeasable wants, and the beautiful, happy time when he could be satisfied was forever past.

The time when with childish eyes we look no further than from hour to hour; touching mysteries and wonders as the butterflies touch the flowers; glad for the sunshine; hearing music in the rain; sleeping, and dreaming golden dreams through the dark hours, until Want comes to us held in the arms of Knowledge—want that creeps into our hearts and voices—looks longingly from our eyes—walks with us all our days, until death stills our longing with a friendly hand upon our hearts.

And Joe watched and wondered; was it "books an' larnin'" made the boy so quiet; made him grow so tall, and slim, and white; and stand looking so long and so silently out of the window?

The boy was changing in every way, and between the two a different relationship was being formed. Jerry had risen to a great height in Joe's estimation, and gradually all his pride and love had centred on the boy. "My boy," he called him, and had a growing ambition concerning him. He had not for one moment forgotten the fight between Jerry and Paul, and each visit he paid to the doctor, in carrying back Jerry's papers, he would look at Paul and smile in a way to rouse all Paul's ire.

"Jerry's rale well," he would say, "an' gittin' rale strong."

And Paul would try to answer unconcernedly, but once or twice he found the doctor's eyes fixed on him with a criticising look in them that was anything but calming; and the boy took Joe into his list of hates.

"I cannot see what you find to interest you in that stupid man and boy," he said to the doctor one day.

"Neither of them are stupid," the doctor answered, not lifting his eyes from his book; "and the boy is above the average in intellect, he is learning rapidly."

"And what good will his learning do him?" scornfully.

"The same good your learning will do you, possibly more."

"More good!" haughtily. "I have a name and a fortune to support."

"And Jerry has both to make," then the doctor returned to his book.

Paul did not feel that he could say anything more just then; but the conversation rankled in his mind.

That Jerry should be put on an equality with him was an insult hard to bear—but that Jerry should dare to found a name and fortune was a still more bitter thought. He would brood and brood over the thought—sometimes ending with an oath, sometimes with a laugh; Jerry should work in his mine yet!

But he told the doctor none of this.

So the winter had its day; a long, merciless day that seemed to have no end.

And many folded tired hands for aye—and many would have found their graves a warm refuge. Hard and earnestly the doctor worked among the hovels in Durden's and Eureka; helping in money, and words, and skill. No weather stopped him, no hardship seemed to turn him aside; and often Joe would come home and tell many things he had heard of the doctor's devotion to the people—a devotion he could not understand. And Jerry minding the house and the hogs up on the mountain, and Paul cursing his loneliness down on the plain—both wondered and tried to find some reason for this strange and uncalled-for sacrifice of time, and comfort, and money; but it was a riddle neither of them could read as yet.

Only "eyes that have wept see clear"—see clear and far into the lives, and hopes, and sufferings of their fellows—only eyes that have wept have this second sight.

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PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

"There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickled salt with all."

A RUMOR had come to Eureka, — a rumor that Eureka was to have a railway, and the town was wild with excitement.

So many years had rolled by without one ripple to mark their going, that this sudden waking up seemed to bewilder the people. So many quiet years wherein Jerry up on the mountain-side, and Paul in the valley, had grown and developed "each after his kind." Paul, absorbed in himself — Jerry, clinging close to the aim set before him in his childhood, absorbed in dreams grown out of his study of his idealized master, the doctor. Through all these years he had followed without question in any direction the doctor had indicated; had plodded eagerly through anything the doctor would teach him. But though a dreamer, his education had opened his eyes to many things that he would gladly have ignored. He now recognized his own class very distinctly; he realized the rank from which he had sprung, and looking on them he saw the haggard, stolid drudges—the weary, dirty, ignorant women—and his mother had been such as these?

He hated his class because they were so low, and he hated himself for the feeling; he hated social grades and the "accident of birth," and history was to him a black record of injustice, and suffering, and wrong; a narration of how the strong crowded down the weak, and that only because they were weak.

And at last his dreams took shape, and to himself he seemed to come down out of the clouds. The doctor's life-work had been to raise humanity—his own life-work should be to raise his class.

Wrong must be righted; and in this wide western land, where all had equal chances, all should rise.

The Master of Mankind had come down to earth to lift up all humanity—aye—and had been murdered by a mob! Even so; but His teachings had lived, and through eighteen hundred years had worked and leavened the world; and now the time had come for reform!

And what higher task could a man set for himself? Surely he would be a reformer.

But with the patronizing patience of youth he determined to begin humbly; he would show that he was not a wild theorizer; he would be practical at the start, and possible all through. And he asked the doctor's advice about opening a free school in Durden's, for he had decided that education must be the first step in reform.

But the doctor shook his head.

"Make them pay you, Jerry," he said, "if it is only ten cents a month; putting a money value on it is the only way to make them appreciate it."

"But many of them are too poor to pay," the young man answered slowly.

"None are too poor to buy tobacco and whiskey," quietly; "besides, you are old enough now to think of making your own living."

Jerry looked up quickly with the blood rising slowly in his face, as the doctor went on:

"Joe is old now, and he has done a great deal for you."

"I could not help it," Jerry answered eagerly, "I was too young to know, when he first took me in, and since then he has never allowed me to work; my education has been his pride."

"Very true, and it all has been quite right until now; but now," and as of old the doctor tramped up and down the room with his spurs rattling at his heels, "now it will be good for you to work; you will be helped mentally and morally by working for yourself. I think the school is a good plan; but I advise you to take the school already established in Eureka, and make reasonable charges; the schoolmaster is old now, and never has been of any practical value."

"And what will he have to live on without his school?" Jerry asked.

"He has land; land that will bring him in a little fortune before long,"

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thoughtfully; "besides he has money put away; I will speak to him if you like, so that you can secure the schoolhouse and his influence."

Jerry looked doubtful; his intentions about the great work he had chosen had been so different. He had pictured to himself a beginning where all would be gratitude and good feeling; where he would tell the people what he purposed doing for them, and begin by being a hero!

Now, the opening scene was all changed; and he put in a position to sue for patronage.

He had never spoken to the doctor of this great purpose, and now, somehow, the disclosure seemed impossible, for there was no escape from the doctor's reasoning; it was undeniably right that he should support himself; a thing that had not occurred to himself in his dreams.

And yet, how could he say to the people—"I am doing this entirely for your good—but you must pay me for it?" How could a man professing to work on a high moral plane, push cash payments!

And he answered slowly:

"Let me think of it, doctor?"

"Of course."

And Jerry walked home slowly.

This conversation had taken place a year before the railway excitement had touched the little towns of Durden's and Eureka, and for that length of time Jerry had been schoolmaster in Eureka after the doctor's plan.

It had made Joe very proud, and it was music in his ears when he heard the people say "Mr. Wilkerson;" and when he saw Jerry making out his monthly bills, or signing receipts as "J. P. Wilkerson," his heart would throb with delight. But the height of his joy was reached when the Eureka *Star* published a flourishing notice of the "talented young schoolmaster, Professor Jeremiah P. Wilkerson"!

Fully realizing the absurdity of the position, the amusement of the doctor, and the sneers of Paul, Jerry found this notice hard to bear; but his cup seemed to overflow when he found that in his pride Joe had taken the notice to Paul as a triumph for Jerry!

No scoffing remarks from Paul—no labored explanation even, would have made the old man understand the amusing side of the notice or the little worth of it; and though feeling just as Jerry knew he would feel, the doctor said such kind things to Joe that he returned home greatly elated, and with two pins fixed the bit of newspaper to the wall where he could see it always without any trouble.

But the year had seemed a lifetime to Jerry. He had had to unlearn so much—to bear so much—to be disappointed in so much; for outside of books he had no knowledge.

His whole life, since Joe had taken him in, had been spent between the little house under the cliffs and the quiet of the doctor's study; and this year of practical work among the people had been a revelation to him.

Among the delusions which had been dispelled was the one that Joe worked in Eureka. Not that Joe had ever said that he worked in Eureka, but somehow the belief had grown up with Jerry, until now he discovered that a mistake had been made somewhere. To his astonishment he found that few people in Eureka knew Joe Gilliam—that fewer still knew where he worked, and no one seemed to have asked what his work was.

All this came to Jerry by accident, for it did not occur to him to ask any questions about Joe; but when later on he found that even in Durden's everybody believed that Joe worked in Eureka, he felt as if walking in a mist full of strange surmises concerning the old man, and in his musing his thoughts took curious shapes; for why should there be any mystery? Back through all the years his thoughts had gone and had found many things that could not be accounted for.

Why had the house been so carefully guarded? What was there in it to tempt a thief? And working nowhere that Jerry could hear of, how did Joe make his money? For Joe surely had money. But even this was a revelation to Jerry; for until he had gone to Eureka and had seen the way in which Joe's class lived, it had never occurred to him to question Joe's mode of life.

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It had been so different from the doctor's, where Jerry often lunched or dined, that it had seemed to him coarse and rough; but one insight into a Eureka house, and his eyes were instantly opened to the fact of Joe's superior mode of life; and at once he faced the mystery of the source of Joe's money.

So through these puzzles that were almost troubles, and many others, the year had waxed and waned and worn away, as years will do if only one is patient enough. And Jerry had rearranged all his plans and ideas; had patiently readjusted all his theories as to poverty and want, placing them on a new basis that he deemed firm and practical, and that he was sure would stand all tests.

But suddenly, like the swift, unaccountable changes in a dream, the greatest excitement ever known in that region had laid hold on Durden's and Eureka; the deepest and wildest excitement that could touch any small, unimportant place—a railway was coming! As surely as the sun shone and the wind blew, a railway was coming, and hundreds of people with it. Eureka was to be made a great city; the value of land was to reach an unheard-of figure, and all the inhabitants would bloom into millionaires!

How the report had come, or whence it had come, no one knew; but it was there among them like the fire on the prairies. Nothing could quench the talk it roused, nor the hopes that flared and flamed in every direction.

Money was coming to all without one stroke of work being done. Fortune was walking calmly across the hot, dry plains, across mountains and rivers, steadily on to the town of Eureka, her chosen, favorite child.

The days and the years had passed very quietly until the talk of a railway had waked up the community, and intoxicated it with the thought of wealth. The people gathered on the corners with an eager, hungry look growing on their usually stolid faces; stopped each other on the street to discuss this all-absorbing possibility; wild with delight; shouting and drinking; betting their all as to where the railway would enter the town, what land would be the most valuable, and who had the best chances for the future.

It seemed to ring all the changes on the different characters; the parsimonious became absolutely stingy, holding their money with an eager grasp as the possibility of getting more seemed to come nearer to them; the avaricious became greedy for it; the reckless threw it away more wildly. The very children and women caught the infection, fighting among themselves, and drawing their husbands and sons into the horrid drunken frays that seemed to occur in every house and shop.

"I never hearn the like," and Joe paused in his eating and put down his knife and fork, "Eureky is jest a-bilin' over."

"It will be a great thing for Eureka," Jerry answered, then went on more slowly, as if trying to understand his own words, "and people talk of buying the land in every direction."

"What fur?"

"To make money," and Jerry's voice and expression were very grave.

Joe looked anxiously into the young face opposite him.

"Does youuns want some?" he said doubtfully. Jerry looked up quickly.

"Do I want land?" he asked; "thank you, Joe, I have no need for land, and I think it a wrong thing to speculate in."

Joe took up his knife and fork to go on with his supper, while a puzzled look came over his face. With each year that had passed Jerry had become a greater mystery to him, until now he had no real hope of ever understanding him again. "His boy" had developed entirely out of his reach and knowledge, and Joe could only admire.

But this last enunciation was to Joe the strangest of all Jerry's sayings—that to speculate in land was a sin. Was this a remnant of Jerry's youthful weak-mindedness that education had failed to correct? And from this time Joe watched Jerry with careful curiosity—watched while Jerry strove in vain to right himself and hold his place amid all this wild excitement.

It seemed marvellous to Jerry how in the twinkling of an eye all about him was changed, and he had to stand and see not only his dreams and his the-

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ories swept away, but the long year's hard work annihilated, while this intoxicating greed for gain absorbed the people in its whirling vortex.

Jerry had read a great deal about money and money's power; had thought that he had some knowledge on the subject, and so thinking had built for himself a bulwark of calm indifference to this thing that so swayed the world; indeed, he had determined to live entirely above it.

But now, as he watched, he began dimly to realize that the cumulative, crushing, almost crazing influence of money was an awful thing—a thing to be afraid of. He looked and listened, appalled and astonished, and his hopes for his class seemed futile. How useless to try to make anything of these creatures, so far down in the scale of humanity; so hungry for this power that was in itself so unworthy, and of which they could make only the lowest uses! How he despised them, and how he hated the knowledge that he had been born one of them!

Nor had he any opportunity to take counsel and comfort from the doctor, for his time was fully occupied by the school, and by the long conversations he was now called upon to hold with his patrons, the parents of his scholars.

Their confidence in Jerry first arose from his having been called "Professor" by the *Star*, and now they thought they could get no better views than his as to the land speculators who were already creeping into the towns. So they asked, and Jerry answered unhesitatingly against these strangers, and tried to show the people the dark sin that was hidden at the core of the fair-seeming schemes these land-speculators set forth to tempt them.

To speculate in land was a crime, he told them, and the Government was responsible for it; the Government should hold all land and rent it; should not throw out God's gifts, which should be dispensed fairly, to be scrambled for by the crowd. Of course the weak would go to the wall — the weak who had every right to life save the strength to hold it.

In answer, the plausible first speculators insisted that the land, *having* been thrown out for a general scramble, would all be grasped by "sharpers," unless they, with command of ready money, should be allowed to buy it, in order to hold it for the poor people who would come with the railway; this was all they wanted to do, and would promise to sell it fairly, with only enough margin allowed to pay themselves for their trouble and expense.

Their trouble!

And Jerry enlarged on this phase of the question with a sarcastic strength that won him scholar after scholar, and made the people hold their land against all temptations.

He was earnestly true in his opinions, and put them forth with the strength that truth begets. He saw many visions of the multitudes that were to come; visions of poor people seeking new homes and new openings in which to begin new lives.

They had always lived up five pairs of stairs, he thought, with only enough land at the base to bear the weight of the five stories; but was this all the land the livers in the tenements were entitled to? Scarcely enough land to bury them in, unless they were buried five layers deep!—packed away like sardines in a box?

Their lives spent in horrible want and misery; with no right to God's sweet air and sunshine that are so freely given. Looking out with hungry, hollow eyes; hunting in noisome garbage piles and gutters for dirty refuse. Naked—skulking—starving until almost they gnawed their useless hands that could find no work; while the broad, breezy fields were tilled by steam.

It was surely a black sin.

And in the depths of the fire Jerry saw visions of model farms spreading far across the plains; fair homes where the scum from all the cities—from all the world, would settle and become honest citizens.

All they needed was room for expansion; room to be thrifty, and moral, and religious; room to breathe in, and looking up to realize their God—realize Him not as a careless "First Cause," who let the creatures of his hand multiply until they overflowed his world and crushed and crowded each other down to death

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and hell! Not so, but as the merciful Father who made room enough for all, and did not send disease and misery as the cures for the mistake of over-population!

Jerry's heart was on fire with the time-old wrongs of humanity, and his tongue was ready.

Shortly the *Star* caught up his views and polysyllabled them until they were scarcely to be recognized; but Joe's heart swelled with pride.

"It were rayly liker preacher," he said over and over to himself, and listened eagerly to all that reached him about Jerry; and in himself he began to realize a most notable character; one who had rescued from poverty and obscurity a great light!

Jerry was the "coming man"—a man bound to rise; a man with all the glory of no ancestry—of ignorance and a log-cabin about his early years.

And Joe gathered the papers secretly, and paid Dan Burke to read them to him; for he was afraid to ask Jerry. So Dan read the fiery columns to Joe, and declared himself willing to extend Joe's credit to an indefinite extent; congratulated him on his boy, and prophesied that some day Jerry would be President!

And Joe went home and made the fire, and ground the coffee for supper, and in the midst stopped his work and put it all aside, covering his face with his hands.

"I oughter a-done this for youuns, Nan," he whispered, "I oughter a-done it!" then went away and hid among the rocks, that Jerry might not find, when he came home, that Joe had done his work for him. Nan had always done her own work — and crouching down among the rocks he looked back at the little house saying: "Surely it's God's truth that dead folks come back—surely it's God's truth."

Meanwhile, in Eureka the talk ran high. Day by day the reports and surmises grew more wild and numerous; land values were run up to an imaginary price that no fortune could compass—then a sudden stop!

The people were breathless and puzzled — the speculators, who had come with such laudable desires to spare everybody trouble, and to save land for the poor who would certainly flock to this new opening, were bewildered!

"Somebody" had bought up all the public lands! It was declared that within a radius of twenty miles all the Government lands were gone!

There was a pause of deathlike stillness; then a howl of rage and curses went up against this mysterious person who was to reap this immense fortune. People, and speculators, and adventurers made common cause against this crafty "Unknown"; and all small jealousies and animosities were merged in one great anger against this person who had over-reached them.

And Jerry, boiling with indignation, denounced the "Unknown" openly and without stint; the soulless creature who had done this wicked thing had speculated on the necessities of the hungry hordes that would surely follow the road.

His visions were all swept away; for the land about Eureka was all gone; bought up to be held until the crowd should flow a living stream across the mountains to this "promised land," only to find the sharpers before them!

It was a black crime, but a crime legalized by the Government; and God would surely curse such a Government and Nation.

CHAPTER II.

"Drink to lofty hopes that cool—
Visions of a perfect state;
Drink we last the public fool,
Frantic love and frantic hate."

Higher and higher the excitement ran; who was this mysterious buyer?

The newspaper was sarcastic, then angry, then bitter; Jerry's articles grew longer and more darkly withering; but all to no purpose, the Unknown did not reveal himself.

Nearer and nearer the fateful railway came; built only from the nearest town, it seemed to come with magical rapidity. It had worked its way now to one of the lowest passes in the mountains, and before long all doubts as to where it would come into Eureka would be over.

And as time went on public opinion

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slowly but surely came to the one verdict, that this unknown person had bought his land in the right place ; the town of Eureka would spread all over his domain, if he would allow it.

Higher and hotter the talk rose, and reports flew hither and thither. Then one morning—one cloudy, cold, spring morning—a morning Jerry never forgot ; whose piercing dampness often touched him ; whose cloudy heaviness often weighed him down in after days—a notice appeared in the *Star*—a notice short and terse, offering high wages to workmen to lay off in lots this great tract of land ; and the doctor's name was signed to it.

Jerry's heart seemed to stand still ; and a silence seemed to fall over the town.

The doctor. The hero, the friend, the trusted benefactor of the town.

Jerry turned away silently from the man who had shown him the notice ; he wanted to be alone, for he felt as if some hand had wounded him sorely.

His hero doing this thing, speculating in what was man's inalienable right, Land ; the dust from which God made him !

Had not the doctor often discussed with him the sin of speculating in land ? More than this, had they not extended their discussions to the finer point of the injustice that lay at the foundation of large estates ; and had not the doctor disapproved, to a great extent, of it all ? How, then, must this action be read ?

Was he doing it for Paul Henley ?

Jerry's face darkened ; this thought seemed to hurt him more than all the possible sufferings of the immigrants who were expected ; and that this was so made him ashamed. Yet, was it possible that the doctor loved Paul to this extent—that beautiful, delicate, useless creature ?

Jerry clenched his fists.

Was Paul made of different flesh and blood that he could not guide a plough ; could not dig ; could not eat common food, nor wear common clothes ? Had God made him of finer stuff ; so fine that his guardian was driven to wrong-doing in order to provide for him ?

For twenty-four hours the country side made no sign, no sound ; then whispers crept about ; angry, malignant whispers, that intensified as the day went on.

All these years that the doctor had been among them, they said, pretending to devote his time and money to the bettering of his fellow-creatures, he had been making his plans for this grand stroke of business. In his long rides about the country under cover of visiting the poor and sick, he had been searching the land for gold ; been working hard in his own interests, and in the interests of his adopted son, Paul Henley.

They declared that he had been for years in secret communication with this railway company, and had known all along how things would turn out. That he had bribed the Government to let him have the land for next to nothing ; had bribed the railway company to come in over his land, and to put the shops and station on his land.

More than this, he had bought up gold-land at the same low price, deceiving the Government. The realization of the awful wickedness of these reported actions and motives seemed to dart like a flash through the usually stolid minds of the people ; and within a day after reading the doctor's call for workmen they made up their minds that no hand in either town would be lifted to work for him.

And listening, and thinking, Jerry found that a public benefactor had no right to look after his own interests ; he saw that once to begin a course of self-sacrifice is to be bound to it forever ; the world watches closely, and never permits a retrogression, not the deviation of a hair's breadth from the prescribed path.

Prove your nose patient, and you prove it a poor thing meant for the grindstone. Unselfish natures prefer being imposed on, says the world, and benefactors have no right to be anything but benefactors.

Meanwhile, Jerry felt like one walking in a dream ; and, after the first shock, after his mind had re-established itself, all the talk, even the printed notice, seemed absolutely preposterous and impossible.

And all through the long day, during

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which he received many visits from his patrons, it was very clearly realized by him that not only all Eureka, but all Durden's, had declared against the doctor, and were ready to cry him down, and, as far as possible, to ruin him.

Jerry could scarcely believe the situation, and more than once during his many interviews with the people, he asked them if it were possible, even with this provocation, for them to condemn this man who had spent years in their service; who had been their friend in every phase of life; who had set no limit to the time nor the money spent for them.

And the answer came sharply—if the doctor had not pretended; if, from the first, he had declared his intentions, they would not have blamed him; but he had won their confidence by false pretences so that he could cheat them, and this they could not forgive.

Jerry's repeated assurances that the doctor had bought the land for some good purpose, and not as a speculation, were not heeded, for all the facts of the case, as far as the people could see them, were against the doctor. The buying of the land was one fact; the notice in the *Star* was another fact; Jerry's ignorance of the transaction was a third fact; and the fourth fact, which everyone knew, was that for years the doctor had been buying up the interests in the Eureka mines in the name of Paul Henley.

All this evidence could not be disputed, and Jerry could only retreat on the declaration that, after all, there was no real reason why the doctor should not buy the land; no real reason why the people should blame him for his course; no reason save that he had given them so much that they felt they had a claim on all.

He determined, after much hesitation, that he would go to the doctor and ask him for some explanation; and yet, how could he do such a thing; what right had he to question any act of this man; how dare he look beyond his word and teaching?

Besides, the doctor knew all that had been said about this transaction before he revealed his name, and, if he had cared for the opinion of the people, he would have printed his explanation along with his call for workmen; and if he had cared for Jerry, he would have given him long ago some hint that would have stopped his pen, and so would have left unsaid many hard things which had irritated the people against the unknown buyer.

And with this last unavoidable conclusion, Jerry faced a truth that he had long realized, but from which he had turned away—the truth that the doctor had never loved him. For years, ever since he had realized that the doctor was in every particular different from those about him, Jerry had watched him carefully, and by means of the deep love he bore him had learned that the doctor's life was one long struggle to lose himself in anything that would absorb him. Through all disguises Jerry had seen this motive in all that the doctor did for the people about him; and when he turned to his own case Jerry still saw this motive. The discovery hurt him, for always the thought followed, "I am a work that keeps him from remembering—I am a duty that satisfies his conscience; only this I am to him." It was through his love that Jerry had felt in the doctor's nature the lack of this same love; found that the doctor had another theory than the one he held as to honest love and honest hate; the doctor never flinched from his duty to all the world, nor to any segment of it that came within his reach, but he did not love it.

And bitterly it had come home to Jerry that all the adoration he had without question lavished on this his Ideal had fallen unheeded, if not unseen. This knowledge had not come to him all at once, but gradually, like the shadows that follow the morning sunlight—all is still bright, but when you look attentively the shadow is where the sunlight was.

The doctor was a mystery that with all his love Jerry could not solve. He was learning new lessons about him now, but his heart was growing heavy with the new wisdom.

For years Jerry had realized in some measure the doctor's suffering, and had pitied him. Too often he had seen him sit for hours and never turn a page—too often had seen the mask drop from his face and a deadly weariness take

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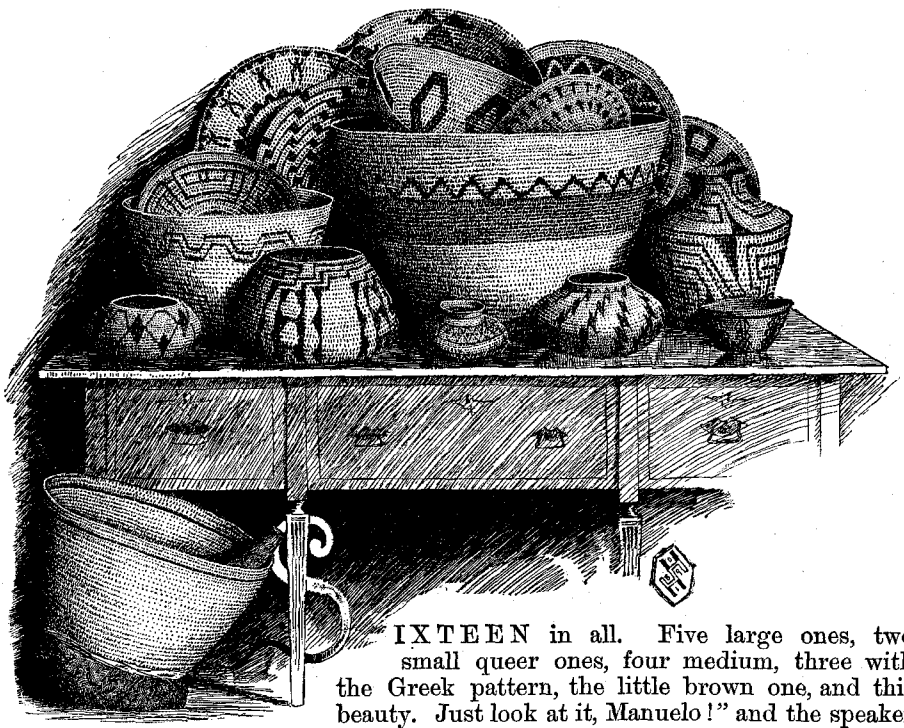
possession of it—too often had found him lying face down on the rock over Durden's Mine—too often he had seen these and other signs not to know that his past needed sympathy. All this had made him love this man with a pitying love that was pain; but now the new wisdom that hurt him took the form of the question—"Was the doctor greedy for gain—was it possible that this pitiful weakness touched his idol?"

That there must have been sin in his past to cause all the suffering in his present Jerry never doubted, but he had made sure always that they had been the sins of a noble nature; but avarice—could his idol fall so low as that?

(To be continued.)

THE BASKET OF ANITA.

By Grace Ellery Channing.



"SIXTEEN in all. Five large ones, two small queer ones, four medium, three with the Greek pattern, the little brown one, and this beauty. Just look at it, Manuelo!" and the speaker balanced in her hand, with an air of triumph, the delicate basket whose intricately woven tints formed a whole fascinating even to the eye of the uninitiated.

"It is a good one, señorita," admitted Manuelo, guardedly. "The señorita has as fine a lot of baskets now as anyone in the valley, saving only old Anita. Ah! if the señorita could see hers——!"

He stopped abashed, for the young girl had clapped her hands over her ears, and was shaking her head laughingly at him.

"Manuelo! Manuelo!" said she, reproachfully, "how many times have I forbidden you to mention old Anita to me? Isn't it enough to spend all my time—and money, pursuing every basket which reaches my ears, without being

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haunted by the ghost of old Anita? Besides," she added, irrelevantly, "you know I don't believe in old Anita and her baskets."

Manuelo smiled; a smile like swift sunshine. "That is because you have not seen them, señorita," said he. "If you had, you would believe in no others. There is one of them *so* high, señorita"—with a graceful turn of the wrist indicating the size.

"Three feet! Why, it is a mammoth, Manuelo!"

"And *fine*"—he cast a disdainful glance at the baskets about her—"you have nothing like it, señorita. But that is not all. Where the pattern goes there are feathers — woodpecker's feathers woven in, all of the brightest scarlet—oh, far gayer than these!"

Elsa shook her head, dejectedly.

"You are determined to make me miserable, Manuelo. Now, what is the use of telling me this when Anita and her baskets are—how many miles away?—and you know she wouldn't sell one of them for less than the price of a small ranch. If I were a man I might mount my horse, make off into the wilderness, and raid the mystical Anita for the sake of her baskets; but since I am not—" with an expressive smile the young girl turned again to the contemplation of her treasures.

It was a pretty enough sight—Manuelo thought so, at least—the dainty creature surrounded by the ancient baskets, beneath a frame of splendid scarlet passion-flowers. The sunlight glinted on her golden hair and floating dress; and all about and beneath lay the fragrant groves of orange and lemon, and the gardens where roses—red, white, and golden—held carnival all the year round. A pretty sight, Manuelo thought, quite unaware what a striking element he himself added, cast upon the lower step with all the lazy grace of his nation in his figure, all its dark beauty in his face, and all its picturesqueness in his costume—loose shirt, wide trousers, sombrero, and gay kerchief knotted about his throat. By his side lay his guitar.

There were two things on earth that Manuelo loved—his guitar and Lolita.

Lolita was loosely tethered in the grove at this moment. There was nothing in her appearance to distinguish her from any other of the score of bronchos in the village. But as for the guitar, there was none like it in all the South or West. In the first place, it was very old. Manuelo's mother had fingered it, and her mother's mother before her. They said it came first from Spain, a love-gift from some ardent Spanish lover, in the days when Manuelo's ancestors were great people in the new land, and to be a Mexican was to be of the nobility of California. Be that as it might, nothing else remained of all the traditional grandeur and pride save the guitar, and, perhaps, a statuesque turn of its young heritor's head. And the quaint golden inlaid tracery of the guitar had grown rusty, while the statuesque head served only to set off a ragged sombrero.

That troubled Manuelo not at all, strange compound of pride and carelessness, fiery impetuosity, and supine indolence that he was.

His old curmudgeon of an uncle, with whom he lived, might scold and swear, rolling Spanish oaths at him; Manuelo was thoroughly contented with his meagre lot, equally happy while tearing madly about the country on Lolita, or lying idly at the feet of Elsa Loring, singing Southern melodies to his beloved guitar.

How many hours he had spent so since blue-eyed Elsa came to occupy the hammock on the porch at Las Delicias, neither Manuelo nor Elsa cared to reckon. To Elsa it was such a natural thing to have him at her feet; to Manuelo, so simply natural to be there. And now Elsa had contracted the basket craze.

"What will you do with them all, señorita?" demanded Manuelo, abruptly, after watching her silently for a space.

Elsa looked up from the five she was critically trying to make a choice between.

"Do with them?" she repeated, vaguely; "oh, I shall—take them home with me." She blushed a little. Manuelo said nothing. "You see," continued Elsa, confidentially, "in our part of the country they don't have anything like them, nothing half so beautiful, and so the people are all wild about them. The

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more I can get the better I shall like it, and the prouder I shall be. Only"—she added, ruefully—"I can't get many more, for I have pretty nearly ruined myself already, in spite of the wonderful bargains you have found for me."

Manuelo looked pleased. "You need not give yourself trouble for that, señorita," said he, "there are more, plenty more, and—cheap. I will find them for you."

Elsa's blue eyes gave him a glance before which his own fell for sheer joy.

"Yes," said she, "I dare say you will. I believe you even cause them to spring from the ground. I am not sure you don't sit up nights to manufacture them yourself—and all for a song! Look at that beauty—only four dollars it cost me. You could have sold it to the Englishman for double. I sometimes think, Manuelo, that you are—*too* good to me."

Manuelo looked out into the grove—at Lolita.

"Señorita," he stammered, "impossible! It is you who are too good."

"And all the other things, the walks, and drives, and music," persisted the girl, "when I was so ill, and they brought me here to cure me, and I was so homesick that I almost preferred to die. Do you know what I should have done without your music?—I should have gone mad."

She turned her eyes to him. Actually there were tears in them.

Manuelo sprang from his step. "Señorita," he cried, quite beside himself, "I beg of you! It was all nothing! I loved to do it, señorita—the walks, the drives, the music; and as for the baskets—a miserable set of wretched ones, not worth your thanks," he added, in order to dispose of them utterly. "Now, had they been the baskets of Anita, the señorita might indeed——"

And Elsa threw back her golden head and laughed merrily with still moist eyes.

"Aunt Mary," she said, an hour later—Manuelo, after singing her many songs, had gone in search of the mail, a duty he had long since assumed, counting himself richly paid for the dusty ride by the smile home letters brought to Elsa's lips—"Aunt Mary," said she, "this is the loveliest country on earth, but it would be rather dull without Manuelo, don't you think? Tell me—what can I give him to show how grateful I am to him?"

Aunt Mary thought a moment, her mild eyes fastened upon the delicate wild-rose face before her. Perhaps that very thing suggested her reply.

"My dear," she said, "why not give him your photograph?"

Elsa sat bolt upright in horror.

"Good gracious, Aunt Mary! My *photograph* to Manuelo!"

"Well, my dear," answered the placid lady, "there is nothing he would like so well. You asked my opinion. You owe a great deal to his devoted service. He has shown himself a faithful friend, and it would please him to be treated as such. Besides, the lad is a gentleman. Under the circumstances there can be no impropriety."

"No, of course not," murmured Elsa, blushing daintily, "but it is very, very unorthodox! Still, as you say, I owe him a great deal."

She sat very thoughtfully after that for a long time, leaning back in the hammock, letting her eyes wander from the nest of roses and passion-flowers about her, over palms, and pepper-tops, to the distant snow-capped peaks against the sky of more than Italian blue. All that landscape was full of Manuelo to her—full as her days had been since she first came, a delicate invalid, who could do no more than lie all day in the hammock and listlessly absorb the sunlight. Well, it was Manuelo who swung the hammock for her the very day after her arrival—Manuelo, who chanced just then to be irrigating the orange-groves at Las Delicias.

Elsa's fragile grace and fairness, the golden hair and blue eyes which looked twice angelic beside the florid Spanish beauties and tropical wealth of color all about, exercised a subtle spell upon Manuelo from the outset. Her sufferings and needs appealed to all that was chivalrous in his ardent nature. From watching to occasional ready aid, from that to daily service, was a rapid growth. Never had lady more devoted cavalier than Elsa in the dark-eyed Mexican. It was he who guided her walks; who found

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a safe little mustang for her; who devised excursions; who piloted her to all the points of beauty; who introduced her to the Padre at the old mission, and trotted out for her benefit all picturesque characters in the neighborhood; who ransacked huts and scoured ranches in pursuit of Indian baskets, when finally the fell mania of collecting seized upon Elsa.

"Manuelo," she asked him once, marvelling at his unwearied energy, "why is it that you, who are so full of activity, don't *do* something?"

"Señorita," he replied, calmly, looking up from under his sombrero, "there is nothing to do."

"Then why not go away?" persisted Elsa. "You are young and strong. You waste your life in this sleepy little village."

Manuelo's eyes grew suddenly very far away.

"Who knows?" said he, dreamily; "I have thought of it. It is dull at times, and Pedro grows crosser. There is my cousin Jesus in the Esperanza mines. *There* there is always something. Perhaps—some day!"

"Some day is no day," said Elsa, shaking her head. "You should make up your mind and go at once."

Manuelo glanced about, at the garden, the vine-covered porch, the cool little fountain in its forest of calla lilies, then he looked at Elsa and smiled very sweetly.

"Señorita," said he, "it is good here too." He picked up the guitar, touched the chords, and swept the girl away with the magic of a Southern song.

Elsa thought of all these things and many more now. The result of her meditation was that she selected from her desk that night a photograph of herself. On the back she wrote, "Manuelo, from Elsa Loring, with grateful thanks."

She gave it to him the next day with a little graceful, merry phrase; but she was totally unprepared for its effect upon Manuelo.

A great wave of color, of light, surged into his face and glowing eyes. He absolutely trembled. For a moment he could say nothing. When he did speak, it was but two stammering, tremulous words.

"Señorita! Gracias! mille gracias!"

"It is nothing, nothing at all, Manuelo," said Elsa, lightly. But in her heart she had a sudden misgiving as to the wisdom of Aunt Mary's benevolence.

Manuelo never spoke again of the gift. Only he was, if possible, more serviceable and gentle and thoughtful than ever, while his mellow voice and plaintive guitar might be heard nightly floating above the perfumed groves of Las Delicias.

Elsa grew fonder and fonder of him, and treated him like a favored brother. She found the country, the climate, and Manuelo all perfect, and declared that she herself should be perfectly happy but for one thing.

"And that one thing——?" said Aunt Mary, with a smile.

"The baskets of Anita," asserted Elsa, as with a mischievous laugh she disappeared into the house.

The peaceful weeks flew by. In a land where there is nothing to mark the flight of time save fresh succession of flowers, time flies faster than elsewhere. The oranges came, and ripened upon the trees into luscious globes of juicy sweetness; the almonds blossomed, and the apricots and peaches turned the landscape into a Japanese garden of pearl and white. The poppies blossomed and ran across the mesas, acres of them,—waves of living, palpitating orange-golden glow. The larks came and sang over them. One by one out came the multitudinous wild flowers and carpeted every inch of ground, running boldly into the very poppy-fields. And, finally, when every tree and bush and bit of land was set in flower and leaf and clothing green, the roses held their perfect April festival. By millions they waved and climbed and bloomed extravagantly on every hand. White and gold and crimson, and every tint between, the land disappeared under roses, the whole face of the country glowed and blossomed with them.

So, perfumed and flattered and wooed, and caressed by flowers and sun and softest air, the fragile Elsa strengthened her hold of life daily, and bloomed, like the land about her, into beauty and sudden happiness. Such a change had come over her. Manuelo was not a little proud of it.

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"Señorita," said he, "you should live always in our South."

Basket-hunting remained Elsa's favorite occupation. She was constantly renewing her determination to consider the collection complete, and as constantly being lured from it by the sight of a novel form, a quaint pattern, or some "bargain too good to be lost."

Her collection was quite a theme of interest to all the inhabitants of the little village who knew her, each one of them personally, by this time. They were fond of bringing their friends to see the assortment which Elsa was always ready to display, and more than one excellent bargain found its way to Elsa's ears through their interest. It was early days then. If Elsa went back now to the village she would find baskets rarer than roses in an Eastern winter, and held at proportionate prices. But in these days she had it much her own way.

Many and various were the baskets. Great bell-shaped black and white ones; tall, delicate, vase-like shapes; odd ones like hour-glasses broken abruptly; some small and dainty like a lady's bonbonnière; others flat and like tiny saucers for sweet-breathed violets—there was no shape, size, or texture missing from Elsa's store. Of every age, tint, degree of wholeness and cleanliness—truly they formed a treasure to make a connoisseur's heart beat high and enviously.

One unusually warm afternoon Manuelo rode up to the entrance of Las Delicias. He had been setting out orange-slips all day, and then had ridden a couple of miles beyond to secure a basket of which Francisco Martinez had told him over their work. Baskets were growing scarce, and Manuelo had to look farther afield each day.

This one proved to be a miserable affair, small, dingy, and ragged, besides smelling most self-assertingly of all its latest uses. Manuelo almost decided not to take it at all, but he hated to go back empty-handed. The owner compounded for "four bits," and finally Manuelo left the hut with the basket in his hand and disdain in his eyes.

"Still," thought he, solacingly, "it is one more, and will amuse the señorita."

He made Lolita fast to the usual pepper-tree. "Here is Manuelo now," he heard Elsa say, as he came up the path. And then a fierce pang of jealousy smote his heart.

On the top of the wide steps sat Elsa, radiant, and Aunt Mary close behind; and in front of Elsa, huge, mellowed by age to a beguiling brown, and with a great, florid pattern sprawling alluringly about its wide mouth, stood the king of all baskets. Yet it was not the basket, nor Elsa's triumphant eyes, which Manuelo noticed with that bitter pang, but the lounging figure of José Silva on the step below.

José was the natural rival of Manuelo. In the first place José was a year older, and an inch taller, and as agile with his feet as Manuelo with his fingers—the best dancer, as Manuelo was the best musician, in San Miguel. In the second place, José had in his blood that taint which no Mexican ever pardons—the Indian taint—and Manuelo was a Mexican Caballero at heart, with all the pride and prejudice of his race hot within him. There was no love lost between the two. Doubtless it was more to anger Manuelo than for any other purpose that José, knowing well his devotion to Elsa—had he not ridiculed it for months back as openly as he dared?—had taken the pains to bring her a basket which far outrivalled any Manuelo had ever been able to find.

"No doubt he stole it," thought Manuelo, bitterly, as he went up the steps. He was too proud to show his feelings, except by an extra touch of Castilian dignity as he saluted the ladies and José.

"Only look, Manuelo!" cried Elsa, unable to suppress her excitement. "José has brought me the most magnificent basket! Only see how fine it is, and what a pattern! He says it is at least a hundred years old. Isn't it superb?"

"It is very fine, señorita," answered Manuelo, proudly.

"And only ten dollars," said Elsa, exultantly. "Think of it! Why, I wouldn't have missed it for half as much again."

José smiled, a swift, flashing smile. He was very handsome when he smiled.

Manuelo hated him.

"Then take care, señorita," said José, "I may raise my price."

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Elsa laughed. "No," she said, "I am not afraid. You are honest; all you Mexicans are. Look at Manuelo; he has sold me baskets for a song all winter."

José glanced, just glanced, at the baskets about him, and then back at his own, and he smiled a little. The smile said as plainly as words, "I am too polite to say so, but *such* baskets——! Now mine——!"

Manuelo's blood boiled. He, too, looked bitterly at the baskets he had gathered with such loving pride. How coarse and dingy and common they had all at once grown beside the magnificent basket of José. And as for the last wretched one — he would gladly have thrown it out into the grove, had such a thing been possible. At this very moment Elsa caught sight of it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what is that in your hand? — another basket for me?"

Manuelo gathered all his Castilian pride. He produced the basket and handed it to her indifferently.

"It is a wretched one, señorita," he said, calmly, "but will serve to increase your collection."

Elsa took it and looked at it silently.

José looked at it too, and smiled.

"It was very kind of you to bring it," said Elsa, gently, "and I only wonder you could find any—you have brought me so many." She put it beside the others, then she stood off and looked at the entire row. Manuelo watched the varying expression as she looked from one to another. When she came to the monster which headed the line with an air of conscious superiority (for which Manuelo could have kicked it) her eyes brightened with delight, and she clasped her hands together, naïvely; Manuelo's heart contracted. "Oh, you beauty!" she exclaimed, involuntarily; then, "I believe I *shall* have to give up collecting *now*," she said, with a laugh. "I shall never be satisfied with anything less than this again, and there are no more, there can't be any more like it — can there, Manuelo?" She turned to him, confidingly. "Did *you* ever see a basket more beautiful than this?"

José cast a glance of malice. Manuelo drew himself up proudly.

"Señorita," said he, "*yes*—the baskets of Anita!" Then he felt himself grow scarlet, for there was an irrepressible ripple of laughter, quickly suppressed, from Aunt Mary, and a hoarse chuckle from José. Even Elsa had smiled a swift, involuntary smile. But Elsa was a little gentlewoman, and there was no mistaking the sudden passion of Manuelo's eyes.

"Oh, yes, surely," she said, with easy naturalness, "I had forgotten the beautiful baskets of Anita." Then she picked up one of the lesser baskets, crowned it with scarlet passion-flowers, and called upon them all to admire the effect.

It was gracefully and graciously done, and Manuelo knew it. He took up his hat quickly.

"Adios, señorita!" said he. Elsa looked up quickly.

"Are you going already, Manuelo? Will you not stay and sing for us?"

He shook his head. "Thanks, señorita;" catching the mocking eyes of José he murmured something about "mañana." Then he turned away down the rose-bordered path under the olives, carrying his head very high indeed, while the guitar dangled at his side.

Poor Manuelo! He knew—worst of all—that he had betrayed himself; that all his pride had not availed. Ridiculed, despised, his loving work of all the winter made worthless in a single moment, and finally to be misbelieved. He had not minded Elsa's laughing jests at old Anita all winter—what a different thing they sounded now in the light of José's mocking eyes. Manuelo set his teeth and his face grew stern.

"We shall see if they will believe or no," said he.

He unfastened Lolita, threw himself upon her, thrust his heels into her sides, and without a backward glance at the house galloped away.

Old Pedro was standing in front of the dilapidated adobe house when the clattering of swift hoofs came up the road, and Manuelo, leaping lightly down, with a dexterous turn of the rein made the pony fast to a low pepper-tree. Then he came up to Pedro, who took his pipe from his mouth and regarded him disapprovingly.

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"How now, lazy bones!" grumbled he.

Manuelo was pale, and the dust lay thickly upon his purple kerchief.

"Money!" said Manuelo, briefly.

Old Pedro sniffed scornfully, and put his pipe back again. Manuelo came a step nearer.

"I want money! you hear? I must and I will have it!"

"Do you expect me to give it to you, then, idler? Where is that from the orange picking? Gone! thrown away! and you think I will give you more to throw in the dust,"—Pedro's voice was raised discordantly—"good-for-nothing! Not I!"

"See," said Manuelo, "will you lend it?"

"No," said Pedro, "not a cent will I!"

Manuelo made a despairing gesture.

"Have it I must, and will!" He turned away, leaned against Lolita, one hand thrown across her neck, and thought desperately.

Old Pedro watched him curiously. Suddenly an evil light came into his eyes.

"Manuelito," said he, caressingly.

"Yes," said Manuelo, mechanically; he was thinking, thinking.

"You want that money badly?" with an evil grin.

"Desperately."

"Good! Give me the guitar you shall have it."

Manuelo started violently. Involuntarily he laid his hand upon it. Sell the guitar, his best-beloved, his treasure! He dragged it hastily round, and glared at it, the sole remnant of all the faded glories of his family. As soon part with Lolita!

"Good!" said old Pedro, with a sneer; "you can do without the money, idiot, that's plain to see." He turned to go in.

"Wait!" said Manuelo. He unstrung the guitar from his shoulder, and held it out in both hands to Pedro.

"How much for it?" said he.

Old Pedro came back grumbling. The guitar was very old, the inlaid part shabby; it would need new strings; he feared the tone was not what it had been.

"Twenty-five dollars," said Manuelo, sternly, "and it is yours."

Pedro held up his hands to heaven.

Twenty-five dollars! Saints above! was he made of money? Fifteen would be ruinous.

"Twenty-five dollars *now*, on the spot, or I will take it to the Englishman, who you know will give me thirty. Yes or no!"

"No!"

Without a word Manuelo slung the guitar over his head and turned to Lolita.

"Now, did ever one see such a hot head!" cried old Pedro, in grieved surprise. "A word is a blow with him. Here, madcap, give me the guitar and take the money. Besides, the Englishman is away and you are in haste to throw the good money in the dust, I warrant. Come, bring on the guitar." And so, grumbling and swearing, the old man went in and unearthed his miserly guarded store. Manuelo stood by impassive and silent, having once more unslung the guitar.

"Here," said Pedro at last, reluctantly handing the money to him. It went to Pedro's heart to part with these dollars, but there was consolation in the guitar. *He* knew, if Manuelo did not, what the curio-hunting Englishman would give for the rarest guitar in America.

Manuelo took the money, laid the guitar in the grasping hands outstretched for it, and turned away. He leaped straight upon Lolita, and paying no heed to the questions and commands which Pedro screamed after him, rode off under the drooping peppers.

"The mad fool!" grumbled Pedro. And then he looked at the guitar and chuckled to himself.

Three days and three nights Manuelo loped southward to the mountains. He stopped each night at some ranchero's, but each morning's sun found him again on Lolita's back, his *canteria* stuffed with some frugal provision for the day. The mountains about grew steeper, the ranches lengthened into broad domains holding each many square miles in its boundaries; the villages dwindled into mere scattered

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hamlets, and finally there was not much else than a rude trail from one solitary adobe hut to another. But it grew ever more picturesque. The chaparal-covered hills were abloom with silver; quails and wood-doves, jack-rabbits and squirrels started up in all directions from under Lolita's feet; and the yuccas, myriads of them, stood thickly over the sides of the great hills, and high on impassable ledges above the wild ravines, like the multitudinous snowy banners of a hidden army.

It was very still. There were no carriages, still less railroads. Only now and then the figure of a horseman going at the easy lope which replaces a walk where distances are always measured by miles, or a solitary tourist with his bag and gun slung across his shoulder. For, year by year, as the ranches go, as the "Greaser" and the Indian go, as all the semi-tropical Spanish-Bohemianism is driven farther back, the picturesque-loving tourist takes refuge more and more in "tramping" it through the by-ways of California.

It was late on the afternoon of the third day when Manuelo, loping along over a level mesa, beheld high upon a hillside the object of his quest—a gray patch which his experienced eye knew for a cluster of adobe huts. He drew a sigh of relief.

"So," he muttered, "there they are. It is well." Then he bent and stroked Lolita's neck reassuringly.

"Courage, my darling," said he, "we are almost there, and then a good supper and a night's rest for thee."

At that moment, round the sharp turn of the road came a pedestrian; a pedestrian at whom Manuelo glanced carelessly, then with sudden wonder, then with a thrill, a shock which made his heart bound and stand still.

The stranger was young, thirty perhaps, tall and slender. He walked with the assured gait of a mountain-climber, but his jaunty costume betrayed the "civilizee," if not the dandy. A picturesque sombrero shaded his handsome face, out of which two clear gray eyes looked coolly and merrily. Certainly there was nothing in all this to make Manuelo's heart behave so madly! The stranger carried a gun across his shoulder, and from a leather strap hung a bag, sketching-stool, and a mammoth Indian basket. Upon this basket the gaze of Manuelo was fastened with silent horror. Big, brown, finer than woven silk; and woven in a marvellous pattern which showed a constant scarlet gleam throughout it, Manuelo would have known it among ten thousand others—the basket of Anita! Meanwhile the stranger had approached, and lifting his hat with a smiling "Buenos dios, señor!" was passing by. At the same instant Manuelo reined Lolita straight across the path. "Señor," said he, "a thousand pardons!" He leaped from his horse. The stranger regarded him coolly but friendlily.

"A thousand pardons, señor," repeated Manuelo, agitatedly, taking off his hat. "You have there a fine basket, señor!"

The "señor" smiled. "You are a connoisseur, then, my friend?" said he. "Yes, it is a magnificent specimen." He pulled it round and contemplated it with satisfaction. "I bought it from an old Indian woman up yonder," he added, "and I am inclined to think I was in luck, though she fleeced me to a pretty extent. It weighs more than a feather, too," he added, smiling as he readjusted it with a little shrug.

"Señor"—Manuelo's heart beat so fast and hard it must almost have been visible through his jacket—"as you say, it weighs; you will find it will grow heavier as you go, señor. If you would care to part with it——"

"Thanks!" said the stranger, calmly, "I am in nowise anxious."

"If it were a question of the price——?"

"It is not in the least a question of the price."

"Señor"—Manuelo's tone was entreating, supplicating. "I have come many miles to purchase that basket. Three days have I travelled, señor! If you would but sell it——"

The stranger looked at him with new interest. He noticed for the first time the haggard lines of the young Mexican's face.

"Why do you come so far and take so much trouble for this particular basket; there must be thousands of oth-

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ers?" he asked, with direct and clear scrutiny.

"There are thousands of others, señor; yes!—but there is none other like this in all the country."

The señor smiled a little triumphantly.

"In that case," said he, "you must understand that, having been lucky enough to find it, I may naturally wish to keep it. I am sorry for you, my friend," he added, "sorry to be disobliging, but I am a collector of beautiful things, an artist, and this basket is, by your own admission, a treasure." He bowed and made a step to pass politely. But Manuelo laid a desperate hand upon his arm.

"Señor," said he, "would no price tempt you? Would you not sell it even for a large, a very large price?"

The stranger smiled. "Why," said he, "I don't say that. I dare say I might if the price were large enough; I am by no means a millionaire."

Manuelo drew himself up. "Señor," said he, calmly, "I offer you twenty-five dollars."

The stranger started and his eyes grew kindly, almost compassionate in their gaze. "My poor boy," said he, gently, "I could not take it—from you."

Manuelo's head began to go round and round.

"Señor," said he, desperately, "you must—you will! It is not from me; it is—it is from a rich old Englishman, a madman for baskets. He will pay any price; he cares not what they cost him, and he has set his heart upon this. Twenty-five dollars is nothing to him—nothing, señor! Look!" He plunged his hand into his pocket and brought it out full of loose gold and silver. "This is all his, you may suppose, señor—it is not mine! But the basket—I pledged myself. You *will* sell it, señor?—for the love of God! There are reasons!—señor!"

He stopped, and hung with all his soul upon the moment's pause. A wild notion of offering to throw in Lolita, too, flashed across him, but he felt its untenableness in conjunction with the Englishman.

Meanwhile the stranger looked doubtfully from Manuelo to the basket. "There is something which strikes me as *odd* about this transaction," he thought to himself, quizzically, profoundly puzzled. "I am a tenderfoot, and, possibly, this is one of the customs of this singular country. Still, to keep a mounted Mexican curio-hunter scouting about the country with unlimited credit—no, *cash*—seems to me an unique luxury, even for a wealthy 'Inglese.' However," he added to himself, tolerantly, "that's none of my business, is it? and the boy's pride is evidently on the *qui vive* to secure this treasure. Shall I let him have it? He certainly wouldn't own that cash, or be so free with it if he did. No doubt he gets his little profit from it, so why should I scruple?"

"Very well," he said at last, aloud, "since you and your Englishman are in the majority, I will part with the basket—at that figure."

"Señor! mille gracias!" Gratitude, the most fervent and genuine gratitude spoke in the tones, and the eloquent dark eyes.

"Decidedly," thought the señor, "this passes!"

Manuelo counted out the twenty-five dollars, and offered it to the stranger, who was slow to take it.

"You are sure," he said, "that you do not repent; that you are not exceeding your Englishman's authority?"

"Señor—*sure!*"

The stranger unslung the basket and handed it to Manuelo. "Adios, my friend," said he, kindly; "I yield to you more than to the Englishman's dollars."

Manuelo removed his sombrero, and stepped aside to clear the path. Under one arm he clasped the basket.

"Adios, señor," said he, courteously, his dark eyes lit with joy, his whole face beaming.

With a parting smile the stranger disappeared down the winding path, while Manuelo, his heart singing within him, leading Lolita and bearing the basket, went slowly up the mountain trail.

Three days afterward he entered the town of San Miguel, dusty, travel-stained, and penniless, but with his mission accomplished. He brought with him the basket of Anita.

He did not go at once to Las Delicias. Being a lover, he was fastidious. Being

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a Spaniard, he was something of a poet; and both the lover and the poet in him dictated that a victor should go not unadorned, bearing his spoils unto his lady. So he went straight to the hut of old Pedro.

Pedro was out, which was an agreeable omen at the outset. Having watered, fed, and groomed Lolita, Manuelo entered the little hut, washed away the dust of his six day's ride, donned his *fiesta* suit, knotted the gayest kerchief about his beautiful throat, and emerged as gallant a cavalier as heart could wish.

Only he missed the guitar. But before his eyes stood the basket. Smiling he caught it up, and with the lightest heart resaddled the refreshed Lolita, and rode straight to Las Delicias.

It was evening. A superb southern moon flooded the quiet town with such light as one must go to California even to imagine. The wide casements and windows at Las Delicias all stood open, but there was no one on the porch when Manuelo made his way up the path with the basket in his hands. He looked inside. Still no one. Perhaps, thought Manuelo, they had strolled into the grove. He stood a moment, irresolute, beside the clump of over-reaching laurestinas, when all at once voices came to him, drifting across the still air from the lime-walks on the left; and at the same moment they—the voices—emerged into the moonlit space beyond. The mysterious silver glow made them visible like figures in a dream. Manuelo, sunk in the shadow, was in another world.

Elsa's white dress brushed her companion—why not, since his arm was about her?—and her sweet eyes were raised with infinite contentment to the strong, loving ones looking down at her.

"And so," said she, "all the time I have been hard at work for you; and while you were tramping about in search of beautiful scenes, I was hoarding beautiful things for you. There will be enough to fill the studio."

"All of which," answered the mellow voice, "was very naughty of you, my sweetheart! You were to do nothing but get well and strong for me."

"Oh, but I did that too!" answered Elsa, lightly. "So well and strong, all the time I was riding, and climbing, and hunting up treasures. Only ask Manuelo."

"And who is Manuelo?"

"Manuelo is—Manuelo! My devoted cavalier, the dearest and most delightful fellow! He has been better than the sun and air to me; and, dear, you will not mind that I—gave him—my picture? Aunt Mary said, *under the circumstances* it was quite right. If I had not been betrothed, of course, I would not have done it. You are not displeased?"

"Displeased!—my beloved! Wait and see how I shall thank him for being good to you!"

"He has deserted us for some days—orange-picking, I suppose—but you will see that he never forgets me; I am sure he will bring me a basket when he comes."

"Then," said the mellow voice, between mirth and regret, "I have lost my only chance of outrivalling him in his own line. You should have seen the basket I let slip through my hands the other day, Elsa!"

"Oh, Robert! but why?"

"Well, I had purchased it against my conscience, to begin with, at the rate of fifteen dollars; and it was a mighty one, a regular elephant for a poor pedestrian who was foolishly impatient to catch a certain train, in order to reach a certain little sweetheart of his! However," lightly, "I dare say I should have hung on to the basket in spite of qualms of conscience and legs, had I not encountered a basket-hunter who was madder than I, and who offered me the pretty sum of twenty-five dollars for it."

"And you let it go—oh!"

"Well, my darling, he did want it so very badly—and what right had an impecunious artist to luxuries of that market value? And then I did not know you were smitten with the basket craze, sweetheart, or I would have kept the basket, and gone without—say, coal."

But this mild sarcasm was thrown away. Elsa, the basket-bewitched, was dreaming of the lost one.

"What was it like?" was her meditative and irrelevant reply.

"Well," resignedly, "its majesty would stand, I think, about three feet

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high. It was very quaintly shaped. It was the finest I ever have seen. There was a beguiling, mellow-brown tone to the whole, which attested its honorable age, and a most seductive pattern climbing about its sides. But there was something more—a gleam of scarlet about it which gave it character."

Elsa clasped her hands. "And you —*sold* it! How could you? Why, it is like the basket of Anita!"

"Now, who in the name of reason is Anita? Another of your attendant sprites?"

"Anita is a mythical old woman who lives on a mythical hill, and nurses a mythical basket, visible only to the eyes of Manuelo—and whose Doppelgänger you sol——"

"*Sweetheart!*"

Two transfigured faces were uplifted in the moonlight, and two pairs of lips melted together.

Perfectly unobserved, a shadow melted into the shadows down the road. Unobserved, Manuelo led Lolita out into the road and leaped upon her back. He hesitated a moment—only a moment—then he turned her head away from the old mission and Pedro, and galloped straight into the open country, toward the mines of Esperanza.

It was only an hour later that Elsa, running up the steps with happy, unseeing eyes, stumbled over something, tripped, and would have fallen headlong, but for the arms about her.

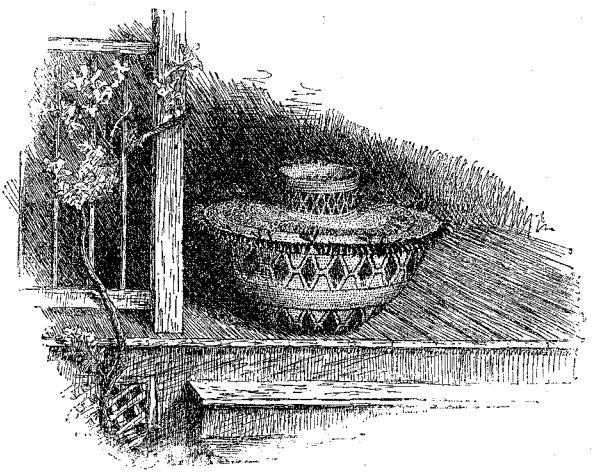
"Why! what was that?" exclaimed Elsa.

Her lover stooped, fumbled in the uncertain dusk until his hand encountered the object; then he held it up in the moonlight.

There was an exclamation from both, then silence.

They had recognized, at the same moment, the upturned photograph in its depth, and the scarlet gleam of woodpecker's feathers about its rim.

It was the basket of Anita.



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HOW STANLEY WROTE HIS BOOK.

By Edward Marston.

EVERYTHING relating to Mr. Stanley seems to possess a special and peculiar interest for a very large portion of the public of many nationalities. Such readers I have thought might be glad to know something about the method of writing, and the daily life, of the author of a work respecting the appearance of which they have already evinced such a very extraordinary interest, for probably no book has ever been more eagerly looked for in every part of the civilized world, and in many languages, than the one which Mr. Stanley lately finished.

On Mr. Stanley's arrival in Cairo he immediately telegraphed to me, inviting me to pay him a visit there, with a view to forward the progress of the great work he had in hand; and he suggested that I should bring an artist with me. I need not say that I accepted the invitation with the greatest possible pleasure.

I arrived at Cairo at three o'clock on the morning of my sixty-sixth birthday. It would have been too much to expect the great man himself to meet me at the station at that unreasonable hour. I was very grateful to find that he had sent his courier and dragoman with two carriages; the carriages had been specially engaged some hours before, and were left outside while the men looked after me and my luggage; by the time we got through and out of the station, one had decamped, and the other was occupied by a stalwart foreigner who swore loudly that there he was and there he meant to remain in spite of any engagements to the contrary. Remonstrance or explanation in a tongue unknown to him was useless. Possession was the whole of the law here. There was not another carriage to be found, but there were scores of screaming and fighting Arabs to carry our luggage, and we had to walk to our hotel. The affectionate warmth of Stanley's greeting when we met, at once made me quite at home, and I found myself the guest of a very remarkable man, whose name was ringing through the civilized and uncivilized world; a man whom everyone was longing to see as the hero of the day. To be so honored and so sought after was, as he one day said to me, "enough to turn his head, if he had not had much more serious matters to think about."

I think it may be looked upon as an almost unique thing in the history of authors and publishers for a publisher to be invited to travel so far to give practical assistance to an author in the preparation of his manuscript. The truth, however, was that a great book had to be written within a certain period of time, and if not completed by that time, there was every chance that it would never be completed at all.

To attain this end Mr. Stanley had very wisely decided not to proceed home, where to write his book in peace and quietness was out of the question; while in Egypt there was a possibility of comparative seclusion, and the advantages of a most delightful climate, where even confinement to the desk would not be so injurious as in the murky atmosphere of London at that period of the year. Those who know Cairo are well aware that its climate during the winter months is simply perfect. The dry and exhilarating air acts in itself as a tonic, and the almost complete absence of rain and fog and leaden skies, and the genial temperature, all combine to make life in Cairo, even to a recluse, thoroughly enjoyable.

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Mr. Stanley, after his arrival, and after the first display of honors forced upon him by the Khedive and other dignitaries of the place, very wisely departed from the noise and bustle of Shephard's Hotel, and found a charming retreat in the Hotel Villa Victoria. This hotel is situated in the most beautiful part of Cairo, not far from the Ezbekiyeh Gardens, and is surrounded on all sides by fine and newly built mansions. It comprises three separate buildings which form three sides of a quadrangle, in the centre of which is a charming garden. Here are pleasant walks, shaded by huge palm, and orange trees laden with ripe fruit; one of the latter looked temptingly into Mr. Stanley's working-room. In the centre is a fountain surrounded by tropical and oriental plants, and the antics of a monkey tied to a tree give variety to the scene. The landlord of this hotel seems to fully appreciate the charms of his surroundings. How or when he conducts his business is a mystery. To me it seemed that most of his time was spent lolling luxuriously in a hammock, smoking a cigarette, or, for exercise, mildly swaying himself backward and forward on a rope swing—or reclining and complacently dozing in a bower under a canopy of yellow sweet-scented roses. Life to him appeared like a pleasant dream. He reminded me of Tennyson's "mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos-eaters."

> "With half-shut eyes ever to seem
> Falling asleep in a half-dream."

A sharp contrast to this lazy, happy lounger was the toiler in the room whose open windows looked out over a trellis of roses and ripe mandarins, on this idle garden, where doves and gray-backed crows were familiar visitors. I must, however, do this good landlord the justice of saying that, notwithstanding the easy enjoyment he seems to get out of his life, his hotel is admirably managed. It is charmingly furnished throughout, the living is very good, the bedrooms are lofty, airy, and well looked after in every respect.

It was in that part of the hotel farthest removed from the street that Mr. Stanley took up his abode. Here he had a fine suite of rooms on the ground floor, very handsomely furnished in the oriental style. A large, lofty reception-room and an equally large and handsome dining-room. In these he received some of the most important or most persistent of his many callers; but as a rule he shut himself up in his bedroom, and there he wrote from early morning till late at night, and woe betide anyone who ventured unasked into this sanctum. He very rarely went out, even for a stroll round the garden. His whole heart and soul were centred on his work. He had set himself a certain task, and he had determined to complete it to the exclusion of every other object in life. He said of himself, "I have so many pages to write. I know that if I do not complete this work by a certain time, when other and imperative duties are imposed upon me, I shall never complete it at all. When my work is accomplished, then I will talk with you, laugh with you, and play with you, or ride with you to your heart's content; but let me alone now, for Heaven's sake."

Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing; he sometimes glared even upon me like a tiger ready to spring, although I was of necessity a frequent and privileged intruder, and always with a view to forwarding the work in hand. He was a perfect terror to his courier and black boy. When his courier knocked tremblingly at his door, he would cry out, "Am I a prisoner in my own house?" "I've brought you this telegram, sir." "Well, I detest telegrams; why do you persist in bringing them?"

Sali, the black boy who travelled with him throughout his long and perilous expedition, is a youth of some resource. Until this terrible book had got into his master's brain he had been accustomed to free access to him at all hours; but now things were different; every time he approached the den, the least thing he expected was that the ink-stand would be thrown at his head. He no longer ventured therein. One day he originated a new way of saving his head; he had a telegram to deliver, so he ingeniously fixed it on the end of a long bamboo, and getting the door just ajar, he poked it into the room and bolted.

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At luncheon and dinner Mr. Stanley was quite another man. He and I and his secretary generally messed together; occasionally a friend dropped in. Mr. Stanley is himself extremely abstemious. He drinks nothing but about a tablespoonful of brandy in a glass of water, and in this respect he is somewhat forgetful of his friends. One evening a friend came in to dinner, and we sat for about two hours smoking and listening to his stories, but it never once occurred to him to ask his friend to take anything with his cigar. At length his guest, who was growing thirsty, asked him before leaving if he might have a little whiskey and soda. "My dear fellow," said he, "why did you not ask for it before? I never once thought of it. I ask your pardon!" I frequently remonstrated with him for passing dish after dish without touching them. His invariable reply was, "How can I eat and work? You know well that yonder are several pages for me to complete before I sleep." "But," I replied, "you are killing yourself, it is quite impossible for the strongest constitution to stand such a strain as this; when I came here ten days ago, you seemed to me to be in the most robust health; already I notice a difference in you; you complain of sundry aches and pains; beware of your old enemy, gastric fever!" His reply to this was, "Ah! but the book! the book must be done."

On the day after my arrival Dr. Parke called and urged him, for his health's sake, to go out for a drive with him; but he steadily refused to move out of his room.

One day I did succeed in getting him out for half an hour. We walked down to get a glimpse of the Nile. The air was sufficiently cool to be invigorating; it did him good. After contemplating the river for a few seconds he remarked, "Eight months ago I drank its waters at its eastern source, which I discovered years ago. On my recent expedition I discovered its western source in the no longer fabulous 'Mountains of the Moon'—that source water must have taken almost as long to travel here as I have done. Now that you have discovered the mouth let us go back to work." Except to dine out once or twice in the evening, he was only once more outside the garden during my stay.

I may say that my own life while in Cairo was not one of indolence or leisure. I never worked more incessantly in my life, for I had determined not to leave Cairo without a very large proportion of the complete manuscript, and the whole of the sketches and maps in my portmanteau. First, there were Stanley's photographs to be developed by a local photographer, in order that we might see how they would come out. It is needless to say that these negatives, taken with infinite care, by Stanley himself, of scenes all through the journey, were regarded by him and by me with the utmost jealousy. I therefore took upon myself to watch the whole process from beginning to end, and I never lost sight of these precious negatives till I carried them back to the hotel. Alas! I am sorry to say that many of the pictures had almost disappeared from the glass, and at best could only serve to suggest valuable hints to our artist—these had been over-exposed or not sufficiently exposed in the blazing sun of the tropics; others I was delighted to find come out quite clearly, and represent scenes of the greatest value, artistically and geographically, as well as conveying accurate types of new races in the interior.

Again, knowing that I should have to convey with me a manuscript of very great value, which, if lost in transit, would not merely be a loss to myself but to a world of readers anxiously waiting for it, I determined to have a second copy made of the whole. One copy I determined to carry with me, and the other to send forward registered to London, in a separate trunk.

To accomplish this I obtained and set up a copying press in the secretary's room, but as much of Stanley's manuscript before I reached him had not been written in copying-ink, that portion I copied out myself, and for the remainder I worked away several hours at the copying-press, and obtained in this way about four hundred folios.

Mr. Stanley's memory of names, persons, and events is quite marvellous, but in the compilation of his book he by no means trusted to his memory. His con-

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Garden of the Villa Victoria, Cairo.
(Showing the windows of Mr. Stanley's rooms—Mr. Marston in the middle chair.)

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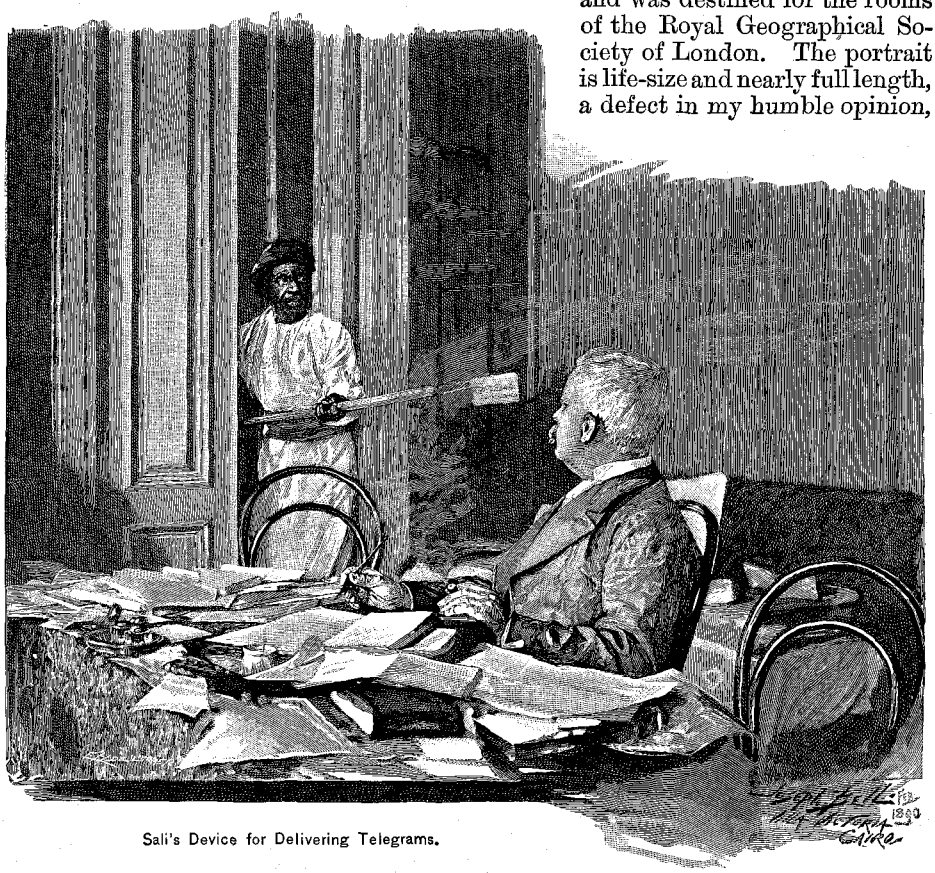
stant habit was to carry a small note-book 6 × 3 inches in his side-pocket: in this he pencilled notes constantly and at every resting-place. Of these note-books he has shown me six of about one hundred pages each, closely packed with pencil memoranda. These notes, at



Sali's Device for Delivering Telegrams.

times of longer leisure, were expanded into six larger volumes of about two hundred pages each of very minute and clear writing in ink. I send you facsimiles of two pages from one of these journals. In addition to these field note-books and diaries, there are two large quarto volumes, filled from cover to cover with calculations of astronomical observations, etc.

One of the few diversions from the constant labor on his book in which Mr. Stanley indulged during my residence with him was sitting for his portrait to Miss E. M. Meyrick, a student and silver medallist of the Royal Academy, who was spending the winter in Cairo; and the operation was one in which the great traveller evidently took great pleasure. I am not sure, however, that he was regarded by Miss Meyrick as a model sitter. The painting had been commissioned by Sir George Elliot, and was destined for the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society of London. The portrait is life-size and nearly full length, a defect in my humble opinion, as it terminates abruptly below the knees, and I could see no good reason why the feet should not have been included; as it is the legs and the iron-shod staff have the look of being abruptly cut off. Apart from this, which may be very inartistic criticism, the portrait struck me as being a remarkably good and life-like one.

Another diversion, or rather distraction, from his work was the necessary attention he had to give to the artist whom I had taken with me for the purpose of making working drawings for the various artists to be employed on the illustrations.

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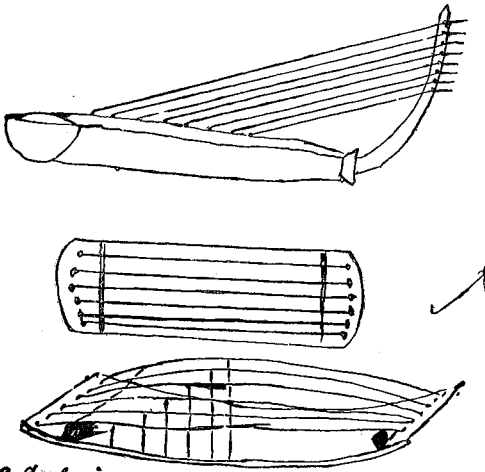
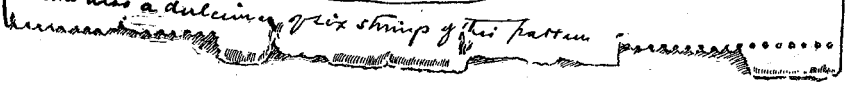
The Balegga of Badzwa had decamped leaving their village with an abundant supply of grain. Kavalli gave orders that it should be distributed this furnished to our people 5 days rations.

Messengers from Kyga-nkondo at heard soon after our arrival reporting that he was "dying" to see me. It must be remembered that on 16th Dec he declined our friendship, sent men to disturb us in our bivouac, followed us on the 17th and killed three of our sick men who were lagging behind the column. But now hearing that Mazamboni, Gavira, Kavalli, &c. had come to love with us, he of course has to make reparation. He is however safe from Vengeance since he is in some measure friendly with Emin Pasha. But before I could answer these messengers Kommbi chief of the Balegga Mountaineers came in with a cow, two goats several hundles of sweet potatoes, and a couple of pots of beer. It was with Kommbi's people we had such a stubborn fight down the plateau slopes Dec 13th last. He now proposed allegiance, surrender of his country wholly into my hands. With this bold chieftain we made friends quickly enough. and after a lengthy interview parted. An answer was given to Kyga-nkondo that I could receive nothing from him until I had seen Emin Pasha. who if he reported him to be a friend of his, would likewise be accepted by us.

The goods trade in Badza village consist of prepared hides, skins, pots, jars, bowls, musical instruments, spears, & bows & arrows. Among these I noticed a well made guitar of 8 strings of this shape



and also a dulcimer of six strings of this pattern



Facsimile of a Page from Mr. Stanley's Journals, with Sketches of Musical Instruments.

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Number

From

Place

Despatched by

Date

To

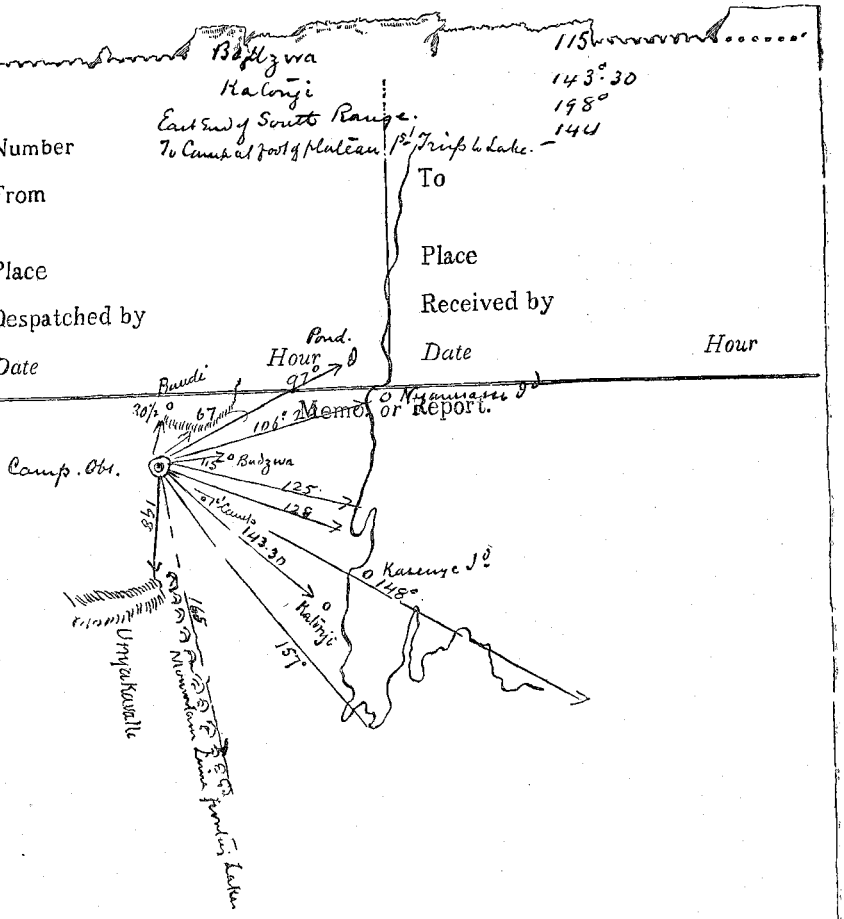
Place

Received by

Date

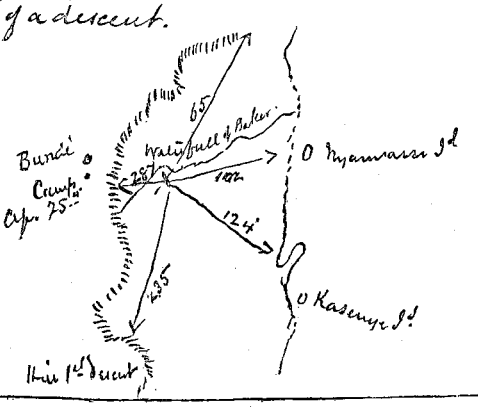
Hour

Memoir or Report.



Nkazamboni's country bears many names. Mrusuma, Ndussuma Magata. His subjects are called Bundussuma.

April 26.th Descended to Badzwa on the Lake plain in 2.45 ★ m. Altitude of Badzwa by Comp Aneroid 2550 feet. which shows 1950 feet of a descent.



A Page from Stanley's Journal.

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Mr. Joseph Bell was an admirable sketcher, fertile in suggestion, and quick at taking hints and notes, but somehow were very good friends, but Stanley could not endure the torture for more than two hours a day, and he always

Stanley and Joseph Bell, the Artist, Preparing Sketches.

he always managed to irritate Stanley by what may be called his excessive verbosity, and the mischievous delight he always took in endeavoring to land Stanley on the horns of some dilemma. For example, he got him to describe the method of getting a donkey across a deep river. Stanley explained to him how the porter led the donkey into the stream, holding the bridle and keeping the donkey's head (which was alone visible) out of the water, with one hand, and swimming vigorously with the other hand. "Yes," said Bell; "did the porter carry a rifle?" "Of course," said Stanley. "Yes," says Bell, "and in which hand did he carry the rifle, seeing that one hand is already engaged in guiding and helping the donkey, and the other in swimming for dear life?" This was a sort of fun which Stanley did not appreciate. On the whole they rose from the encounter with a sigh of relief and a wish that it was all over.

As regards the illustrations in his book, Mr. Stanley does not pretend to be an artist, but during his whole journey, and even under the most perilous conditions, he never failed to make rough notes and sketches, or photographs, of the most interesting scenes and events, and in this way he accumulated abundant material. Of course, they were not in all cases such as an artist could make a perfect picture from without the aid of Stanley's accurate memory and vivid power of description.

The illustrations which accompany this article were obtained by Mr. Bell for this special purpose. In order to insure accuracy of detail, I obtained for him Mr. Stanley's sanction to take a photograph of every scene; and these photographs have greatly assisted him.

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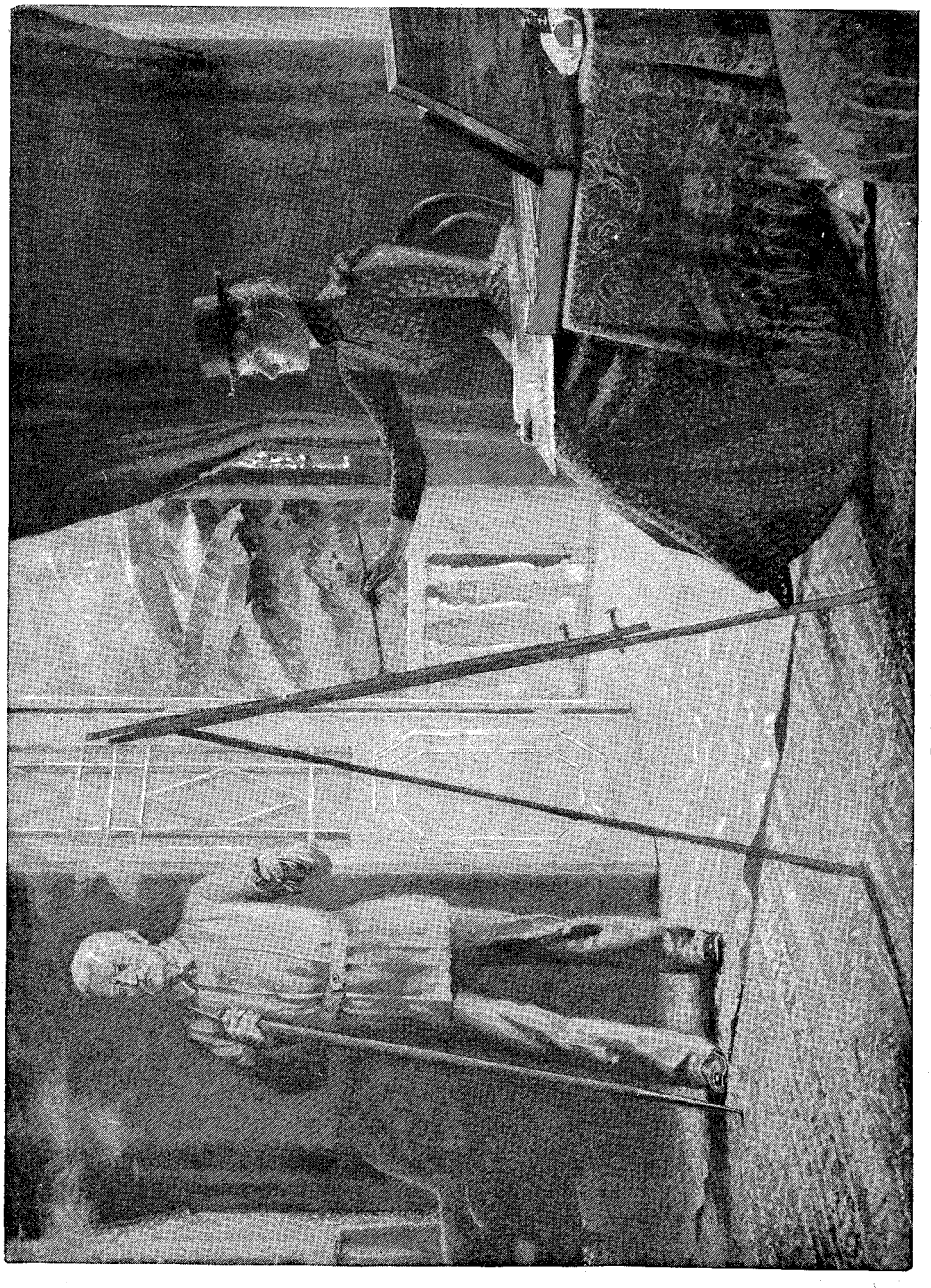

Stanley Posing for a Portrait to Miss Meyrick.

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Among the celebrities who called upon Mr. Stanley was Zebehr Pasha, the great Soudan slave-dealer, of whom Gordon had such a high opinion that he urged the government to appoint him as his successor at Khartoum, in 1883–84. He remained some time chatting with Stanley.

It is needless to say that every mail brought Stanley shoals of letters from all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, and from all parts of the world; and his courier was besieged by numbers of total strangers ready to bribe him to any extent if only he could arrange for them to get even a glance at him.

One day an Austrian enthusiast called and sent in a polite note asking Stanley to fix a time when he might bring *forty* of his compatriots with him, all anxious for the opportunity of shaking him by the hand. This astute gentleman accompanied his request by a very handsomely mounted cigar-case as a souvenir. This elegant little present obtained for the persevering stranger a brief interview for himself, but the hand-shaking of his forty friends could not possibly be entertained.

It has unfortunately happened that notwithstanding the immense number of letters received, the practice has generally been to destroy them after brief acknowledgment, otherwise I should have had a very rich assortment placed at my disposal; as it is, I am permitted to make a few extracts from the letters received by one or two of the last mails, which had not yet been consigned to oblivion.

The first I quote from is one that touches me personally, it comes from the United States.

Don't let the publishers or the Lecture Bureau chaps worry you almost to death, simply because the world wants to know more fully, and by next week if possible, what you have done.

I am bound to admit the wisdom of these words.

Here is a charming little letter from a small school-girl in Wales:

DEAR MR. STANLEY:

I have been very much interested in hearing about your travels in Africa, and should very much like to read your book, as I am sure it would be very interesting. I would much rather read about a geographical hero than a historical one. It was very kind of you to go through such perils to rescue Emin Pasha. I liked so much to hear of your fighting against the dwarfs, and should like to see one very much; they must look so funny, being so small. I am a little school-girl at —— school, and I am eleven years old. I am very fond of geography, and am always longing to go round the world.

I remain

Your little friend,

G. E.

Sali, negro servant of Stanley throughout the Expedition, and at Cairo.

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Another enthusiast hailing from America asks for Mr. Stanley's *old cap*.

Right glad am I that you are once more in a civilized country. I have carefully watched your proceedings from the time you discovered Livingstone. *You are a brick!* Now, if you are inclined to sell the *cap you wore through Africa*, I am prepared to give you *a fancy price for it*, to add to my collection of curiosities; it shall be preserved in a glass case with your name on same.

A firm of tobacconists makes the following cool request:

Will you kindly accord us your gracious permission to append your noble name, and your photograph (might we ask for your autograph?) to a first-class quality of cigar and cigarette, made by ourselves from the best and finest tobacco, etc.

A photographer writes:

SIR: Pray excuse the liberty taken by a stranger in approaching you at a time when your hands and mind must be so full, but since to satisfy the demands of an admiring public some one must claim the proud position of performing the task I covet, that of executing a portrait, etc.

A poetical soldier in Cairo says:

I humbly beg you will kindly accept the enclosed few simple lines from a soldier. I am no poet, but have expressed myself as well as possible, etc.

Mr. S. replied kindly to this, and has made the Cairo soldier very proud.

The following letter is from an old acquaintance of the Pocock days:

DEAR SIR: Please to excuse me for the liberty I have taken in writing to you, but in knowing you, an' taking a very great enterest in you treavels, I congrelatue you on your safe return, hoping you may long live to Injoy you ealth and hapness for your labours. I have always taken great entrest in yours travels ever since we meet at Zanzibar. . . . I ham the man that don your boat when the Pocock Brothers was with you and I should like a few lines from you, as I should like them put in our papers here, etc.

Mr. Stanley was no stranger to me when I first arrived here. My whole experience of him, during my nearly three weeks' residence with him, most fully confirmed the opinion I have always held, through good report and evil report, for the last eighteen years. That he is the greatest explorer of modern times will scarcely be gainsaid by his bitterest enemies; but beyond the possession, in an unusual degree, of the qualifications for a successful explorer, it is impossible to live long with him in the intimacy in which I have lived without discovering in him many other of the characteristics which go to make a good and great man, a ruler of men. His conversation, frequently impassioned, was always elevated and pure, carrying with it the conviction of truthfulness and earnestness of purpose; his conception of duty high and noble; his scorn of everything sordid and mean strong and withering; he is truthful and sincere, and without a tinge of envy or malice. He is generous, even lavish in his gifts; notwithstanding his iron will his heart is as tender as a child's. That his mind is imbued with a reverential belief in an over-ruling Providence is constantly exhibited in his conversation.

"I am not," said he, "what is called superstitious. I believe in God, the creator of the Universe . . . Many forms of belief and curious ideas respecting the great mystery of our being and creation have been suggested to me during my life and its wanderings, but after weighing each and attempting to understand what must be unsearchable, my greatest comfort has been in peacefully resting firm in the faith of my sires. For all the human glory that surrounds the memory of Darwin and his wise compeers throughout advanced Europe, I would not abate a jot or tittle of my belief in the Supreme God and that Divine man called his Son."

In the existence of supernatural agencies, and judging by the story of "Randy and the Guinea Fowl," which he related in his recent article, it is evident that miracles presented no stumbling-block to him.

He is certainly not immaculate. I have seen and known something of his strong and passionate nature, but I have read in this book something, too, of his wonderful self-control under the most trying circumstances in which a man could be placed. Take him for all in all, I think

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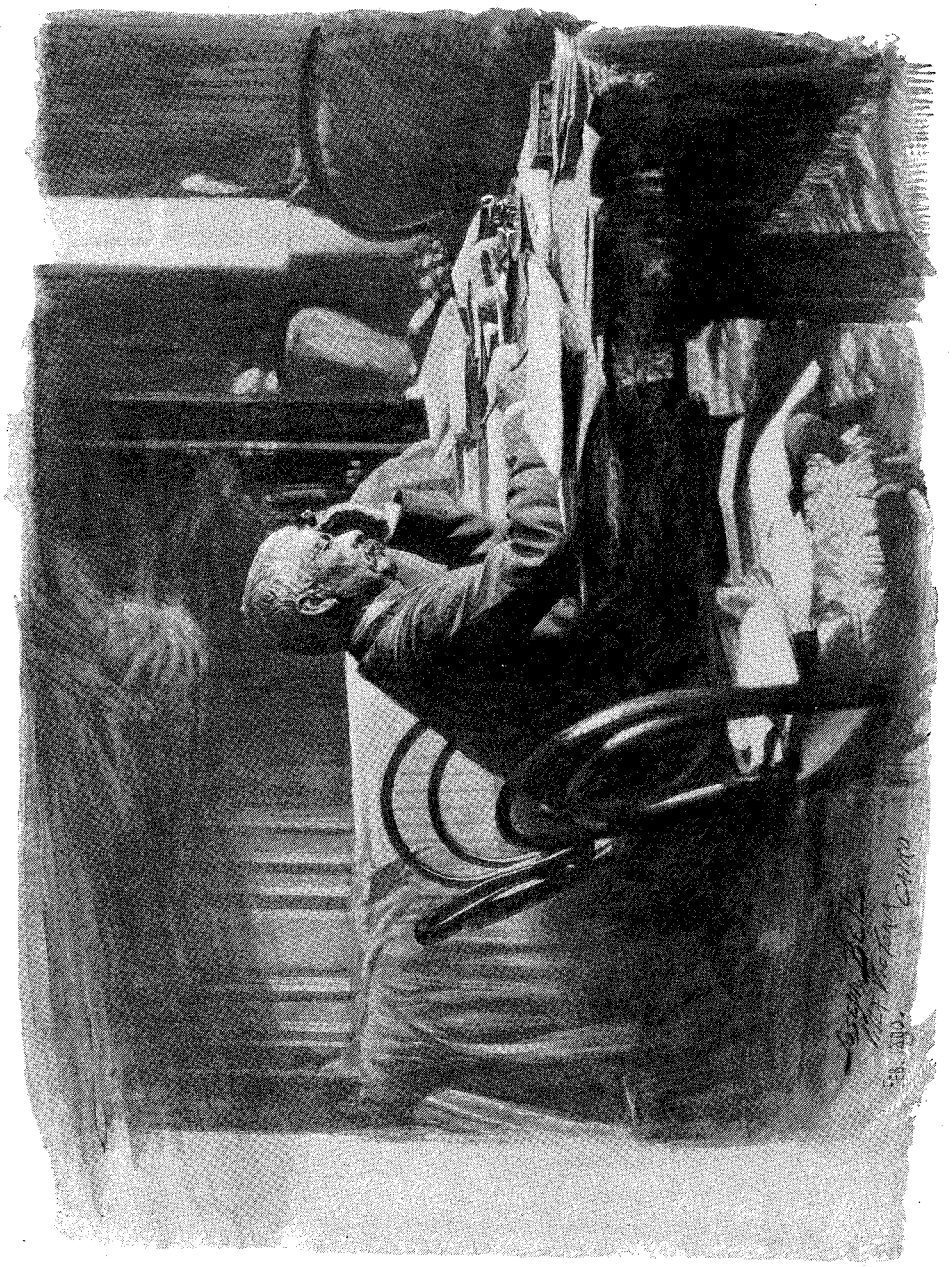

Stanley Writing His Book.

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it may well be said of him that he does not make the high place he has reached

"A lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a Blameless Life."

I bade adieu to Mr. Stanley on the third of March, with my portmanteau stuffed with manuscripts, glass negatives, and maps. I reached London on the 11th, and on the 14th I was enabled, by the activity of the printers, to despatch to him first proofs of nearly the whole of the first volume.

He worked at his manuscript with as much ardor as when (to quote Gerald Massey):

"He strode o'er streams and mountains,
To free the leaguered band;
He stood by Nile's far fountains,
Lord of the old Dark Land!
Where Death the forest haunted,
And never dawned the day,
He pierced the gloom undaunted,—
For that was Stanley's way."

Stanley Dictating to His Secretary.

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THE SEASON'S BOON.

By G. Melville Upton.

When all the swooning air is stilled at noon,
And quiet shadows gather in the glade,
Then drowsy locusts sing within the shade—
Sing praise of summer and the days of June;
And spiders, thankful for the season's boon,
Throw their light webs across the sky, all stayed
With strongest ties, of shining silver made—
To bind the wings that wander 'neath the moon.

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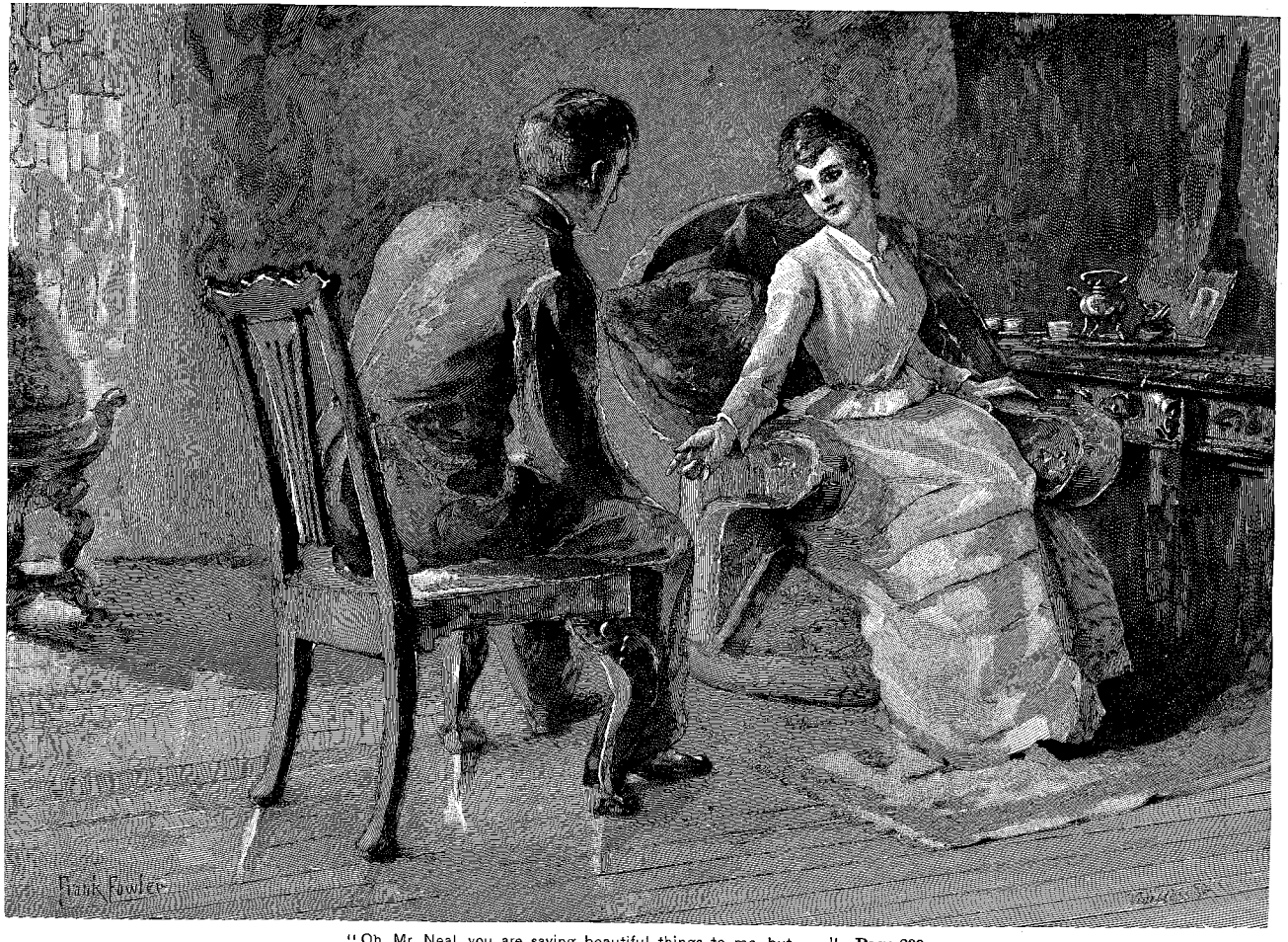

"Oh, Mr. Neal, you are saying beautiful things to me, but——"—Page 239.

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DECLINE AND FALL.

By Annie Eliot.

"DEAR FRANCES:

"I am here. That has often the air of a self-evident statement; believe me, in this case, it is not one. When I climbed out of the stage last week, after being jolted and precipitated and playfully tossed and caught again for twenty miles or so, it was a matter for serious doubt whether I was all here or not. But I think I am—all essential parts of me, at least. There are certain airs and graces which a too censorious world considers essential parts of me which I have left behind somewhere on the road. Never mind, I shall undoubtedly find them on the way back; they are not the sort of property to tempt the rustic of the region to appropriation. In fact, I may as well make a clean breast of it, for you will be sure to find it out. I am at present having an *accès* of simplicity—true, unassumed, unpicturesque simplicity — simplicity without any *arrière pensée* whatever. It seems to me that I have longed for this opportunity all my life—to be entirely natural, without giving a thought to how my being so was going to affect anybody. It is not only that I eat when I am hungry and go to bed when I am tired, and sit still when I've a mind, but it has reached my mental attitude too. I don't anticipate or plan, and I don't see why anybody should. I know what you'll say—that it is just another spell of 'feeling the hollowness'—well, perhaps it is; I know that same old emotion turns up in all sorts of forms. Or it may be that the air is beginning to exert the beneficial effect the doctor says it possesses.

"The mistress of the house—I mean the two mistresses of the house — are amusing, in fact, likable. They are both little, gray-haired, widowed women, only one is littler, grayer-haired, and, I dare say, more widowed than the other. They are decidedly women of their world, only it reaches each of them in a different way. The one to whom I have hitherto applied the comparative degree is also the younger, and it is she that has the imagination. It is an imagination that has never been developed by circumstances, but to her what is emotional or abstract or picturesque appeals. I am clever to have found this out, because it is difficult to recognize the emotional or the abstract or the picturesque in the mass of detail with which she cumbers her narrative, but I have found it out. The other one has a burning interest — though sometimes quenched by the ice-water of New England reticence—in purely material questions. Where do I get my clothes? I think that is about the most satisfactory subject with her. I tell her, and then I feel snubbed because she has never heard of the places. But she rolls them afterward as sweet morsels under her tongue, which is something of a consolation. Have I been unnecessarily detailed in my description? Well, that is the extent of my social environment, unless you count the people who come over now and then with supplies, with whom I always exchange a word or two from the front steps—that is part of the simplicity, you understand. Oh, yes, there is one other—he is a supply himself—of the pulpit in the 'Centre,' four miles from us. Now, I see you smile. At last, you say, we have come to the human interest. No, really, Frances—you know I would not hesitate to tell you if it were, but let me convince you. He lives in the only other house in this part of the country —boards there, while he preaches for the summer in the aforesaid pulpit. So much in favor of your theory, I admit. He is good-looking—quite—but with an expression that betokens too much confidence in life's being a pleasant thing —you know the kind—a little trusting, if anything; which circumstance, fully considered, cannot be said to be for or against. But listen. I have heard him preach; I have met him once. He is narrow, opinionated, the plain, unvarnished product of a theological seminary

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of the most orthodox proclivities. Need I say more? He has all the disadvantages of the unfledged of every kind, with the added hinderance of profound conviction that he has Divine warrant for ignorance—a special outgrowth of this variety. Were the magnificent, broad, intellectual clergymen that you and I so much admire ever incased in this sort of shell, I wonder! I feel that I have placed the Reverend Alfred Neal above suspicion.

"Write to me, dear, and I will continue to tell you about my simplicity.

"Yours always,

"BETTY."

Miss Everard laid down her pen and sought in her portfolio for an envelope. Then she took up her letter and read it hastily through. "Betty!" she said to herself, as she folded and addressed it to Miss Waring, "that is not a name to be bestowed under a republican government. It ought to have 'Lady' before it, and then it suggests powder and plumes and patches. Lady Betty! How pretty she would be in a ruff and high red-heeled shoes!" She had risen while she soliloquized, and, placing her stamped and sealed letter upon her dressing-table, she glanced in the mirror. "But just plain Betty! Well, perhaps not hopelessly plain Betty—" and she smiled calmly at her own reflection, "but unpowdered, unplumed, unpatched, nineteenth-century Betty—that is highly inappropriate."

She sauntered indolently to the small window and looked across at the pine-woods, whose fragrant, spicy breath came into the room below the slightly raised sash. It was one of those windows to open which demands strength which is as the strength of ten, and which, when opened, refuse to be closed again save with the velocity and archaic force of a battering-ram. "I have been used," pondered Miss Everard, with that volatility which comes with the accomplishment of a definite duty, "to windows which remained up without visible means of support. Since I came to Kenyon's I have learned better. It seems to me that one volume of Roman history and a hair-brush don't keep that window up high enough." She gazed idly round the room. "I guess one of my second-best slippers will about do it," and she inserted that bit of personal property, with no mean skill, so that the high heel raised the window two or three inches farther. "That isn't much," she concluded, somewhat warm with the effort, "but it is something. How delicious that pine-fragrance is!" and she bent her head so that her little nose drew in long breaths of the sweet air through the opening. Then she walked over again to the dressing-table, took down a broad hat which hung at one side, and, picking up her letter, went slowly out of the room. At the door she paused and looked back.

"I suppose that window will come down," she soliloquized, still idly, "and grind that slipper and the hair-brush to powder. Never mind. Rome can stand it—and they must have hair-brushes over at the 'Centre.'" There was an inconsequence in whatever she did which was itself a conscious charm for her in her life here. It was a delightful sense, this of having no duties, of being able to saunter from table to window and back again, to put on her hat, and make stop-gaps of useful information when she chose, after the hurry, social, intellectual, and physical, of the last five years.

On the wide door-stone, in two little chairs, sat Mrs. Mint and Mrs. Thrum. It demanded a trained faculty of observation to immediately recognize the fact that these two chairs were just alike. It struck most people, as it had struck Miss Everard, that they were totally unlike, and it was only after coming across them several times when they were empty that one perceived that it was the figures of their usual occupants which imparted this air of distinct dissimilarity. Now, for instance, Mrs. Thrum's was an alert, inquisitive, somewhat self-willed rocking-chair, as she sat on the edge and tipped it forward to the extreme limit of equilibrium; when it went back it flew back suddenly as if only to take breath for another prolonged pause in its constrained position on the front end of the rocker. As for Mrs. Mint's, hers was a calm, even-tempered, mildly au-

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thoritative chair. It moved slowly back and forth, and asserted itself no further than by way of gentle accompaniment to the statements made from its depths. Except now and then when there was a pause, then it furnished suggestions of its own, its slow, regular motion conveying to all intelligent minds the assurance that the world went on just about as well whether we looked after it or not, and there was no use in being uncomfortable.

"Mrs. Thrum," said Miss Everard's clear voice in the hall, "shall I leave my letter here on the table? or is it too late for the butcher?"

"Land, yes!" said Elvira Thrum. "He was here before you was up."

"But Edward hasn't been from the store, Elvira," suggested her sister.

"No, and he won't be here till he thinks I've forgot that he brought me cream o' tartar and labelled it saleratus," replied Elvira, somewhat grimly.

"I don't know as he will," assented Mrs. Mint. Betty sauntered to the door and leaned against the side, with the letter still in her hand, pending the discussion of its chances. Both the little old women turned and looked up at her.

"Perhaps there'll be somebody along from the other house," hazarded Camilla, "on the way to Centre. You might stick it in the railing in case anybody is."

"Are those cherries artificial?" inquired Elvira.

"Cherries?" said Betty. "Oh, yes, very artificial indeed," and she put up her hand and pinched one of the red ornaments of her hat.

"I wouldn't wonder," continued Camilla, rocking to and fro, her hands folded in her lap, "but what Mr. Neal would be going on down this morning. He calls on old Miss Stiff pretty regular."

"Did you buy them on it?" asked Elvira.

"Er—yes—I think I did," answered Betty, "and yet, I'm not sure—perhaps I saw them somewhere—no, I'm sure they were on it." Her anxiety to please made her almost painfully conscientious.

"She says he's a great comfort to her. He's so positive in his faith," commented Mrs. Mint, with satisfaction.

"I suppose you most always buy 'em ready made," asserted Mrs. Thrum.

"Yes," said Betty, conscious that this proceeding would have its objection, "it is more convenient, you know, and you can tell——"

"All the faith I could ever see that old Miss Stiff had," interrupted Elvira, as her rocking-chair flew back once and then forward again, where it remained poised, "was that all the people that didn't agree with her'd get come up with."

"Something like David," remarked Camilla.

"I don't know as Mr. Neal'd get along any too well with David," said Elvira, with a certain amount of irrelevance. "I got my last bonnet ready made, and it looked like a peck-measure when I got it home."

"They look very differently when one gets them home," answered Betty.

She stood smiling down on her two diminutive companions as she spoke, tapping her belated letter against her small white teeth, her dainty yellow gown turned away at the throat, where the cream-colored embroidery was caught together with a gold pin, the only ornament she wore. Then she raised her eyes and glanced up the road.

"Suppose I should walk over to Centre myself," she suggested. The gate of the "other house," the one just beyond the bend of the road, creaked as it was pulled open. They could always hear that gate creak. Camilla turned and looked up the road.

"Here comes Mr. Neal now," she said, placidly. Betty did not change her position as she watched the young man come briskly toward them, but her smile grew more amused. He was quite conscious of the scrutiny he was undergoing, and as he raised his hat, just opposite the door, his face was flushed and he spoke with an embarrassed little laugh.

"Good-morning, ladies," he said. "Can I be of any service? I am going to the Centre."

He was a tall man, too slight for his height; his clothes were evidently carefully put on, and his expression was

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somewhat provokingly amiable, as Betty had hinted to Miss Waring. His manner and appearance indicated that somewhat uneasy consciousness of externals which, by some apparent injustice, seems to be a part of those who, it is conceded, are specially occupied with the hidden and the vital. He looked at Betty as he spoke, as most men would have done in his place, and, meeting her gay little nod of greeting, immediately turned his eyes away and looked questioningly at Elvira and Camilla. He even contrived to convey a slight shade of disapproval in the way in which he did this. Possibly her smile and nod were too gay; possibly, in spite of their gayety, they were too indifferent, too suggestive of this person's proneness to take life easily, and to consider morning meetings with young clergymen as destitute of any profound importance.

"Did you sit up with Mr. Thomas last night?" asked Elvira.

"Yes, I did," he replied, with solemnity.

"Did he die in the night?" she asked, quickly, before Camilla could speak.

"Oh, no, he's better this morning."

"Is?" Perhaps there was a shade of disappointment in this observation, but not more than was entirely natural.

"The Thomases always had rheumatic fever as a family," said Camilla. "Reuben Thomas's father had it twice. I said to him once, it was when we lived, my husband and I, in Whitney, that was before my husband went into business with his brother and we had the little house that set back from the street, and Pelatiah, that's Reuben Thomas's father, used to drive by every day with"—Elvira's rocking chair had hung fire long enough. "Here's Miss Everard," she said, "talking about walking over to Centre herself."

Camilla looked at her sister with mild reproof, but met no glance of apology. Elvira was looking at Mr. Neal and revolving another question. Neal had not raised his eyes to Betty's a second time, but, as he listened respectfully to the sisters, he was conscious to his finger-tips that she was watching him from the vantage of the threshold, with that same tantalizing little smile. Elvira's remark necessitated his addressing her.

"Can I—will you—" he began, looking up and stammering a little in his embarrassment. She waited a moment, but he did not finish his sentence. The day was warm and damp, and his hair, a trifle longer than fashion demands, had curled into little rings about his forehead, giving him a very boyish look.

"How nice to have your hair curl like that," she said. "Just nothing but the weather!"

The soul of the Reverend Alfred Neal quivered with resentful confusion, but he found no words with which to assert his dignity, and grew scarlet under the mocking brightness of Betty's sweet smile.

"Well, it is," said Mrs. Thrum. Neither she nor Mrs. Mint felt the indignity.

"Do you do yours with an iron?" she went on, swiftly.

"I've given it up entirely," said Miss Everard, laughing. Then, meeting a look of scepticism from Elvira, she added, "Oh, you mean in the back of my neck—yes, with an iron."

"I mean in the back of your neck," said Elvira.

During the conversation the Reverend Alfred Neal grew warmer and warmer. It seemed to him to more than verge on indelicacy. It was not the sort of thing that men of his cloth should listen to. And yet, when Mrs. Thrum finished her last sentence, to save his life he could not prevent his eyes from a hasty glance at the back of Miss Everard's head, where a small blond, fluffy curl made itself seen below the rim of her hat. Unfortunately he also met her eyes, and there was that in their malicious depths that worsted him yet further. Then their expression changed utterly. She stepped down, and held out her letter.

"Will you mail it for me?" she said, gravely. "I shall be very much obliged." And lifting her delicate skirt with one hand, and with a nod of farewell, she passed down from the piazza to the gate, so near that her dress touched him, and, crossing the road, turned into the cool pine-woods just below. Alfred Neal went on his way to the village in a state of mind not altogether well regulated. He was a little

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vexed, a trifle shocked, and a good deal embarrassed. A course of reflection, however, upon his own position and the transitory influence of a girl like Miss Everard restored his ordinary confident composure before he entered the main street of the Centre, where domestic commerce was represented by two stores, on the front piazza of each of which sat the proprietor in his shirt-sleeves, with his chair tipped back against the white-painted wall.

Betty made her way over the slippery pine-needles, until, with a steadiness of purpose denoting a specific goal, she reached a tall pine-tree whose shaft went straight up, not bothering itself with branches, for thirty feet. Here she threw herself down and, removing her hat, leaned back in the embracing roots. The resinous bark gave forth its spicy smell. Hot as it was, there was a faint breeze which just kept up conversation in the tops of the pine-trees. Small and active insects went pottering about the moss and needles and soft earth. It was delicious. Betty drew a sigh of satisfaction, and pitied the people in towns. A faint smile touched her lips as she recalled Neal's expression in his first flush of annoyance at her impertinence.

"It did curl prettily," she said to herself, lazily stretching her arm over her head. "It made him almost debonair. Fancy the Reverend Alfred Neal debonair! He doesn't know what it means. Ho! hum!" she yawned. "Yes, I suppose life *is* real, life is earnest. But I have to convince myself of it; some people are born believing it. They're just like that ant. They take life seriously and hurl themselves against obstacles without in the least knowing why," and Neal passed entirely out of Miss Everard's consciousness in a mist of philosophic speculation which was one of the privileges of Kenyon's. She never had time for it at home.

It was high noon when Neal came back along the dusty high-road. As he drew near the two-house hamlet known as Kenyon's, he tore open a letter and began to read it. It was from a theological classmate who was settled in the small town where they had both been at college. He wrote with the freedom of a man sure of his audience, and among other things referred to a certain laxity of doctrine perceptible even in his own congregation as a part of the undoubted laxity of the age. "We have had enough of the doctrine of brotherly love," wrote this confident young preacher. "It is time to dwell on the other side. Brotherly love in these times of breadth and toleration will take care of itself. Heaven forbid that I should underrate its importance, but let you and me, Brother Neal, see to it that brotherly warning and argument also continue."

Neal nodded his head as he read in warm acquiescence. It was a pity that so many preachers gifted of God were so prone to be over-lenient toward the promptings of a personal devil. And he breathed a sigh, genuine and devoted, over the evils which it might lead to. There was not the slightest taint of hypocrisy in the soul of Alfred Neal; he was single-minded and earnest. At the close of the letter his friend gave him an item or two of news. "Emily Grant asked about you the other day, and was interested to hear of your summer's work. She spends part of the summer in New Hampshire, whither she goes to-morrow."

Alfred Neal folded the letter, put it in his pocket, and, crossing the road that he might be more in the shade of the over-reaching branches, betook himself again to meditation. Emily Grant! She had been his companion in many of the harmless gayeties of the little town. On picnics he had often found himself at her side, and after the weekly sociable his forethought had usually provided her with an escort home. She was a pretty girl, with a sweet, yielding expression, and an inflexibility of opinion that would have done credit to an inquisitor. More than one whisper had reached young Neal's not ungratified ears regarding her innate suitability for the part of clergyman's wife. It is to be supposed that Emily's own ears had not been entirely unassailed by such suggestions, but she had never shown them anything but the most becoming indifference. When Neal left for this his first parochial experience in the wilds of Maine, they had parted with unemotional propriety and an unexpressed expecta-

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tion of meeting again, which, possibly, upon the part of one or the other, might be said to approximate to a determination. To-day, as he walked quickly along, his hat in his hand and the breeze ruffling still further those unclerical rings of hair, the image of Emily Grant, though unexceptionable in detail, had a certain colorlessness. An annoyed squirrel rustled suddenly at his right. He turned to watch, if might be, its rapid course along the picturesque pathway of a broken, moss-grown, insufficient rail-fence. Caught by a glint of color, his eye wandered farther into the woods. At the base of the pine-tree, just visible from the lonely road, sat Miss Everard. The pale yellow of her dress blended with the wood browns and dusky greens about her, while the hot sunlight penetrating here and there made flecks of a still paler gold. She suggested a true butterfly of fashion, alighted for a moment in the flowerless recesses of the forest. She was reading, and his step did not startle her into lifting her head. Alfred paused a moment. The insufficient fence had come to a sudden pause here, forcing the squirrel into a precipitate leap and leaving the way invitingly open into the solitude peopled by this harmonious young person. The road was hot and dusty, the wood cool and fragrant, and Kenyon's dinner-hour was fifteen minutes off. Miss Everard seemed rendered peculiarly accessible by the surrender of the fence, and Neal turned and made his way up the slippery brown pathway. She raised her eyes and smiled in recognition. Now that he had come, he realized that he had no statement to make, and his conscientiousness led him to feel that the occasion demanded one. Evidently she was deficient in conscientiousness, for she did not share his uneasiness.

"That is a nice root," she observed, pointing it out in a friendly way. "If you sit down a little lower you will find it makes a back, and there is a place for your arm too."

Neal had not expected to sit down by her side. He had had a vague idea of standing and saying a few words to her. It seemed almost too sylvan to sit on the ground, in the lazy attitude her suggestion indicated, and take part in a tête-à-tête. But his six-mile walk made the resting-place not uninviting, and he remembered that he had done the same thing at picnics without incurring serious liabilities. Moreover, her manner and words were of a disarming simplicity.

"Did you bring me a letter?" she asked.

"No, there were none for you."

"Such is the faithlessness of friends."

"Do you not expect too much from your friends?" he ventured.

"Undoubtedly I do. Everybody does. And then we all get disappointed, and begin over again."

"Perhaps you should have said your nominal friends," he suggested, with good-humored tolerance.

Miss Everard was unaccustomed to be told what she should have said.

"Well, yes. What other kind are worth having? I don't care a pin for people who are your friends and are ashamed to be called so," she said, wilfully.

"That is not quite what I meant," he began, carefully.

"Oh, meant!" exclaimed Betty, throwing her head back against the trunk of the tree and looking at him under her eyelashes. "What difference does it make what any of us mean?"

Such utter irrelevance was a novelty to Neal. His perplexity with the manner gave him no time to ponder the audacity of the matter. He experienced a shade of satisfaction that he had not stood up, after all; he recognized dimly that the pulpit attitude would have put him still more at a disadvantage.

"I—I—" he began.

"Now, don't say," she interrupted, "that though it may not make any difference what *I* mean, you are glad to say it makes a great deal of difference what *you* mean!"

The very fact that any expression of this kind had been so far from his lips perplexed him the more. He envied the man who might have the presence of mind to answer her so.

"Because it won't do any good. I suppose," she went on, curiously, "that is what you are always thinking of—doing people good."

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"I wish I was," he replied, honestly.

"Now I like that in you," said Betty, her eyes softening, as she leaned forward again, her hands lying clasped around her knee. "It is very interesting."

"It ought to be," he answered, "but it isn't always." He paused, frightened, feeling that he had made a dangerous betrayal. She did not seem at all shocked.

"No, I suppose not," she answered. "But then, you know, nothing is—always."

This was not the form of consolation that he felt the occasion demanded, but whether it was the rest and the coolness, or her words or her presence itself, his aroused conscientiousness allowed itself to be soothed and he let his statement go undefended.

"I had a letter this morning," he said, still under the influence of this sudden expansiveness, "from a friend who is more than a nominal one—one whose friendship is a privilege indeed."

"Ah!" said Miss Everard. But before he had time to think this exclamation irrelevant too, "And was it a nice letter?" she questioned, with a smile.

"Yes," he assented, with momentary hesitation at the insufficiency of the adjective, "really, a precious letter."

"Do you get one every day?" inquired Betty, with friendly impertinence.

"Every day? Oh, no. He has a large parish and——"

"Oh!" said Betty again. "He's a man. Yes, go on." But her rapidly drawn conclusions and their modifications made it impossible for him for the moment to go on. It flashed across him what she had thought, and he paused and laughed in some embarrassment. He thought of Emily Grant, and he was alarmed to see how near he had unwittingly drawn to the reefs of sentiment.

"That's all right," said Betty, composedly, "he has a large parish and——"

"And he finds his time fully occupied," concluded Neal, somewhat ineffectively. Now that she had steered him safely off again he almost regretted that he had not dallied with the danger a little. He would have liked to have answered her that he was heart-whole—Emily Grant being for the moment in abeyance—and possibly have received some like acknowledgment from her.

"You must have a great deal in common," she said. "That makes it so easy to write."

"Yes," he answered. He saw her intention to be sympathetic and interested, but did not find it so easy to take advantage of as at first. Emily Grant seemed to be in some inexplicable fashion an intrusive influence. She waited a moment, and then she looked up into the tall tree-tops.

"Isn't it nice," she said, "the trees and the dry ground and the warm sun? Aren't you glad you are not a trilobite or a—a—some kind of a pod, you know, that lived before the earth was done?" and she brought her lazy glance down to rest upon his.

"Yes," he said, smiling, "I think I am."

"They must have had such a stupid time," she commented, "poking round."

He felt that her geological knowledge might be doubtful, but her imagination found a response in his own perceptions.

"Yes," he said, "it is a distinct pleasure to live to-day," and he, too, looked about him appreciatively.

"And to live one must eat," said Betty, gayly, looking at a toy watch. "The dinner-hour of Kenyon's will be past when you swing that atrociously rusty gate. As for me, I shall be just in time. And we have such beautiful things to eat at our house, I wouldn't miss one of them!" she asserted, greedily. He followed her down the rough path and crossed with her the dusty road. When he left her at the gate he looked back at the morning interview as a time when he had not known her very well. As he entered Deacon Evans's, and knew from the clatter of knives and forks that they were at dinner, he wondered if his detention had been altogether a profitable one. She was an attractive woman, to be sure, but Emily Grant would never have thought of bringing a member of the Christian ministry into even momentary comparison with "some kind of a pod."

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On a day of the next week Miss Everard came into the sitting-room and found both rocking-chairs empty. It was a disappointment. It rained hard, and she had come down from her room after what was to her sedulous application to the "Decline and Fall"—though possibly to a student somewhat desultory—and she felt the need of relaxation. She wandered to the window and watched the chattering little puddles in the middle of the road, and the tops of the trees waving irresolutely against the sky. She bethought herself that rainy afternoons were not altogether dreary in the city. One could stay at home now and then, and someone might happen in for a cup of tea. The kitchen door opened and Camilla came in, and took her rocking-chair.

"Oh, Mrs. Mint," said Betty, "I want to be entertained."

"When I lived in Whitney," Camilla began—Betty leaned her head against the wall, swinging one slippered foot, the other lying out of sight—"I used to entertain a good deal. I remember once they were coming to our house to the sewing society. It wasn't the church society. I'll tell you just how it was. They used to do more talking than sewing at the church society. My husband used to say to me, that was when he was alive, that we lived in Whitney, and he used to go in the evening, along with the other gentlemen, they always liked to have him come too—I remember Mrs. Burns saying to me once that it was always a different sort of sewing society when Anise Mint came. My husband's name was Anise, and he had a brother Cummin. Old Father and Mother Mint both of them had a liking for Bible names, and they said it always seemed providential their names being Mint and having just those two sons. They always spoke of them as 'my two sons Anise Mint and Cummin'—the sound of it sort of pleased them. My husband was a very lively man."

The poignancy of Mrs. Mint's grief at the loss of this attractive consort had sufficiently passed away for her to dwell upon his qualities with calm appreciation. Her rocking-chair was moving back and forth in its usual contemplative manner, with her two little hands resting on its arms. Betty nodded from time to time, and said, "Oh," "Yes," and "Indeed," when occasion demanded it, which was not often.

"He used to say about the church sewing society that he made excuses to come at all sorts of times, but he had never struck it when they weren't just putting away the sewing. So there were some of us used to meet between times, those of us that were interested, and that was the one that was meeting at our house at the time I speak of. Mrs. Burns was the first to come——"

Just here Elvira came into the room, and, taking possession of her own rocking-chair observed: "Those hollyhock seeds aren't no manner of use."

"And she said when she came that she didn't see why she hadn't run across young Mrs. Babbitt on her way over. She lived near her in the house that stood at the end of the green, and it was burned afterward, and they couldn't get the insurance. It had run out just the week before."

"I got 'em of Amelia Thomas," said Mrs. Thrum. "She told me they blossomed most any time. I planted them along in the spring and they haven't blossomed yet, and I guess they don't mean to. Is that a photograph of your sister that stands alongside of your mirror?"

"Yes," answered Betty, "my older sister."

"Married?"

"Oh, yes, and lives in——"

"I was trying to tell her about the time that—" began Mrs. Mint.

"Where did you say she lived?" asked Mrs. Thrum.

"In Cleveland."

"Does?"

"That Mrs. Babbitt committed suicide," concluded Mrs. Mint.

"Suicide!" exclaimed Betty.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mint, placidly, "that was the reason she didn't come. She'd taken laudanum. They had two doctors; old Doctor Norton, that lived in the next town, he happened to be driving through, and Dr. Bent called him in—he was a young man and inexperienced. My husband said——"

"There is Mr. Neal," said Mrs. Thrum; "I shouldn't wonder if he was coming

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over here. Land! he hasn't any umbrella. I guess something's happened. He looks sort of hurried."

Betty leaned forward and looked out of the window. Mr. Neal did seem hurried. He was running as fast as he could through the driving rain, and along the muddy road.

"You don't suppose anybody's committed suicide, do you?" asked Betty, with some apprehension.

"I guess anybody over there hasn't," said Mrs. Thrum, decidedly. "Caleb Evans feels about dying as the wicked man did about the resurrection — it'll come soon enough, anyhow."

She stepped to the door, leaving her rocking-chair to fly back and forth wildly, while Mrs. Mint tipped hers a little forward and waited. Betty rose too, and went to the door, looking over Mrs. Thrum's shoulder. It really seemed as if there was to be an event.

"Oh, Mrs. Thrum," panted Neal, as he sprang up the low steps, "there has been an accident. Nat has had his arm badly cut in the cutting-machine. His father is away and there isn't anybody good for anything over there. Can one of you come over while I run for the doctor?"

"Cut?" said Elvira. "Nat? Why, I'll come right over."

"You don't go a step to-day, Elvira!" said Mrs. Mint from the balanced rocking-chair. "I don't propose to nurse you through rheumatic fever. I'll go myself," and she rose and came forward.

"Well, I guess you'll take some time to get ready," retorted Elvira, "so as you won't come down with pneumonia."

"I ought to have thought of that," said Neal, and paused, dismayed, as he looked out at the driving storm. He knew perfectly well that both these old ladies were really invalids. But the case was so urgent—even now it seemed to him the delay had been tremendous. As Mrs. Thrum spoke, Betty, with swift movement, had slipped by her, snatched a heavy shawl from the chair in the little entry and now stood by his side.

"I'll go," she said, impatiently. "Come."

He turned and looked at her, the shawl drawn over her dainty head, her face pale with fright.

"You?" he said, doubtfully.

"Yes," she answered. "Come, I say!" and darted down from the sheltering porch into the heavy rain.

"But—" he began, as he followed her.

"Land!" observed Elvira, "that'll be the end of that dress. Slippers, too. I wonder which arm it is he's cut."

Camilla had already gone to her room to prepare to face the storm.

"Get some bandages ready, quick, Elvira," she called out.

"I'm getting them," replied Elvira. "Did you think I thought it would do just as well to get them to-morrow?"

"Tell me what to do," Betty said. He did so in a few words. He had improvised a tourniquet and had stanched the bleeding for the present, but feared that it might break out afresh, and then it would be to do over again.

"Yes," she said, "I understand;" and they entered the Evans's house. The boy's mother was in a state of partial collapse from fright, but still held the arm as Mr. Neal had bidden her, looking alarmingly white. The younger sister was shrieking, "Oh, Nat'll die, won't he?" in the stimulating and encouraging manner peculiar to ungoverned feminine anxiety. The boy himself, calm enough, lay on the floor, the stained bandages giving Betty one awful moment of sickening nervousness. But Alfred Neal, while he paused to see if this was going to do, did not perceive this; he only saw her drop down on the floor, slip her hands about the wounded arm, telling the half-fainting woman to go away until she felt better, and, with a little smile of encouragement to the boy himself, introduce suddenly elements of order and relief. Then he dashed out a second time into the rain after the doctor.

Insensibly, during the last week, his admiration for another sort of Betty had been growing, but now he carried with him a new impulse toward this pale, smiling young woman, with firm, gentle fingers, who had tossed back her heavy shawl, and, with raindrops still hanging on her hair and little, soaked slippers, had calmly taken the position of ministering angel. Possibly a min-

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istering angel might have chosen other language to express Miss Everard's next idea.

"You little idiot," she observed to the irresponsible Eliza. "He won't die unless he does it to get rid of hearing you make that outrageous noise." Eliza held her tongue and gazed like one distraught at the young lady, with the beautiful clothes, who had a command of ready invective somewhat at variance with her appearance. Betty took immediate advantage of her stupefaction.

"Now go and get your mother a glass of water," she said, "and take her this," and she placed a toy vinaigrette in the hands of the obedient Eliza. Then she began to talk to Nat, whose boyish endurance found food and comfort in her attentions. She had begun bravely, but it was with a sigh of relief that she heard Mrs. Mint's voice in the entry.

"Don't take on," she was saying. "Men are always doing things to themselves, even in their cradles." The vision of a large man in a small cradle inclined Betty's nerves to hysterical laughter, but she did not yield to it. "It's fortunate the Lord made 'em tough," concluded Mrs. Mint. With this placidity between her and the contingency of Neal's unprofessional bandaging proving insufficient, it did not seem very long to Betty before the doctor entered, with Neal, who had met him at the end of a mile covered at racing speed. Then she was free to go out of the room and take her damp skirts and slippers home again. Neal had an umbrella for her this time, and in that short, sloppy walk home they were nearer in sympathy than they had ever been before. The half-mocking and critical, half-indifferent attitude which Miss Everard had hitherto maintained to the young clergyman had given way to a natural feminine confidence in this man, who had known what to do in case of accident and had then run a mile, in a pouring rain, for a doctor. The old ineradicable instinct of the weaker toward the stronger had gotten the better of her cultured perceptions. With Neal an equally natural force exerted itself. She had been feminine and calm and apprehensively brave, instead of fascinating, eluding, and dangerously broad-minded. In fact, she had adopted a demeanor which would have done credit to Emily Grant herself. He did not formulate this last idea, but it was in the background, casting its protecting shadow over the attachment he felt for Miss Everard.

The next two weeks saw the two often together. Kenyon's was too remote from contemporary observation for gossip.

As for Mrs. Mint and Mrs. Thrum, life was to them a spectacle of much interest, few surprises, and no fining and refining of motives or mental processes whatsoever.

It was natural that the time Neal had to spare from pastoral work should be spent with Miss Everard. Notwithstanding their many differences, and the fact that Betty was always mentally comparing him with greater men of his own profession, to his manifest disadvantage, they represented the same intellectual plane. In a community where intellectual interests were wide-spread, these differences would have kept them apart; in this isolated spot they were drawn together.

One afternoon she again sat before the open window writing. The deeper, thicker green outside, and the burning, impalpable haze that penetrated without obscuring the landscape, showed that it was no longer early summer.

"Dear Frances," her letter ran: "It has always been my wish to gratify your entirely legitimate appetite for personal details, when in my power. I shall let this occasion be no exception; consequently, when you ask—'How about the clerical Mr. Neal? Is not the point of view changing?' I hasten to reply with a frankness which should disarm unworthy suspicion. Yes, certainly, the point of view has changed."

Here Miss Everard paused, and insensibly drifted into a purposeless revery; then, biting her pen-handle with some determination, she brought herself up sharply to self-analysis.

"Much more than this I am not prepared to say. He has grown more interesting, certainly—I am not sure that he has not grown indispensable—I know I can trust you to understand that I refer only to my existence here. He

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annoys me frequently. This may be in your mind an important point—he annoys me more than is altogether compatible with personal indifference. I like him best when he is serious and earnest. Unhappily, he has opposite moods—moods of gayety when he seeks to make evident that, while he is a clergyman, he is not held in by iron-bound tradition, and then he makes jokes upon serious subjects. These are jokes which to a polished unbeliever would seem to lack humor, and are to me irreverent. He means to imply that his heart is so thoroughly in the right place that he can afford to play with the fringes upon the robe of righteousness. I have always thought that humor should be the more carefully handled rather than the less, when applied to what we love and honor. After he has said something of this kind he perceives, somehow, that he has not struck quite the note of worldly culture he thinks appropriate for my ears, and relapses into a mood of momentary depression which he shakes off with another joke, possibly in still worse taste, to prove to himself and to me that there was no harm in the first one. Yes, this more than annoys—it irritates me. I think that is the worst I can say of him. As opposed to this, he has an earnestness and a sincerity of purpose which make me like him. Now and then, Frances, you know, one tires of these broad people to whom all things are equally important.

"I could write a history of Whitney—I think I shall, sometime. But it must be of its historic period — when Mrs. Mint lived there. Such exciting things happened there then—the air was thick with mystery and the salons of the women of Whitney 'wielded far, peace and war.' Nothing happens there now. I went there with Mrs. Mint the other day. I was dreadfully disappointed. The streets are grassy lanes. To quote again from the same poem: 'Such a carpet as o'erspreads—every vestige of the city, guessed alone—where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe, long ago.' Perhaps the multitude of men was a fiction of my imagination, under the sway of Mrs. Mint's reminiscences. But not the 'joy and woe'—they are not prerogatives of a multitude.

"It's very trying, do you know, Frances, every now and then, when you are really interested in a subject, to come up against a bowlder of prepossession. Do you know what I mean? Suppose one is talking of some point of doctrine or criticism, or anything you like, and you find what you say accepted without argument or protest, simply because your whole training and belief are so wrong that there is no use saying anything. And this when you know perfectly well that your own stand-point is really that learned from the wise and broad minds of the century. Do you know what that is? It is exasperating.

"Always yours,

"Betty."

A week later Betty sat on the little porch. It was moonlight, and the soft radiance which here betrays and here conceals, with supernatural perception of the artistic needs of earth and humanity, had cast its mantle over even the rocking-chairs which stood empty on either side, so that they might have been slight, delicate frames waiting for fair and unearthly shapes, instead of sturdy and reliable supports for Mrs. Thrum and Mrs. Mint, just gone inside out of the damp. Something of this sort came into Miss Everard's fanciful head, resting against the door-post, as she sat on the low step of the threshold and watched the dainty lace-like pattern made upon the wooden boards, by the moonlight shining through the prosaic cane seats of the chairs.

"Why not a dryad?" she said, dreamily. "A nineteenth-century dryad of a wooden rocking-chair? I am sure if I were one I'd rather inhabit a rocking-chair than the trunk of a tree." Neal looked up at her from the lower step. The moonlight fell upon her hair, softening the curves of her face and figure with its own half-spiritual, half-sensuous suggestiveness. Her eyes deepened and darkened as she looked from the porch out into the fragrant, clinging duskiness of the summer night. It was one or two minutes before he became conscious that she had spoken, and that, instead of answering, he had been watching her with an intensity that partook a little too much of the thoughtlessness of irre-

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sponsible manhood. With an effort he turned away and gazed into the shadows of the opposite wood, whence came the low, persistent sounds of manifold insect vivacity.

"Dryads," he repeated, slowly. He was not quite sure what he was going to say, but the sudden recollection of Emily Grant, as she had appeared once crowned with leaves at a strawberry festival, where he had addressed her as "Fair dryad," helped him to pull himself together.

"Those old myths," he said, "will always bind the fancy more or less. They have a certain hold on the truths of nature that appeals to the universal human heart."

While he could be didactic, he was safe from any misleading influence of the hour.

"Why myths?" demanded Betty, perversely. "Why may they not have existed?—long ago, you know; I don't say," she admitted, with fine tolerance, "that they exist now. But I am quite as likely to have descended from a dryad as from an oyster."

Although Neal did not look at her again he knew her portrait, and he felt that really she had reason on her side.

"An oyster," he repeated, vaguely.

"Yes, why not?"

"I have no sympathy with the theory of evolution myself," he asserted, shifting a little the ground of argument. There was a movement on the wooden boards of the small slippered foot at his side.

"But that hasn't anything to do with it," said Miss Everard.

"But it has," he responded, unguardedly allowing himself to be drawn into opposing her absurdity, and he turned and looked up into her face. Possibly Miss Everard had anticipated this, for she smiled down at him, and, with a sudden loss of active interest, said: "Has it?" as if she had no particular objection. Again Neal saw the fair outline, and the white wrists, and the shadowy eyes, and again he betook himself to the firm ground of controversy.

"How certain men in the Church itself can assume the theories of evolution to be facts is a mysterious thing," he declared. "Its conclusions are adverse to all that we have of revelation."

"Oh," she demurred, "doesn't that depend on the way of looking at it?"

"No," he said, "that would be the end of peace and safety. We can look at a thing in such a way as to make it appear its direct contrary." As he spoke, he knew that it was not as warmly as usual. He believed what he said, but for the first time in his life a doubt crept into his heart concerning the absolute verity of all the conclusions of his life. Was it possible that some of them might be mistaken ones? Even as he pushed away the doubt, it was almost with the unallowed exclamation, What matters? He was frightened at the thought. Was it possible that there was any force in the world strong enough to make his theological convictions a secondary matter? Yet even the fright did not last, the apprehension that he might be losing his hold on the very essence of his life-work grew faint and far away. Was everything slipping away into a world of unrealities except the moonlight, and the sweet July air, and a beautiful woman on the steps above him — all realities, whose presence he felt as he had often in moods of special grace felt other higher things?

"But shouldn't we admit all of science that we can?" said Betty. "Is not that the way not to fear it?"

"Ah, that is the dangerous doctrine," he answered. "It is this paltering with science, this readiness to give up the divinations of truth for the mathematics of science that is working us loss and injury."

How well he knew the words, though he said them perfunctorily enough. They came to his lips readily. They were the result of honest thought. How often he had said them and heard them, together with his friend of seminary days, before he had come to the Centre, before he had loved this woman, who meant grace and beauty and mental inspiration and delicious companionship and life itself—before he had loved her! He had not known where he was going; the knowledge overwhelmed him in a flood of conviction. Before its illuminating power he stood abashed but unregretful. He covered his eyes for a mo-

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ment's thought. It seemed to him as if a long time passed, but it was only a moment, and Betty was saying, with a little sigh:

"Well, perhaps. We don't any of us know too much. Let us not lose the divinations of truth, whatever else may go." She thought him narrow, and the hopelessness of finding a common ground, at which she had hinted to Frances, oppressed her; but she had a deep reverence for conviction, and as she saw him, his head bowed in serious thought, she withheld her tongue from argument and assented to what truth she accepted. Neal looked up. The shadows of the woods were black beyond the broad white pathway of the road, edged by the tall, ragged weeds, fairy-like under the general enchantment. The summer chorus had grown somewhat subdued, the fragrance of sweet-william mingled with that of the pines.

"Betty," he said. Miss Everard's eyes grew a little startled. She had not thought this was so near. She lifted her hand.

"Hush!" she said, leaning forward. "Listen a moment." Involuntarily Neal turned his head and looked toward the road, listening too. The sound of a horse's hoofs was heard.

It was a most unusual thing at night. Betty was vaguely frightened. There is always something a trifle spectral in the hoof-beats of an unseen horse. Neal was interested and curious. It grew more distinct, the horse and rider were not far off.

"Who can it be?" murmured Betty.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Neal, and he rose and walked down to the little gate, between the sweet-william and phlox. Betty rose too, and as she waited on the step saw the horse turn down toward Deacon Evans's.

"It is someone for me," said Neal, and he half-opened the gate and paused again. There were voices from the house, and in a few moments the horseman had wheeled about, traversed the short remaining distance, and stood before Neal at the gate.

"Old Missis Taunton is dying," said a boyish voice. "She's been took sudden, and she says as how she won't die without the minister. So if you'll ride Streak back, you'll just about get there, I guess."

The boy stood holding the bridle, and Neal looked back. "You hear what it is, Miss Everard?" he said; "I must go."

"Yes, of course," she murmured, "I understand."

He sprang on the horse, lifted his hat, and rode up the road out of sight, and the boy, declining her suggestion of rest, guessed he'd walk along.

Betty went in and put out the sitting-room lamp, nowadays always confided to her care, bolted the front door, and groped her way up the dark stairway. Instead of lighting her bedroom candle, she went to the window through whose uncurtained frame the moonlight poured in. This window was still upheld by Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and she gazed at the volume with a transient revival of interest. The second volume had given place to the first, which had been finished with a sensation of triumph which had carried her, free from conscience-pricks, over three days of no reading at all. With this trifling exception, the window-support sustained its original form.

"It is curious," she said to herself. "I came up here to devote myself to the past, and it seems to me now that all my interests are in the future."

She leaned her elbows on the top of the sash. When the messenger had swung himself from his horse below there at the gate, and she had heard him deliver his message, it had seemed a harsh, prosaic interruption to that scene of quiet, etherealized emotion. Old Mrs. Taunton was a hard-fisted, rich old woman. Who was she, that she should have come between these two just as he looked into her face and called her by her name? But that impression had been replaced by the realization that it was no trivial thing that had interrupted them. It was not a whim of old Mrs. Taunton. It was nothing less solemn than Death itself—one of the two or three great facts of life. There were not so many of them that were unalterable, unevadable—yes, to be sure, there was Love. And was not Love always confronted with the aw-

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ful strength of Death? Oh, yes, it was appropriate enough. She smiled as she remembered her irritation with his opinions, the narrowness which had seemed a hopeless stumbling-block in the way of their understanding one another. What were such small matters, compared with the power to face the realities of existence? How quickly, how naturally, he answered appeals such as this to-night — an appeal men and women of broader culture and larger views might have shrunk from. It seemed to Miss Everard as if, for the first time, she saw the true proportions of things.

Meanwhile Neal sat by the dying woman. She had sunk into temporary unconsciousness, but the doctor prophesied a brief return to reason and urged him to remain. Of course he did not dream of refusing, and as he sat there in the darkened room, silent, save for the heavy, uneven breathing at his side, he, too, face to face with Death, began again to see things in what he felt to be their true proportions. He was still under the spell of Betty's beauty and grace, he still felt the subtle influence of the scene he had just left, but the caution of his training and customary line of thought reasserted itself. Was this the woman who would be a helpmeet in the work he had to do? Would not this very beauty and grace be almost a drawback in an unappreciative parish? Less avowedly, but forcibly, came the reflection, would not this very quickness of intellect, now a refreshment, be a snare in the way of a fitting reverence for his authority and his office? To be sure, she had other claims on his affection. He thought of her as she sat on the farm-house floor, holding Nat's wounded arm, pale and resolute. A rush of love for her swept him on for a moment, but he fought with it and turned back. It was a crisis in his life —let him be wise! Half an hour later old Mrs. Taunton stirred, and called feebly. Neal knelt down at her side to pray. When he came away in the early morning after she died, he walked back to the farm-house with firm lips and determined stride. Later that day he wrote a friendly letter to Emily Grant.

It was the last day of August that the rocking-chairs on the porch were filled by Mrs. Thrum and Mrs. Mint.

"I'm sorry she's going," said the latter. "She hasn't been any trouble, and she's made it more lively since she's been here." She continued: "It has seemed more like Whitney—more like what it was when I lived there."

"I'm sorry too," said Mrs. Thrum. "She's going to send me her photograph, and I think I'll get a frame for it—one of those red-velvet ones. They have 'em at the Centre. It isn't very good velvet, but I guess it'll do. Not but what she's used to the best," she added. "Ought to have it, too."

"Mr. Neal'll miss her some, I guess," added Camilla, slowly rocking back and forth.

Elvira's chair jerked back suddenly.

"Miss her! He'll miss her, fast enough," and the chair flew forward again as Mrs. Thrum rose. "But what's *missing?*" and with what might have been a scornful toss she passed into the house. Mrs. Mint knit on placidly, steeped in reminiscences of a young clergyman who made a brief sojourn in Whitney.

Miss Everard was writing to Frances.

"Dear Frances," she said: "I start for home to-morrow. Yes, I think, perhaps, I am a little bored. But it is time for me to be at home, anyway, if you and I go away for September. As for Corydon—yes, again—it may be that I long to exchange the combination of crook and pastoral staff you refer to for something more polished and worldly. Anyway, come and see me at the end of the week.

"Yours,
"Betty."

"I've finished the 'Decline and Fall.'"

It was more than a year later. The sparse trees of the prosperous manufacturing town whither Alfred Neal had been called to take charge of a parish were already losing their yellow leaves, and the pretentious house opposite looked as cruelly unshaded and aggressively new as its owner's social position. Neal looked older and somewhat graver this afternoon, as he read the New York paper that had just come by mail. His

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air of superb confidence that for a man of good physique and theological training nothing ever came hard had diminished, but he had not lost by the change. Instead, his face had gained in thought and purpose.

"Married, October fifteenth, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Elizabeth, daughter of Franklin Everard"—the paper fell with a sudden rustle to the floor, and Neal strode to the window and leaned his forehead against the pane, staring across at the rich manufacturer's house, which stared back with all the strength of its uncurtained windows. In a few moments he came back, picked up the paper, and finished reading the notice. He knew the man by name and reputation well enough. He reddened with shamed annoyance when he realized that he was trying to think if he had ever heard anything against him, and he was sincerely glad that he had not. He dropped the paper again and threw his head back in his one easy-chair, and in so doing disarranged a silk-embroidered scarf worked by a member of the choir, and knocked off a balsam pillow sent him by one of his Sunday-school teachers. He recalled every incident of his last interview with Betty. After three months of a struggle which had taught him much he had not dreamed it necessary to learn, he had gone to see her at her own home. She had worn a pale-blue gown, and her head lay against the back of the cushioned, luxurious chair just as he had seen it on the rough pine-tree and the hard door-post at Kenyon's.

"No, Mr. Neal," she had said, kindly, so very kindly. "It really is too late for this sort of thing, you know. Up there, it was different. I think, one evening—the night old Mrs. Taunton died—what a superb summer night it was—do you remember?" He had raised his eyes and looked at her in silence when she said that.

"Yes," she went on, "I think you do. Well, that evening I think I was in love with you. I thought you very fine and noble, and I thought you could make me happy. Not that I don't think all those things now, you know," and whether her smile had a touch of its old mockery or not he could not for the life of him have told, "but I accept them as I do other facts, the personal appeal of them has vanished"—he had been about to speak then, but she went on, with a slight gesture—"vanished, I am afraid I must say, Mr. Neal, forever."

He remembered with a tremor, as of physical pain, how he had felt when she said those words. They were both silent for a moment. Miss Everard's slipper had slightly disturbed the snatched slumbers of a terrier that lay at her feet. Then she had spoken again.

"But you thought I would not do, you know——"

"Miss Everard," he had broken in, "I——"

"No, don't speak yet, please, Mr. Neal," she had said, smiling still; "I can say it a great deal better than you can. I have quite a gift for analyzing impressions, and I'm not a bit vexed. You thought I wouldn't do, and——"

He was glad that he had insisted on speaking once, at least.

"I did a foolish thing," he had exclaimed; "and I have suffered for it. But it was because I did not heed my own convictions. I admired you—I loved you then, as now, but I did not know until afterward that it was your character, your very self, that I loved as well as your beauty and your wit."

"Oh, Mr. Neal," she had exclaimed, softly, "you are saying beautiful things to me, but"—here she had leaned over and frankly held out her hand—"but you were right, in the first place; there is nothing to be sorry for—I wouldn't do at all. I know that now better than you knew it then. I thank you for being wise for us both."

Had ever man had his wisdom held up to him wearing more completely the guise of folly, he wondered to-day, as he absently played with an etched pen-wiper, the gift of the youngest member of his Bible-class? Folly, pitiless, irrevocable folly! and how sweetly she had shown it him, and how sure she had been that she was right! While he—and he rose and straightened himself as though to throw off the burden of his fatal uncertainty—was she perhaps right, right for him as well as for herself? Heaven knows!

The afternoon was wearing on. Autumn clouds were piling up in the west.

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He looked out of the window again. The manufacturer's youngest son was playing the hose over the clothes hung out to dry in the side yard. He turned away, took his hat, and went out. Down the street was a small, pretty, quiet house, and on its piazza he rang the bell.

"Is Miss Emily Grant still here?" he asked the maid who opened the door.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "She does not leave till to-morrow."

"Tell her," he said, entering, "that Mr. Neal would like to see her for a few minutes."

RENUNCIATION.

By Emily Dickinson.

THERE came a day at Summer's full
Entirely for me;
I thought that such was for the saints
Where Revelations be.

The Sun as common went abroad,
The flowers accustomed blew,
As if no sail the solstice passed
That maketh all things new.

The time was scarce profaned by speech;
The symbol of a word
Was needless as at Sacrament
The wardrobe of our Lord.

The hours slid past, as hours will,
Clutched tight by greedy hands;
So faces on two Decks look back
Bound to opposing Lands.

And so, when all the time had failed
Without external sound,
Each bound the other's crucifix——
We gave no other bond.

Sufficient troth that we should rise,
Deposed at length the grave,
To that new marriage justified
Through Calvaries of Love!

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A NEW ENGLAND INGÉNUE.

By John Seymour Wood.

I.

THE Archibald house, on West Forty—Street, was of the character described as a "modernized front." A handsome arch in rough stone surmounted the front-door, which was done in polished oak and plate-glass. The stoop was on a level with the sidewalk; a richly carved bow-window jutted out from the second story. "No. 41," in old iron open work, formed a pretty grating above the door. There was, in fact, nothing which would lead an ordinary person to conceive of the house as given over to boarders, except, possibly, the sign,

TO LET, FURNISHED.

which was posted conspicuously below the first-story window, and at an angle which enabled him that ran to read.

Old Mr. Archibald's death, the autumn before, had left his widow rather poorer than she anticipated. He was a great collector of pretty things. His taste was exquisite, and he had gratified it by filling his house with a variety of *bric-à-brac*, pictures, statuary, and old furniture, which made it a centre of attraction to many of the old gentleman's artistic friends. Mrs. Archibald, loathe to dispose of her husband's art collections, determined to let the house, as it stood, "at an exorbitant figure, to a very rich tenant without children." Under these terms, on her departure for Europe, her agent was entrusted with the house, and her son Jerome, when he saw her off on the steamer, received a parting injunction, "Be sure and see that they have no children." Jerome Archibald saw his mother and sisters depart—in no very enviable frame of mind; but he was a good son, and he resolved to forego Newport, if it would tend to dispose of the house as his mother wished, and add to her diminished income.

His mother and sisters sailed in May. It was now July, and very warm and disagreeable. As the "heated term" set in, he began to think it too bad, you know, of mamma and the girls to remain abroad for three whole years. It was positively absurd. What was he to do? After the house was let—where was he to go? By Jove, he felt deuced lonely, don't you know! It was especially trying for a sensitive man to go in and out of a house with a great placard on it, "To Let, Furnished," but it was a deal more trying to have people come and want board. Yes, actually, two ladies came one morning and wanted to know if they could see the landlord. It was positively ridiculous! His agent was a clevah fellow, but even he gave up hope of letting the house until fall. Hadn't he better run down to Newport? He got a letter from Dick Trellis that morning, and they really didn't see how they were going to get on without him in the polo matches. It put him in a fuming fury. He had never stayed late in the city in summer before. How infernally hot it was—and nahsty—don't you know! His collars were in a perpetual state of wilt—they never wilted at Newport. Then everybody was not only out of town, having a good time somewhere, but they had a provoking way now of ostentatiously boarding up their front-doors—yes—and their windows, too—which made it doubly disagreeable for those who had to remain. It was bad enough to see the blinds drawn down, but boxing up their stone-work and planking up their front-doors caused Mr. Jerome Archibald unutterable pangs. Then they thought it was a boarding-house!

They were coming again in the afternoon, at four. There were two of them—ladies. In his rather depressing and

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"My Art work has always been thought very pretty in East Village."—Page 248.

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solitary occupation of living alone in his house, with one solemn apoplectic cook and one chalk-faced maid, in order to exhibit it to that endless raft of females with "permits," who universally condemned or "damned with faint praise" his father's exquisite taste in rugs and furniture, Mr. Jerome Archibald had to-day admitted to himself a distinct pleasure in showing "Miss Perkins" and her niece (whose name did not happen at the time to be mentioned) over the house, and pointing out in his quiet way its excellences.

They saw the sign, they said, and so made bold to enter. Evidently Miss Perkins was a prim, thin, tall, spectacled, New England old maid. She had the delicate air and manner of a lady. A lady faded, perhaps, and unused to a larger social area than that surrounding her native village green. She had also the timid manner of hesitancy of New England spinsters — hesitancy concerning everything except questions of casuistry and religion — and seemed, in what she did, to be spurred on from behind by the niece, who, was, on the whole, as Mr. Jerome Archibald told a friend at the club later, "quite extraordinary."

In the first place, as he said, the niece was undeniably beautiful.

"She wore rawther an odd street dress," he said, "made up in the country somewhere, by a seamstress who gathered her crude notions of the prevailing fashions from some prevaricating ladies' journal, and her hat was something positively ridiculous — but her *face!*" The fastidious Mr. Jerome Archibald at once conceded to it a certain patrician quality of elegance. It denoted pure blood and pure breeding, somewhere up among Vermont hills or Maine forests. A long line of "intelligent ancestors," perhaps. It was fine and — beautiful. The forehead high, nose straight, the large eyes gray, the mouth and chin sweet, and yet quite determined. When he showed them a large room at the rear, on the second story, facing the north, the niece had observed, with a lofty air—mind, the room was literally crammed with the most costly *bric-à-brac* — "I think this will suit me very well, aunt dear, on account of the light."

He noticed in her unfashionable dress a certain artistic sense of freedom, a *soupçon* of colored ribbon here and there, and he concluded that she was all the more interesting, as an artist, in that she so quietly accepted the elegancies around her. She gave an unconscious sigh over a small glass-covered "Woodland Scene," by Duprez. Mr. Jerome Archibald noticed it, and inwardly smiled, delighted.

Perhaps the niece captivated him the more by her silent appreciation of some things he himself admired exceedingly. It was odd that she seemed always to choose *his* favorites. There was nothing said as to the rent, the size of the house, the lot, the plumbing. He spent an hour showing his etchings alone, and in the afternoon, at four, they were coming again, "to decide."

II.

Of course Mr. Jerome Archibald must have been an extremely susceptible young man to have fallen in love at first sight with a strange young woman, who had come to look at his house with a view to renting. But he was—"rawther down and depressed." The usual summer malaria had set in. The usual excavations in the streets were going on—they were digging with "really extraordinary energy" that summer—the pavements were up on all the Fortieth streets. Fifth Avenue presented the appearance of a huge empty canal. It was something more, this presidential year, than the perennial laying down and taking up of pipes. "He was really ripe for *une grande affaire du cœur*" said one of his club friends, he was getting so lonesome. He *did* fall quite entirely in love, precipitately, unquestionably, in spite of the fact that they took the house for a boarding-place! They asked to hire but one room only.

When they arrived, at 4 P.M., they sat a few moments in the reception-room, while the chalk-faced, alert maid announced them to Archibald in the room above. Miss Perkins folded her faded, gloved hands in her lap and sat up on the sofa stiffly. They had looked at ever so many houses, and they had come back to No. 41 with instinctive preference.

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"I came, Miss Price, because—don't you know—I—aw—missed you."—Page 254.

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"I don't think one room would be so very expensive," said Miss Perkins. "He could put up two beds easily in that north room, and the room we saw on Thirty-fourth Street was only twelve dollars—what do you think, Elvira?"

"I think twelve dollars is altogether too high," said the niece, looking up from a delicate little Elzevir she was holding. "I think he wants to let the rooms very much; none of them seem to be taken. Remember it is midsummer, aunt dear."

There was a little pause.

"Of course he will prefer having *nice* people. It will be a great help to your art, Elvira—you can study at great advantage. There are so many pictures for you to copy. I think your father would say it was a 'lucky find.' If you will persist in your art, why, I think we are very fortunate."

"You are always ready to sneer at my art, Aunt Perkins." And she gave a peculiar laugh.

"It is something that has come up since my day," she replied, glancing about over the pictures and the rare editions on the table. "I was brought up to plain living. But I guess if we can get it all for twelve dollars we ought to be satisfied. It's a pleasant change to see the city. It's pleasant to see these ornaments. Yes, I don't blame art so much as your father does, Elvira, and I don't believe *he* would blame it if he knew we could have so much of it for twelve dollars."

"Father secretly admires it as much as I do," said the niece; "only he likes to talk."

Just then Mr. Jerome Archibald entered. He was faultlessly dressed in half-mourning for his father. Indeed, he had dressed himself with exceeding care, being desirous, he frankly admitted to himself, of making an impression. He bowed graciously, and took Elvira's extended gloved hand, which, as she offered it, he held a moment. "Have you decided?" he asked.

They had explained, when they left in the morning, that they should want only one room, and he tacitly inferred that they would require board. He received a dreadful shock, but made up his mind that the charming niece would prove the more charming on closer acquaintance, and he deliberately decided to keep both the gentle New Englanders under his roof for a time, if he could! The more he thought of the plan, the more interesting the situation became to him. He fairly dreaded, at last, lest they should find their way into a remote boarding-house in some cheap quarter of the city, where it would be quite impossible for him to follow them. He gravely announced to the astonished maid that he had determined to let out the rooms to the ladies, who, he pretended for her benefit, were old acquaintances. When they were announced he was scarcely able to conceal his pleasure. Mr. Jerome Archibald had fallen in love.

"We have decided to take one room," said Elvira, "if we can agree upon the price; and we wish to know the price of board——"

"We shan't want much to eat," put in Miss Perkins, with a nervous twitch.

Archibald admirably concealed a smile. His long mustache aided him a good deal in doing this. He was still standing, and he put his hand to his lips: "I think we shall agree very easily upon the price," he said.

Miss Perkins again twitched a little. "We thought twelve dollars—room and board——" she said, leaving the sentence half finished, while Elvira looked up at him, expectantly.

"My dear ladies, I should not think of charging more than ten. You are strangers in the city, and I would not impose upon you for the world. It happens that this is the dull season——"

"So we thought," said Miss Perkins, "and board and lodging ought to come a little cheaper."

"Precisely. The maid will show you your sleeping-room—and, of course, the entire house is at your service. I hope you will find everything to your comfort. I am very anxious to please." He laughed a little.

Elvira gave him a grateful, but at the same time a rather patronizing, glance. He felt at once that in carrying out his little *ruse* he had placed himself deliberately upon a questionable footing with the beautiful girl. He hoped, however, to redeem himself by impressing her

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with his knowledge of the pursuit which, he accurately judged, had brought the ladies to the city. Archibald had at one time done a little painting himself. He had dreamed dreams, as a young man, which indolence and the stern business atmosphere of the city had choked off prematurely. As he looked down upon the girl's sweet gray eyes a vision of this youthful period came back to him. Twenty-two and thirty-two have this in common, that the latter age is not too far away to quite despise the younger enthusiasm. Archibald at thirty-two still believed in himself, don't you know.

III.

Several days passed, during which the ladies settled themselves very readily in their new surroundings. They were very methodical, preferring to rise at an hour which, to Archibald, was something savoring of barbarism. He studied their habits, with a view to conforming to them as far as possible, but found that he could not bring himself to give up his nine-o'clock breakfasts, and so went out to his club, leaving orders that the ladies should be accommodated at the earliest hour they might choose. He found that they had discovered Central Park, and came to make it a habit to stroll with them of a morning upon the Mall, and around the stagnant lakes. Central Park was a novelty to him, except as seen from horseback, or a four-in-hand, and it really seemed very beautiful those summer mornings—he was really surprised, don't you know! He wondered that nice people did not use the Park more—as they did Hyde Park in London. As the days went on he filled his house with flowers, turned the second floor into an immense studio for Elvira, sat about and watched her, criticised, encouraged her. He forgot Newport, forgot his polo. He had strangely ceased to be bored. He was happy in New York in mid-summer! Dick Trellis told his polo friends at Newport that Archibald was probably undergoing private treatment for softening of the brain, which theory, in fact, they deemed sufficiently complimentary.

As for his mother and sisters in Europe—Why, pray, should he inform them of his little joke?

Elvira worked away at her easel when the light was best—during the afternoon. In the evening, after dinner, the ladies became socially inclined. It was then that they allowed Archibald to smoke in the "studio" and talk Art with Elvira. Indeed he found it very difficult to talk anything else with the shy New England primrose.

About Art—with a big A—she was rapturous. There seemed to be in her soul a strange hunger for everything ornate and richly beautiful. Archibald devoted himself to studying her. He became strangely interested in East Village, Vt., where, he gathered, the Hon. Ephraim B. Price, her father, was a very distinguished Republican lawyer and politician. He drew Aunt Perkins out concerning her Congregational church, her minister, her fear of the Catholics, her fondness for cats, her secret disbelief in Art. Once in a while they read him a letter from the Hon. Ephraim, in which he could see reflected their own liking for *him*. He found that he was spoken of as "Landlord Archibald." The Hon. Ephraim was a shrewd old fellow, however, and his counsels and advice were generally of the "trust-not-too-much-to-appearances" order. One evening Miss Perkins complained of a headache, and Archibald found himself alone for an hour with Elvira. She sat beneath the rich brazen lamp, with its pretty crimson shade, absorbing some of the red glow in her lovely face. They had been two weeks in the city, and out of delicate feeling had deposited two ten-dollar bills upon the mantelpiece in the library, where Archibald would see them. He had roared with laughter over them and intended having them framed, but ultimately he found a different use for their amusing board-money.

He made some little allusion to the time they had been with him.

"Two very short weeks," said Elvira, "and you have been so very unusually kind, Mr. Archibald. You have done so much for us. We have noticed it. Is it usual for landlords to—to do so much, in the city?"

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"It depends," he said, gravely. "Landlords do more for people who are congenial—you are congenial——"

"Oh!" A slight pause.

"You are more than congenial, *really*," said Archibald. "For you take an interest, Miss Price. I have secretly espied both you and your aunt dusting——"

Elvira bit her lip. "We *have* dusted," she admitted, reddening a little, "but it is merely out of force of habit."

"Really," said Archibald, "I rawther like you the better for it, don't you know!"

"I'm afraid," said Elvira, her face lighting up with conscious pleasure, "that you have made up your mind as a landlord to like us, whatever we do. I'm afraid you would not like it at all if you knew everything that aunt has done."

"Tell me—I will keep it a profound secret, I assure you," he laughed.

"She has actually dared to invade your kitchen!"

"Has she?" said Archibald, dubiously; "really!"

"Yes, and she declares that your cook wastes enough every day to keep four families!"

"Really!" said Archibald; "I'll have to look into it."

"You won't save much out of what we pay," said Elvira, "and we don't want to stay if it doesn't pay you; but——"

"Well?"

"Mr. Archibald, we are poor." She looked down.

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure—I—" he really did feel a compassion which found its way into his voice, and made it tremble a little.

"Aunt says you *can't* be making any money. Now, we don't think it is right to stay another day and be *burdens*, do you see?"

A solemn pause.

"Isn't that what they are talking about so much now in the novels?" he asked, at length.

"What?"

"The terrible New England conscience?"

"Right is right and wrong is wrong, Mr. Archibald, disguise it how we may," and Elvira compressed her pretty lips firmly.

Archibald puffed on his cigar, lazily.

"I wasn't sure," he said, as if a doubt had crept into his mind.

She glanced at him impatiently.

"Can't you *see* how wrong it would be for us to stay here and enjoy all we have in your beautiful house, knowing that we were swindling you?" She stamped her foot. "Mercy!" she added, half to herself, "what *can* you be made of?"

He hastened to a display of rugged conscience, which relieved her.

"Oh, of course, I see how wicked it would be if you *did* swindle; but I'm making money! Really—I haven't spent the twenty dollars board-money yet. Oh, pray rest assured—I shan't lose. I will tell you when I run behind."

A great sense of relief seemed to come over the girl.

"But it is all we can pay. I told father I would not ask for more. Father said he knew it would take more, but I said I would give up Art first."

"Oh, I say!" he protested.

"And to-morrow I am going to begin taking lessons, but I *will* not call on father for another cent. He shan't be able to throw it in my face that it turned out as he said, and that I was wrong. When he and I dispute it always does turn out as he says—this time it *shan't*."

Archibald laughed a little. The poor fool, don't you know, was so captivated that every word, every action of the girl was music to him. The two weeks of observation had told on her dress. To-night she wore a white muslin, elaborated with pretty ribbons. She no longer seemed especially rustic to him. He noticed that she was doing her hair now in the prevailing style. "By Jove!" he said to himself, "I'll see that she comes out at the Patriarchs' next winter!"

This was his highest earthly happiness for a *débutante*.

"I am going to make money," she went on; "I'm going to paint vases, plates, odds and ends, pot-boilers, you know, and so father shan't know what it costs."

"Oh, by the way, if you do," he pretended, lazily blowing out a ring of smoke, "I happen to know a fellow—an

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old friend of mine—who gives very fair prices for those sort of things. Now, I am sure he will take any gimcrack you may do."

Somehow the word gimcrack displeased her.

"My Art work has always been thought very pretty in East Village," she said. "It would never *sell*, but it was thought pretty. I used to long to help father—and our family is so large, you know, four little brothers and two sisters younger than I am—and now, if I only *could* get on, and help father! Oh, Mr. Archibald, you don't know how *little* law there is to go round in East Village!" She heaved a deep sigh.

He tried to appear sympathetic.

"I know a fellow who gets a thousand dollars for a portrait, and he has only just commenced. You can't help but succeed, Miss Price, really!"

She gave him a grateful glance.

"Oh, if I *could!*" she said, anxiously. "I taught school one winter, but the pay was so small. And I've tried—you will laugh, Mr. Archibald, at my telling you these things—but I've tried story writing. I was *so* hopeful about it, and it took as many as ten rejections before I became convinced; and now, if my Art fails me——"

She gave a little fluttering sigh.

"I think you have talent."

"Perhaps it is only enthusiasm——"

"That amounts to the same thing. It will keep you up to your work. They used to tell me I had talent, but I had no enthusiasm, so I dropped it. I wish to encourage you," he added; "I hope you will go on. It takes a lot of work, but you have just the right temperament. You *will* work. You *will* get on, and when you become celebrated, Miss Price, you won't forget your old friends?"

He realized that it was a rather bold step forward, and he trembled for her reply.

"I shall always recommend your house," she said, a little stiffly, making him feel more than ever her aristocratic superiority to landlords, "and I shall always remember your kindness. We went to at least six boarding-houses until we saw your sign—we saw the landladies. Really, Mr. Archibald, you have no idea how vulgar and unartistic *most* of the houses were. There was always a disagreeable odor, as if somebody was frying something. If I *do* succeed, as I wish, and make friends, and get to be known, and all, you may be certain that I shan't forget you. I may organize an Art class, and take the whole house myself!"

He went no further. It was enough to him, as he sat opposite her in his evening dress, his rich opal, set with diamonds, flashing on his white shirt-front, his lawn tie, low shoes, white waistcoat—everything in the latest and most expensive style—it was enough for Mr. Jerome Archibald to sit there and smoke his delicate Havana, and reflect that he at least had her promise to do what she could to recommend his boarding-house!

The next day, at dinner, he again suggested, in an offhand way, that Miss Price should turn her attention to portrait-painting. Miss Perkins seriously objected at once.

"Your father would never give his consent," she said. "There was old Mr. Raymond, who lived on the Poor Farm, because he found portrait-painting didn't pay."

"Mr. Raymond painted dreadful, hideous caricatures," said Elvira. "He painted my mother's portrait, and father is always throwing him in my face. But I don't know. I have no one to begin on except aunt, and I have tried and tried, and I can't get anything but the expression of her spectacles."

Even Aunt Perkins laughed at this a little.

"Begin on me," ventured Archibald. "Call it the 'Portrait of an Ideal Landlord.'"

There was a little pause. The ladies rose without replying, and Archibald followed them into the drawing-room, feeling indefinitely that he had been too forward. As he lit his cigar and sat near an open window, feeling the cool southern breeze, he reflected that it was not improbable that in East Village the only landlord known to them was the keeper of a common tavern. It amused him to think of their primitive, quaint ignorance of city ways. He pictured the small life of East Village, Vt., the

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narrow social horizon, the strange interest in politics, the religious intolerance, the "strong" views on the temperance question which obtained there, and which leaked out from Miss Perkins as the days went on into August. The easy sense of accommodation to their new surroundings also amused him.

Archibald returned to the portrait. "I'd rawther like to have one for the dining-room," he said; "I think it would interest some of my boarders when they come back next winter. I could give you no end of sittings, Miss Price——"

Elvira exhibited some hesitancy: "Well, I might try," she said. "But I'm not at all good at hair——"

"Shave off my mustache if you like," said the infatuated Archibald, with a grimace.

The ladies changed the subject decorously. It was plain that Archibald's little advances toward an intimacy, to be derived from portrait-painting, were being met in rather an unencouraging spirit, don't you know! The next day he invited them, as an agreeable diversion, to visit Coney Island; but Elvira made an excuse that she had no time for "pleasuring." They seemed, indeed, to have few pleasures. The morning walk in Central Park was given up; Miss Perkins spent the greater part of the time when Elvira was at the Art School in riding to and fro, apparently, upon street-cars. One day she came home very late to dinner, saying that she had discovered the "Belt Line." While waiting her return for dinner, Archibald had an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with Elvira.

IV.

He was growing more and more in love with this self-contained, charming, young New Englander. It had come to a time when he felt that he must speak. They had been at No. 41 now these four weeks, aunt and niece, and yet they had managed to preserve their distance. He was no nearer than the day they arrived.

He reflected that the pleasant little daily comedy which had amused him so entirely would have to be given up the instant he made known to her his state of feeling. But at the same time he felt he could act out the equivocation no longer. He must, as a gentleman, make a clean breast of his deception. Archibald had seen a great deal of women, and he believed that he understood them pretty well. He believed he understood Miss Price well enough to reckon upon the flattery of her sudden fascination that first day, for him, as the cause of his deceit. He planned to boldly tell her this, one day, while they were waiting for Miss Perkins to revolve around the "Belt Line." But Elvira turned the conversation against his will. She seemed to have remarkable intuitions, this strange creature! Perhaps she had an intuition then. At any rate, she announced their determination to return to East Village the following Saturday.

"Father writes that his ague is no better—that I must come home," she said. "There are, besides, the preserves——"

Archibald expressed no surprise. "If you go," he said, "I think I'll take a run up there also. I have the greatest curiosity about East Village."

"There is nothing—it is dreadfully—I wouldn't have you visit East Village for all the world!"

"Why?"

"Because—" she replied, sedately.

Recognizing this as a sufficient reply, Archibald took a seat on the sofa near her. She was in one of her pretty, soft, white muslins, tied, this evening, with ribbons of the very latest shade of fashionable apple-green. He had noticed the steady growth of fashion in the girl's appearance, but he was not quite prepared for the dozen silver bangles, which jingled as she raised her hand to her hair. She had a pretty arm and hand, and were it not for the bangles, which somehow altered the current of his thought, he had nerved himself up to the point of taking, or trying to take, her hand in his, and telling her in a manly way, his story. The bangles, however, don't you know, diverted him. He could not be serious. He laughed. It was as if he had happened upon a wood nymph in seven-button kid gloves! She misinterpreted his laughter, believing that he intended to ridicule the pastoral delights of East Village.

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"I'm not ashamed of Vermont," she said, drawing away a little. "I can't bear to have it laughed at. You would laugh at East Village, Mr. Archibald—you laugh at everything. You are not sincere. You have too much of the city in you—too much of its glitter and—" She caught his eyes directed laughingly upon her bangles, and blushed guiltily.

"Time works its changes, don't you know," he said. "Even you, Miss Elvira, are a *little* affected."

"I hate myself for it," she said; "I *do* find myself growing to like things I never cared for before. I think of what I have on from morning to night," she confessed, guiltily, with an imploring glance at her landlord.

"Can the dead dulness of midsummer in the city have wrought so wondrous a change?" he laughed. "How very gay, really, you will be next winter."

"Seriously," said Elvira, "I look forward to a visit to East Village as a complete change and rest. When I think of the white, dead walls of our meeting-house, I am glad; when I think of the lack of color in everybody up there, it makes me glad; when I think of the plainness of everything, the simpleness, the *truth* of everything, I'm glad to go back. But don't you—don't come up to Vermont, Mr. Archibald. Really, please, don't."

Again Archibald felt impelled to seize her white, pretty hand, and tell his story. He had never come to so intimate a point before. What chance had he ever to come so near again? All that his mother and sisters could write would have no effect upon him now. All that his friends at the club would say, all that his Aunt Newbold would say—his Aunt Newbold was the formidable dragon of his family—nothing, he felt sure, would alter his mind. He had deliberated a month, he would deliberate no more. Besides, she was going away; perhaps if he did *not* speak his opportunity would never again occur. He paled a little as he was about to open his lips.

Bother!

The chalk-faced maid entered with a card on a silver tray.

V.

Mr. Jerome Archibald had very few hatreds; people whom he disliked he carefully avoided. Being fastidious to an extreme, he had few friends, but he likewise had no enemies. He had, however, a certain cousin who lived in Boston, who had in some way early offended him, and for whom he continued to have a most inexplicable dislike. Hunnewell Hollis was a Harvard man, who had been a great swell at college, and who was considered "clevah." He was a year or two older than Archibald, and he usually presumed a little upon his age and upon his superior education. It was Hunnewell Hollis's card which was brought up on the silver tray.

Archibald impatiently rose and went down to the reception-room. There he found Hollis walking up and down the room, apparently in some excitement.

"Jerry, this won't do, old man!—heard ladies' voices up-stairs! 'Twont do! Lucky I ran down with the yacht. Now I'm going to carry you off with me. By the way, Somers, and Billy Nahant, and Jack Chadwick are here, and I took the liberty to invite them here overnight—knew you were alone—knew you would be glad to put them up."

"By Jove, you do me great honor! Unfortunately I haven't room for you—I've only just let the house—taken—by Jove! I must take in the sign."

Archibald's face betrayed no sign of his justifiable prevarication.

"Well, then, as it is dinner-time I'll stay to dinner with you."

"Sorry, very sorry. But the ladies who have taken the house would think it very odd——"

"Well, how in the devil are *you* dining with them, Jerry?"

"They asked me, in order to discuss the terms. A few details before signing the lease, don't you know!"

"Well, it puts me in a rather awkward position; I've left the fellows your address; they'll be here shortly."

"Why don't you head 'em off?" suggested Archibald, coolly.

Mr. Hunnewell Hollis gave his cousin a glance of anger. "The whole thing is rather fishy," he said, suspiciously. "I

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trust, Jerry, for the honor of the family——"

Archibald never quite detested his cousin so much before.

"There are a great many adventuresses about, they are on the lookout for rich young men like you, Jerry," and Hunnewell Hollis, giving his cousin a rather gravely serious nod, took up his hat and cane and departed.

Archibald went directly upstairs. He heard a rustle of a dress against the furniture. Had Elvira been listening? He hoped not.

VI.

ADVENTURESS! How that odious word rang in his ears as he entered the room where the sweet primrose face was still in its corner of the sofa. He swore he would never write to, nor speak to, Hunnewell Hollis again. He had done with him forever. Yet, had he heard the rustle of her dress? It gave him a slightly disagreeable sensation to think that it were possible. Elvira Price apparently had not moved from her seat. She was in the same pretty attitude in which he had left her, leaning back, easily, against the corner of the sofa, her hands crossed in her lap. As he entered it seemed to him that she was studying his face.

"I was so anxious about aunt," she said. "I went out to the stairs thinking I heard her come in. Do you know, it isn't the Belt Line only; she goes to a mission—a boys' mission. She has taken the greatest interest in it, all the teachers have gone away for the summer. It is in an out-of-the-way part of the city, and it worries me."

Archibald hesitated a moment, then he said:

"Did you hear the row with my cousin? He was very impertinent; but all Bostonians are impertinent."

The name Bostonian seemed to give her a slight sensation.

"You have been in Boston?" he asked.

"N—Yes, and I, too, found Bostonians impertinent." She gave him an appealing glance; then she added, after a pause, "I find New York quite different."

Miss Perkins came in shortly after, much fatigued, and Archibald after dinner went over to the club, where he fell in with Hunnewell Hollis again, in spite of the fact that he did his best to avoid him. Hunnewell had found his yachting friends, and they had had a very good dinner. They were all very talkative—Somers, Billy Nahant, and Jack Chadwick. They were in flannel suits and yachting caps, and each was bronzed and sunburned to a fine copper hue.

"What is the name of the people who have taken your house?" asked Hunnewell, bluntly, after he had introduced Archibald to his friends.

"Miss Perkins and her niece, Miss Elvira Price," replied Archibald, coldly.

Instantly Billy Nahant pricked up his ears. "Why," he said, "isn't she an actress? Didn't she play in Boston last winter?"

"Who?" asked Archibald.

"Why, Elvira Price. She made quite a hit, I believe—her *début* too—at the Boston Theatre. She played to crowded houses exactly two weeks; at the end of that time, to everyone's surprise, she went home to Vermont, whence she came, and she calmly gave up the stage forever!"

Archibald's face was a study.

"Did you know you were letting your mother's house to actresses?" asked Hollis, with a sneer.

"Miss Price is probably a different person from the one to whom Mr. Nahant has reference," said Archibald, coldly.

"I remember the girl," said Jack Chadwick. "She was very young and beautiful, and fitted her part admirably. She made an excellent *ingénue*. She held herself well—not at all gushing don't you know—but poetic, *spirituelle*. She played in 'A Scrap of Paper'—some picked-up company with her. She carried the play very well. I have often wondered what became of her."

"So this is the creature who has rented your house, and whom you dined with to-night," sneered Hollis; "an *ingénue*, indeed!"

"Miss Price is a lady—not a 'creature,'" said Archibald, haughtily. "As far as I have seen, she can only honor our house by remaining under its roof."

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And Archibald bowed stiffly, and took his leave in the midst of an embarrassed silence.

VII.

He preferred not to see Elvira again before she took her departure for Vermont the next day. Her aunt remained in the city to look after her "mission work." Archibald presented her, as the gift of a rich, unknown friend, fifty dollars—their board money—to send some of her boys into the country. After Elvira's departure he became very despondent. Elvira's image was broken to him, and while she had not become in his mind quite an adventuress, yet she had concealed her former life from him. She had deceived him.

But as the days went by and he missed her, he found that he must speak to Miss Perkins about Elvira's acting, or go through a serious case of nervous prostration. He said very bluntly to her, one day, at dinner:

"So I hear your niece is a great actress."

Miss Perkins gave him a quick, sharp glance.

"She *has* acted," she replied. "But Elvira Price had too much conscience to act *long*."

He gave a sigh of relief.

"She acted in Boston, because she was bound to try it. She wanted to try everything—everything that would keep her father out of the poor-house and educate the family. But acting, Mr. Archibald, is a dreadful business! As soon as Elvira saw into it a little she quit. The air wasn't pure enough, somehow, for her. Elvira, she needs awful pure air!"

Again Archibald felt a certain glow of satisfaction steal over him.

"Do you know," he said, after a suitable pause, "I am more than half-inclined to make her angry by running up to East Village."

Miss Perkins gave a little quinzied laugh of satisfaction. She was beginning to like Archibald very much.

"It would startle Elvira; but she'd be pleased," ventured the thin old maid. "She'd be pleased—in spite of everything!"

A few days later Archibald, after half a day's journey, found himself in Vermont. As the train drew near East Village the mountains grew higher and the scenery wilder. He could see the great August moon roll itself above the high crest of the mountains to the west. Though Archibald was far from superstitious, he was pained to observe that he saw the moon over his left shoulder.

It was late when he stumbled from the steps of the car upon the wooden platform of the station at East Village. It was dark, also, and to him, extraordinarily cold. He groped his way, shivering, past a blinding reflector, where half a dozen men in cow-hide boots were examining a list of invoices, to what he could dimly outline as the village stage. No one spoke to him, and he found that no one seemed to care whither he, the sole passenger, was carried. He had visions of an unpleasant nature, of being deposited inside the coach in a shed or stable to await the morning. He felt the stage pitch and toss for twenty minutes like a bark upon an angry sea. When all was still again he found that the driver had drawn up before a white-pillared, old-fashioned house, which stood a little back from the street. At the side of the gate a small wooden building bore the sign, which was illuminated by the stage-lamp,

Ephraim B. Price, Attorney at Law.

"Oh," said Archibald, "this is Elvira's house, and the driver is delivering my box of flowers."

He leaned forward, hoping to catch sight of the fair young girl when the front-door opened to take in the box. But he was disappointed. The impatient driver had merely left it on the steps of the high, white-pillared portico, after giving the door-bell a vigorous pull.

Then followed a further few minutes of pitching and tossing, and the stage drew up before the tavern-door. A row of a dozen men, whose hats were drawn down over their eyes, and whose feet fell instantaneously from the rail to the floor as the coach drew up, came forward, and one of them betrayed a desire to grasp Archibald's in his own horny

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hand. "Guess ye'll stop overnight? Th'ain't no other place. 'Sprised to see a stranger to-night, tew. Will you go in an' sign—will you, sir?"

"So this uncouth ruffian," thought Archibald, "is Elvira's ideal landlord! No wonder she distrusts me!"

"We're local temp'rance," said the landlord. "An' no licker's been seen to East Village for nigh six years. Not a drop, sir, an' it's bustin' my ho-tel higher'n a kite. Yes, it is!"

Archibald expressed commiseration.

"As I tell'd Squar' Price, 'yeou high-toned, 'ristocratic temp'rance folk'll hurt East Village when ye close the ho-tel!' Why, when a gent comes up here fr' the city, he wants to be able to call fer a glass o' gin or a glass o' whiskey's often 's he likes."

Archibald thought he detected the faint smell of liquor upon the landlord's breath as he talked, and it occurred to him that his obtrusively free-and-easy-manner was the result of a secret violation of the prohibitory local license law. "Bein' fr' the city, as you be," said the landlord, lowering his voice to a whisper, and placing his heavy hand on Archibald's shoulder familiarly, "I calc'late you're cold an' ready for a tidy drink. I calc'late I'm talkin' to a gent as is used ter lickerin' up, even ef 'tis agin the law?" To humor him, Archibald admitted that he had no stringent prohibitory sentiments.

"Well then, good! Jest you foller me!"

Archibald followed the landlord out into the hotel yard, where the latter pulled up the flaps of a cellar-door. Hearing the creaking sound, and taking it for an admonitory signal, the row of men on the hotel piazza, who had resumed their seats, again dropped their feet on the floor, rose, and came out into the yard in Indian file, in perfect silence. Archibald followed his landlord down into the darkness of the cellar, where, beneath the dim light of a solitary candle he perceived a cask with a wooden spigot, and near it half a dozen tin cups. The men filed down the steps behind him. "You've heerd o' apple jack?" asked the landlord, in a whisper.

Archibald nodded.

"Drink that, then!" and the landlord handed him a cupful of the beverage. It was enough to intoxicate him. He drank but a very little; as he saw the other men were waiting, he passed the cup on to them.

"Welcome to East Village, stranger," said one of the men, drinking. "Be you up 'ere a-sellin' marchandize?"

"Oh, no!"

"Be you come to see the Squar'?"

"Well—perhaps—yes."

"Wa'l, this is a dead give away!" and the men laughed noisily, as rustics will. "Don't mention this 'ere cider to Squar' Price!"

The next morning was delicious, the air clear and smelling of the mountains. The mist hung above the distant river, and a line of hills showed their green wooded outline above it. As Archibald breathed the sweet country air, he stepped more briskly, felt less of his city malaria, drew into his lungs a long breath of the fresh, invigorating summer wind, which seemed to come to him across the high upland, from such a vast distance.

He came to the old colonial gate and entered. The Hon. Ephraim B. Price was just at the moment sauntering down the gravel path from his house to his law office. As he saw Archibald enter, he came forward somewhat more rapidly. He was a man of large frame, gaunt rather than spare, of prominent cheek-bones, of lengthy chin-beard. His eyes were very keen, and his entire expression was one of patient alertness—as if there was very little to be alert over, but a deep necessity of keeping up a reputation. Archibald learned afterward how indefatigable a partisan, and how strenuous a believer in the Republican party the Hon. Ephraim was.

"Sir," he said, after greeting Archibald, and looking with a grin of pity upon his engraved card—a grin directed chiefly to the "Mr." before Archibald's name—"you are Elvira's landlord down to New York—tell me, how is your city and State going, do you think?"

Archibald felt taken aback. Politics were something of which he knew nothing. He was but barely aware that it was a presidential year. In the city he

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kept severely out of politics, as hardly the employment of gentlemen.

"I—I—think it will go Democratic."

A more violent frown than before. "If I thought so, sir; if I imagined so; if for one instant I believed that what we fought for during the war — Eh, Elvira? Here is Mr. Archibald!"

Then the Hon. Ephraim turned abruptly and entered his office, where, it may be added, he sat for the next hour, his feet on the cold stove before him, meditating where his next fee was to come from, and breaking out with an occasional invective against the wicked democracy.

Before the old gentleman was a square window which looked out over the town. All day long he sat before this, as upon a watch-tower—a censor of village morals and deportment.

"Father is so interested in the election," apologized Elvira. "But how strange to see you here; and I told you not to!"

She held a small gray kitten in her arms, which she stroked slowly. She was still in his favorite white muslin, and she had a gentle, sweet flush of pleasure in her face.

"I came, Miss Price—because—don't you know—I—aw—missed you," and he smiled.

"You are very good. How is Aunt Perkins? Did she bring her mission boys to your house? She has written that a friend of yours has given fifty dollars for the boys. Do tell me about it. Is she well? Have any more boarders come?"

She plied him with questions as they strolled toward the white-pillared portico. The house was old and shabby, but he did not notice it. The place was run down and impoverished, but it seemed very beautiful to him, for he noticed that she wore one of his roses in her lustrous hair.

Entering the hallway he met some of the younger brothers and sisters, and felt a sudden strange affection spring up in his heart for them. Elvira took him through into a gloomy parlor, lined with plain hair-cloth furniture. On the walls were several portraits. "This was my mother," said the girl, affectionately, pointing to what Archibald felt to be a hideous daub, a red-faced woman in black, against a green background. It was the portrait by Mr. Raymond, whose abode was now the poor-house. "She died only two years ago——"

"I fancy if she had lived," said Archibald, "you would not have tried—the stage?"

She looked at him calmly a moment.

"That Boston man has told you?"

"Yes, I learned the fact from his friends."

"I shall never—again." There was a despairing pathos in her voice.

"Elvira," he said, slowly, "as I see it—I think it was very noble of you to try."

Then, unaccountably to him, she burst into tears.

"It is what I love—what I long for—to be an actress—a great actress," she sobbed. "But I can't—I can't! I can't exist with those creatures—those horrible men who hang about you! No one knows what I endured! No one knows what, too, I gave up when I left the stage and came home; but I *had* to."

He leaned forward in sympathy.

"You may say what you will, but there is no Art like acting, and nothing so fine as applause. Oh, that I could bring myself to do it—to be strong enough to do it—to save our fortunes—to help father. You little know how I have suffered, Mr. Archibald."

"By Jove—I—I quite like you for it!"

He was on his feet at her side. Impulsively he bent down and whispered close to her ear. "Let me be your audience the rest of my life! Act for *me*—let me applaud everything—anything you do, my darling! always! always!"

She put him away.

"I don't feel I have acted just right *with* you," she said. "I should have told you that I was—or might be again—an actress," she spoke, coldly. "I don't believe you want them in your boarding-house. They are not always desirable, I believe!" Elvira's eyes were fastened on the floor.

Archibald paced to and fro in the parlor. "Confound her odd New England conscience!" he muttered to himself. Seizing her hands, he cried, passionately,

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"I, too, must confess. Elvira, I loved you that first day you came. *I loved you!* Therefore I let you think—it *was* a boarding-house."

"And it isn't—it's your own private ——Oh, Mr. Archibald!"

She sat and looked at him with a horrified stare. The full truth of his imposition began to steal upon her gradually. Then her face fell and she averted it, as she felt that a fatal untruth had come between them. She rose quietly and left him standing near her. She went upstairs to her room and threw herself upon her bed in an agony of tears.

Through it all Archibald had merely smiled!

VII.

But when she left him he felt rather weak for a moment, as if his city malaria had returned upon him with a double force. As Elvira showed no signs of returning, he amused himself by turning over the leaves of the family photograph album. Face by face revealed the stern, set, arid, Puritan features, the hard, determined chins, and the "firmness" which, in the person of the Hon. Ephraim, he felt still dominated and controlled the public affairs of East Village. He threw down the album with a feeling of impotent rage against the survival of this colonial "narrowness," as he liked to call it. He walked out of the house and wandered, much crestfallen and full of malaria, along the village street toward the hotel. A great many farm wagons were tied along the sidewalk, and there were numbers of fresh-cheeked country girls walking in threes and fours, and sweeping the sidewalk as they went. Upon a slight elevation stood a white wooden meeting-house, with a white steeple, and it gave him a chill even on that warm morning to look at it—it *looked* so cold. Small groups of hard-featured farmers in fur caps stood on the corners of the streets discussing, presumably, the crops. He wondered if the fur caps were needed in that arid, bleak region to keep warm the native's sense of Right and Wrong? He made his way out, beneath some beautiful elms, into a small, old-fashioned burying-ground, where he discovered that "erring sinners" apparently comprised the only element of those who were requested to "*Pause and Read.*" Feeling himself to be now, for some reason, a distinctly immoral person, he read some of the quaint epitaphs, to which he was invited, in a spirit of humility, which presently changed to amusement. In death, as in life, the hard, stern old village characters preserved on their headstones a fund of grim humor for the "sinner," which in Archibald's instance made him smile. "Oh," he sighed to himself, "I long to take her away from all this sort of thing—forever!"

He took a long walk in the afternoon, and returned to the hotel to find a coldly worded note from Elvira inviting him around to tea. He removed the stains of his walk, and dressed himself with his usual care. He found Elvira waiting for him beneath the high white pillars, in an unbecoming, and as it seemed to him, forbidding, dress of black. Her face seemed unusually stern and relentless. There were traces of tears in her red eyelids, but the tears were dried away now, and her eyes were very bright and hard.

"Don't say anything *now*. Father feels very deeply about it. We have had a long talk. When he heard of the —of the unfortunate house affair—he was *so* angry I could hardly pacify him."

Archibald's heart sank within him. He fairly shivered.

"He said that he did not want me to lower my standard," continued Elvira, in her clear, musical, passionless voice. "And I told him that he need have no fears. I wanted to see you first, and tell you. Let us not have any *feeling* about it."

"Any *feeling!*" exclaimed Archibald. "Why—how can we help it?"

"Let us act as if we had never understood one another. I will go back to the city with you, and Aunt Perkins and I will find some other place at once."

"Go back with me—and expect me to show no feeling! Elvira, this is preposterous!"

"Then I will go back alone." She compressed her lips, just as he had observed her father do.

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"I beg pardon, Elvira, do you mean —can you mean that I can never—I can never hope?"

She nodded her pretty flower-like head gravely. "Come in to tea, won't you?" she said, coolly. "I want father to hear you talk about Art."

He turned on his heel. At last he, too, was angry.

"Thanks, awfully," he said. "But if I go back to the hotel now, I shall just have time to pack my valise and catch the evening train."

He walked rapidly away, leaving her standing upon the white-pillared portico, looking with pure, sweet, upturned face, like a saint who has for all time renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil. Had he looked back, Mr. Jerome Archibald's tender heart would have been touched by her attitude; he would have returned, and, against her will, clasped her in his arms and covered her pale lips with warm kisses. It might have melted her high "standard" a little. But he let a night intervene without seeing her, and the entering wedge of her high sense of duty did its work before morning. He determined to remain another day and make a further trial. When he called the next day she was obdurate. "Love cannot be built upon deceit and untruth," she said, sententiously. "I was not frank, you were not. It is better that we should part. I could never hold up my head—I could never face the world. I know what they would call me. They would call me an *adventuress!* and they would hate me for being successful. Yes—your mother, your sisters—everyone."

"But you were perfectly innocent about it, Elvira."

There was a little pause.

"I, too, was innocent. I meant no more than to have you near me, where I could learn to know you—love you—and now, really, it seems as if you had built up a mountain of ice between us, don't you know."

She merely shook her head.

When Archibald returned to the city his malaria compelled him to go away again almost immediately to Newport. There, a few weeks later, his agent wrote him that he had succeeded in renting the house "at an exorbitant figure to a very rich tenant without children"—thus fulfilling his mother's conditions to the letter. He went back to the city, recovered in health, to pack up a few personal effects, and found to his surprise that Miss Perkins and her niece were, at the moment he arrived, in the house. They had taken board on Ninth Street, and had gone up to take a last look of the charming interior where, Elvira guiltily acknowledged, life had been "so wrongly pleasant." He found Elvira holding a fan in her hand and seated pensively in an old Venetian chair in what was formerly her studio. As he entered the room she rose, blushing a most vivid red, and as rapidly turning pale again.

"Mr. Archibald!" she exclaimed. "I did not know you were in the city!"

"I have been here only an hour," he said, stiffly.

"It is time for us to go;" and she turned to the door.

"Elvira!" His face looked sick and ghastly.

"Well?" She drew herself up very coldly.

"Are you made of stone?"

"Mr. Archibald, what can you mean?"

"My child, you are capable of grinding one who loves you into powder—like—er—a millstone!"

"Aunt Perkins!" she called out, "let us go!"

"No," he cried, "I will not let you go. You shall hear me! I love you! Do you hear? And you shall not leave this house until you say you will be my wife! I know you care for me—everything tells me so—but you will wear your own and my heart out with your hard, cruel conscience! What brought you here? *You loved me!* Why have you been sitting in this room? You love me, Elvira—I know it—I feel it!"

Gently he drew her to him and kissed her. She laid her head on his shoulder and breathed a little contented sigh. "*I don't think this—is right!*" she said.

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A SENTIMENTAL ANNEX.

By H. C. Bunner.

THE VESTIBULE TRAIN.

—They order, said I, this business more cheaply in France—and therewith I pressed a coin of the value of two shillings—*à peu près*—into the hand of the Negro Porter.

—Ay, you may well say so, Sir, cried the Gentleman by my side—'twas an evil day for me that I left *Barbizon!*

—Indeed, said I, for the matter of that, I know not *Barbizon*, but I can well conceive that if a gentleman be not content in *France*, he is ill to please—or perhaps I might better say ill at pleasing—and I'm sure you are in no such case. Nay, I am in no doubt that you have souvenirs of *Barbizon*—wherever it may be—of the most agreeable sort.

—I have, indeed, he responded, with a sigh—'tis the true home of *Art*.

—You are then, said I, an *amateur* of art?—At this, I thought, he was somewhat chill'd.

—I am a painter, he responded, with some dignity—with as much dignity, in fact, as he might have shown had he been an *amateur* and I had called him a *Painter!*—You are a painter of landscapes? said I.

—But no, he told me, he was a painter of figures.

—I would you had stopped awhile in *England*, then, said I, on your way from *Barbizon*—you might have seen some truant works of art that had escaped from *Barbizon*—without knowing it.

—'Twould have pleased you, said I, to see the forty-two portraits of the once famous *Kit-Kat Club*, that were last at *Water Oakley*. They were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was accounted no mean proficient in his *art—entendu qu'il n'avoit jamais vu Barbizon.*

—Ah, cried he, contemptuously—Kneller—and Sir Joshua Reynolds, perhaps?—Perhaps, said I—Ah, *mon cher*, he continued, *nous avons changé tout cela.*—'Twas cruel, said I.—All true art is cruel, he answer'd.

—I will not say, however, he went on, that Sir Joshua was wholly off the right track—he had moments—a certain feeling sometimes—or perhaps I should not say a feeling precisely—but the feeling of a feeling—and modelling, of course—and here he stuck out his thumb, as if he would have press'd it in a pat of butter, and made a movement that I took to indicate, or in some way hint, the *convexity* of an imaginary body. —He modell'd well, went on the Painter, but he had no *jump*— —he lacked *that!* —and here he delivered himself of a gesture so strange that it quite passes my poor power of description—but 'twould have served to beckon a chambermaid—to tell a man to go to the d—l—or 'twould have suited as well had he said, "*Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!*"

—I perceive, said I, when he had made an end of this remarkable discourse, that I have much to learn about *art*—for I should shock you should I confide to you the simplicity of my thoughts about Sir Joshua. I wish, indeed, that we might continue this conversation where

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we might be more at our ease—for I vow this is no less than the third time that I have been interrupted in my listening by the necessity of feeing this *Porter*.

—With all my heart! rejoined the Painter—come to my *studio* whenever it shall be convenient for you—and so saying he gave me his card.

—And here the *Conductor* shouted "New York!" and La Fleur seized my gripsack, exclaiming:

—"Forty minutes late!"

—Upon my word, said I to myself, if I am but forty minutes late, and not thrice forty years, I am much mistaken!

NEW YORK.

The Opéra Comique.

—I am in the mood, said I to the *Clerk* at my hotel, to see a play.—Kajoola, said he, is your affair.—'Tis an *opéra comique*, with the best of music, and you shall see the prettiest women in New York.

—*Tant mieux!* said I—I would not paint the lily—yet I vow there is a sweet concomitancy between a pretty face and a pretty tune, and no song was ever the less sweet for coming from rosy lips.—I bet you, he said.—'Tis not a matter for a wager, quoth I.

—Following the *Clerk's* directions, I found myself seated in a vast theatre—which for its marble stairs and its gilt walls—might, I thought, have called itself a palace.—The musicians were playing the *ouverture* as I came in.

— —Presently the curtain rose—and *O Pudour!* O Native *modesty!*—O ye gentle Nymphs of Diana, ye who once cast the shield of your own loveliness between *Actæon* and your Mistress!—I dare say *Actæon* scarce noted the difference—shall I tell you what I saw?

—Just heavens!—I blush while I write it—some thirty hussies marched on the Stage—*clad*—shall I thus abuse thee, thou good old English participle?—clad, then, in silks and velvets—but as tight and close to their forms as if each were a *harlequin* or an acrobat!

— —What is this? said I to the spectator next me.—'Tis the *Pages' Chorus*, answer'd he.—But wait until you shall see them as the *Amazons!*— —I had no mind to wait—I went incontinently out—The man at the door would have stopp'd me—*Return check?* quoth he.—Nay, friend, said I—I have had my *check*, and am even now *de retour*.—He look'd at me as if I were a lunatick.

— —Now I hold that a pretty woman is worth all the other pretty things in this world—So I cannot bear to see this Temple of human *Beauty* so degraded, and profaned.—I had as lief put breeches on the *Venus de Medicis*—and make a trollop of her in a twinkling.

— —The essence of beauty, said I to the *Doorkeeper*—is the fillip it gives to the imagination—and no woman is so fair as our fancy of her. I love a trim *waist*—but it must be in a neat bodice—a graceful . . . . walk—but 'tis best revealed in the undulations of a petticoat that is neither prudish nor *trop coquet*—a *glove* may be the most seductive thing in the world, if it go but to the elbow—or make but a discreet sally up a white arm—but to stretch the suitability of a glove to all imaginable purposes—to dress a woman as you bind a book—as an upholsterer covers a chair— —'tis a foul profanation, said I.—Do you know where you live? asked the *Doorkeeper*.—In Castaly, said I.—I have never been there, said the *Doorkeeper*.

NEW YORK.

THE STUDIO.

—Why should I—I said to myself—condemn one art because another has displeased me?—As well say that all *medicine* is quackery, because I have had an encounter with a *Veterinary*.—And with this thought in my mind, I set forth to visit the Painter.—His *atelier*—for so I found 'twas call'd—was in a vast building, which many others of his craft inhabited in common—To what end?—thought I.—Now, were the *Patrons* of art thus hived, 'twere easy to step in and pick your patron.—But this assembling in competition of the patroniz'd has to me an air *pas trop comme-il-faut*.

—I found my *Painter* hous'd in a mighty fine place.—But in the furnishing

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of it he must have counted on a prodigious floor—and clean forgot the other five plane spaces—for he had so many *rugs* that he had been forced to hang them on his walls—and indeed, upon his lounges and his chairs—'twas a miracle, if a *Turk* had known where to sit cross-legged.

—But why babble I of *rugs*, when the fairest *Model* in the world stood, beautifying a *Grecian* dress—in a shrine—or so I conceiv'd it—at the end of the room?—it was at the OTHER end.—I reflected on the way that Life presents us her chances.

—I am glad to see you, said the Painter.

—I am glad to see—said I.

—*Mademoiselle Didon*—said he, presenting me—but I'll be hang'd if your name have not escaped me.—*Monsieur Alors*, said I.

—*Je ne vous sçavois pas françois*—I did not take you for a Frenchman, he said.

—*Parfois*, I answer'd; now and then—but 'tis at most a case of *cœlum non animum*—he look'd surly—my Latin was too much for him.—You will not mind if I paint while we talk, he said—Mademoiselle, you have lost your *pose!*

—Now I will engage that Mademoiselle had not lost her. . . . *pose*—for whatever *pose* she took, 'twas lovely to look upon.—But it was true, that the gesture he had set her, she had as clean lost on my appearance, as I had lost—my nationality.

—Now she essay'd to slip back into her proper posture—She stood poised in an attitude of *indication*, as who should say—*voilà*—see there.——*Quoi?*—I do not know; but it was pretty to think that there was something there that interested her.—I stepp'd forward, and supported her outstretch'd index finger with my own.—Mademoiselle is fatigued, said I.—With pointing at nothing, Monsieur, said she.—*C'est une haute distinction*, said I.

—Your picture—I address'd myself to the Painter, has no doubt some famous classical subject—*Hero* perceiving *Leander's* head emerging from the waves—*ou bien Lydia s'apercevant d'*HORACE—or *Lucretia*—

—Subject!—he cried—do you think I would paint a *subject*.—With what scorn he said this I cannot tell you—for I do not yet understand it—Do you think, sir, he said, that I paint *literary* pictures?

—*Pas du tout*, monsieur, said I—for the matter of that, I assured him—a Painter may be no more of a man of letters than to make shift to sign his name in the corner of his picture.—You do not apprehend, says he.—Do you know what we mean by *art* for *art's* sake?—I do not—I told him—save that it must be something practised on a full belly.

—This is a *Composition*, says he.—'Tis a question of *lines* and harmony.—A *composition*, in fact—*is*. . . . a composition.—And what does that mean? quoth I.—It means nothing, said he.—If it meant anything, it would not be *art*.———I have heard much the same thing said of *Poetry*, I replied—but I had no thought that the rule was of such general application.—Is it also true in selling of breeches and stockings?

—*Je vous ferois observer*,—I would have you observe—said the Painter,—that 'tis but the tip of Mademoiselle Didon's finger that you are required to support.—You would make me a niggard, said I.———But here there came a timid knock—and the Painter went to the door.—For better convenience in talking to the person outside—he put the door between himself and—us.—I declare and protest—it was a delicate situation.

—For there stood I, with the tip of my finger lifting the tip of the *Model's* finger—or, if it was not the precise geometrical tip of her finger—let him who would take a foot-rule to VENUS appraise the extent of my transgression—I say—I supported the tip of her finger———I knew an epicure, once—would carve a fowl and save himself the second joint—he was twice wedded;—but 'tis to no purpose here—but I must tell you that there ran such a strange current of lively emotion—such strange tingling and agreeable disturbance—from my heart to the tip of my finger, where it met another current so like it I dare swear they were twins—and thence set back———that first the model look'd to the right

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—and I to the left—and then I look'd to the right and she to the left— —and then, in the natural ordinance of alternation—our eyes met— —and at this juncture, as I have said, the Painter put himself behind the door.

THE STUDIO.

THE DOOR.

—Now there are many things that may happen in the time that a man is behind a door.—In the giving out of mouths, for example, many a man would have had a smaller one had he had an inch or two of oak between him and the distributing genius.—Had *Aladdin* been behind the door when the Princess *Badroulbadour* passed for the first time—might he not have made some honest wench of his own degree a happy wife—instead of obtruding his peasantry upon a princess of high degree?—Or had CASSIO been behind the door when OTHELLO treated his lady to such bad language — and affronted her pretty neck with his blackamoor hands—might he not have rush'd in and cast OTHELLO neck and heels out of window— — and thereby . . . vindicated the honor of a very chaste and excellent lady?

—But on this occasion—I had no need to reason so abstractly—for the Painter only bade a little boy begone who had come to offer himself for a model—and came back to us.—The pose is easy to resume, I said.

—'Tis needless, said he—I have drawn the arm.—For the rest, your aid is not necessary.—Bonjour, Mademoiselle, I said.—I hope, sir—I may be accorded some further lessons in art.—Do you need them? he asked—I am but a novice, said I.—It was as if the atmosphere had grown suddenly chill.—I bowed profoundly—perhaps my bow inclined a little toward the model—I quitted the Studio.

THE STUDIO.

THE CORRIDOR.

—The long corridor that led to the street was dark—I pick'd my way carefully.—Of a sudden I heard a faint sound of sobbing—my heart moved within me.—Who is it?—I said.

—'Tis only I, sir—said the Boy.

—It was the Boy, I saw, that the Painter had turn'd away so abruptly—he was crouch'd in a corner, crying as if his heart would break.—'Tis only I, he said. —*Il avoit des larmes dans sa voix.*— — 'Tis only I, said I, for the most of us in this world.—He alone is happy who hath another to whom he is as he is to himself.—And what is thy trouble?— — Thereupon he told me that the Painter had engaged him for that day—but that, being come, he found a better model had offer'd—she was preferred—and there was no employment for him — — though, as he pathetically told me, he was but two shillings an hour, while she was—at the least—a dollar.—And with that, his tears overcame him —and NIOBE, seeing him, would I am convinced—have hid her *mouchoir* out of sight—and blush'd for it's lace edging.

—When it is a question of pretty ladies, said he—'tis little they think of the children.

—Thou art a young philosopher, said I—but thy philosophy will serve thee better when thou art older.—And I gave him a silver piece of the worth of two shillings.—It was a foolish thing—God grant my wisdom be no worse matter than my foolishness. — — He thanked me not at all; but ran off singing—'twas a sort of thanks.

— —But while I had been talking with the Boy, the night had been coming on rapidly— —without my observing of it.—There was but little light left in the corridor—when I heard sound as of steps approaching— — 'tis time to go home, said I—and then, looking up—I perceiv'd ——

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

THERE was a story in the newspapers the other day about a Massachusetts minister who resigned his charge because someone had given his parish a fine house, and his parishioners wanted him to live in it. His salary was too small, he said, to admit of his living in a big house, and he would not do it. He was even deaf to the proposal that he should share the proposed tenement with the sewing societies and clubs of his church, and when the matter came to a serious issue, he relinquished his charge and sought a new field of usefulness. The situation was an amusing instance of the embarrassment of riches. Let no one to whom restricted quarters may have grown irksome, and who covets larger dimensions of shelter, be too hasty in deciding that the minister was wrong. Did you ever see the house that Hawthorne lived in at Lenox? Did you ever see Emerson's house at Concord? They are good houses for Americans to know and remember. They permitted thought.

A big house is one of the greediest cormorants which can light upon a little income. Backs may go threadbare and stomachs may worry along on indifferent fillings, but a house *will* have things, though its occupants go without. It is rarely complete, and constantly tempts the imagination to flights in brick and dreams in lath and plaster. It develops annual thirsts for paint and wall-paper; the plumbing in it must be kept in order on pain of death. Whatever price is put on coal, it has to be heated in winter; and if it is rural or suburban, the grass about it must be cut even though funerals in the family have to be put off for the mowing. If the tenants are not rich enough to hire people to keep their house clean, they must do it themselves, for there is no excuse that will pass among housekeepers for a dirty house. The master of a house too big for him may expect to spend the leisure which might be made intellectually or spiritually profitable in acquiring and putting into practice fag ends of the arts of the plumber, the bell-hanger, the locksmith, the gasfitter, and the carpenter. Presently he will know how to do everything that can be done in the house, except enjoy himself. He will learn about taxes, too, and water-rates, and how such abominations as sewers or new pavements are always liable to accrue at his expense. As for the mistress, she will be a slave to carpets and curtains, wall-paper, painters and women who come in by the day to clean. She will be lucky if she gets a chance to say her prayers, and thrice and four times happy when she can read a book or visit with her friends. To live in a big house may be a luxury, provided that one has a full set of money and an enthusiastic housekeeper in one's family, but to scrimp in a big house is a miserable business. Yet such is human folly, that for a man to refuse to live in a house because it is too big for him, is such an exceptional exhibition of sense that it becomes the favorite paragraph of a day in the newspapers.

An ideal of earthly comfort, so common

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that every reader must have seen it, is to get a house so big that it is burdensome to maintain, and fill it up so full of jimcracks that it is a constant occupation to keep it in order. Then, when the expense of living in it is so great that you can't afford to go away and rest from the burden of it, the situation is complete and boarding-houses and cemeteries begin to yawn for you. How many Americans, do you suppose, out of the droves that flock annually to Europe, are running away from oppressive houses?

When nature undertakes to provide a house, it fits the occupant. Animals who build by instinct build only what they need, but man's building instinct, if it gets a chance to spread itself at all, is boundless, just as all his instincts are. For it is man's peculiarity that nature has filled him with impulses to do things, and left it to his discretion when to stop. She never tells him when he has finished. And perhaps we ought not to be surprised that in so many cases it happens that he doesn't know, but just goes ahead as long as the materials last.

If another *man* tries to oppress him, he understands that and is ready to fight to death and sacrifice all he has, rather than submit; but the tyranny of *things* is so subtle, so gradual in its approach, and comes so masked with seeming benefits, that it has him hopelessly bound before he suspects his fetters. He says from day to day, "I will add thus to my house;" "I will have one or two more horses;" "I will make a little greenhouse in my garden;" "I will allow myself the luxury of another hired man;" and so he goes on having things and imagining that he is richer for them. Presently he begins to realize that it is the things that own him. He has piled them up on his shoulders, and there they sit like Sindbad's old Man and drive him; and it becomes a daily question whether he can keep his trembling legs or not.

All of which is not meant to prove that property has no real value, or to rebut Charles Lamb's scornful denial that enough is as good as a feast. It is not meant to apply to the rich, who can have things comfortably, if they are philosophical; but to us poor, who have constant need to remind ourselves that where the verbs *to have* and *to be* cannot both be completely inflected the verb to be is the one that best repays concentration.

NOTHING can be more significant to anyone who considers criticism from the utilitarian point of view, than the silent swiftness with which any art outgrows its current definitions. A striking illustration is the way in which the pertinence and value of the still copious talk about the conflict between realism and romanticism in the art of fiction have, so to speak, lapsed. This talk still fills the air, though the echoes it awakens grow sensibly fainter and fainter, whereas fiction itself has ceased to divide on these lines. There is still, of course, as there always has been and always will be, the old contrast of temperaments; as in other departments of literature and the fine arts, the novelist's work is inevitably colored by the view of his material which, instinctively, he takes. But the most ardent controversialist would not maintain that this temperamental difference — in virtue of which one writer treats his material scientifically and another imaginatively—is the difference between realism and romanticism as these terms are used. Realism, as actually and universally understood, has the field all to itself; it is an evolution; it justifies itself historically, and has "come to stay." In a word, the painting of life and the world, of character and manners, is nowadays artistically conscientious — as a few years back it had not thought of being —in avoiding solecisms. This is the feeling of the time; no novelist escapes it save at the expense of a barren eccentricity. Living in our day, Shakespeare would certainly not give his Roman soldiers watches, nor would a new "Ivanhoe" have an "historical error on every page." And, in the same degree, to counsel novelists to be observant, to eschew romantic idealization, to examine the nature and follow the suggestion of their material, is now merely to beat the air. No literary artist of even the second rank does otherwise. On the other hand, if the present devotion to what is called truth —as conspicuous in painting and sculpture as in literature—be as hostile to imaginativeness as the romanticists assert, it is not by "harking back" along the line of evolution that imaginativeness is to be secured.

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The "ideality" of the fiction of the future will have another fascination than that of Alexandre Dumas.

The truth is that the current criticism whose shibboleths are "romanticism" and "realism," has got into the polemic stage —which is the same thing as saying that it has ceased to be criticism. Criticism is mainly an affair of analysis and classification. These afford it ample scope, and dealing successfully with them confers abundant dignity. To decry Scott or exalt Mr. Rider Haggard is to be the slave of an abstraction, than which nothing is less critical. It may be useful by way of shocking the illiterate and inattentive into a comprehension of your position, but it is not criticism, because your eye is not "on the object" but on your position, which also in this case is hopelessly outside the circle of operations of true contemporary strategy. The "realistic" controversialists are especially slow to perceive this. Not only are they singularly blind to the success of their own party among the novelists whose material is exclusively human life and character (how else explain their heat?), but they seem to insist that everyone who deals with fiction at all should deal exclusively with this material. Take, for a pertinent and practical example, the short stories which Mr. T. R. Sullivan has recently collected in a volume, and which attract the anathemas of the College of Propaganda of Realism, because they are romantic rather than real. There is in them, however, no question of life whatever, and to assume the contrary is to exhibit a most defective analytic sense. They are not even what Carlyle describes in characterizing a passage of "Wilhelm Meister" as "altogether sketched out" by Goethe "in the most airy, graceful, delicately-wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum"—such as the realism vs. romanticism controversy, let us say—"yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon." If you like them it is because you like the spectacle of a fine talent at play, because they are marked by a sensitive feeling for what is cultivated and refined, for diction at once polished and expressive, felicitous and unlabored, and because they are full of delicate and unworldly fancifulness, not at all because they deal with life romantically and significantly. If you do not like them it is because they strike an uncertain note in not betraying a full consciousness of their own character, because they are slightly confused in attitude and blend the material properties of realistic fiction—names, dates, places, actual passions—with an utterly unreal and, so far as life is concerned, a somewhat irresponsible imaginativeness. Why not like them for the one series of reasons and object to them for the other? But that would be critical, and controversy has the great charm over criticism of superior simplicity.

However, exactingly complex as it is, it is criticism that conquers in the end. And surely no polemics that criticism finally sends to "the country of old moons" will be less regretted than the realism vs. romanticism controversy. Its loss will make few calls upon our fortitude. We shall feel, indeed, in the great majority of instances, probably, like Artemus Ward's famous prisoner, who languished long years in prison until it suddenly occurred to him to open the door and issue into liberty. The delight Thackeray would have experienced at seeing Carlyle "hang up his d—d old fiddle," which Carlyle did experience in beholding Voltaire's "battering ram swing idly in the air," will be ours. We shall then be able to release our attention for exercise upon actual phenomena and present tendencies, and, as well as the sense of relief from the mechanical droning of jejune formularies, enjoy also the exhilaration of seeing once more the object "as in itself it really is"—now that it has moved on in its orbit and exhibits new phases since we last took the observation to figure upon which we have so long tarried. We shall be able to tolerate Poe and Hawthorne, Hoffmann and Gautier, without fear of being false to "realism," and so far as concerns the portraiture of life, we shall be able cordially to agree with M. Zola himself, who affirms: "*Tout n'est que rêve!*" or with the author of "George de Barnwell," who long ago maintained: "The Ideal is the true Real."

THE melancholy days are come when the gentle châtelaine, from her stronghold in the mountains, or by the much-sounding sea, issues her friendly challenges to her own

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particular contest of wit and beauty, with all the pleasurable torment that it entails. "Stella and Vanessa have both arrived," she writes; "Lady Blarney and Miss Skeggs, Will Honeycomb, Esquire, and Captain Sentry, are expected daily. Come and pass a week here with these distinguished guests—" and then she names the day. She does not add that, long before the allotted term is over, everyone of this sprightly company, yourself included, will have become to her an intolerable nuisance, and that for the privilege of sharing her ennui you must change all your habits, and forego your dearest occupations. You are to pack your trunk and board the train with all possible despatch, and with the perfect knowledge that at your journey's end not even the traveller's privilege will be yours. You may not take your ease in your inn; on the contrary, you are asked especially to sit up and look pleasant, to make yourself agreeable, if such a thing be possible, from one end of the long week to the other. You must go, of course; there are many good reasons why you should not refuse. Your hostess is a charming woman, and you value her friendship; she flatters you, not only by her invitation, but also in her method of enforcing your allegiance. The whole affair is to be quite informal—a much abused word long since made meaningless—and you are to be free as air. For civility's sake, you affect to believe her when she says these things, knowing all the while as well as you do that they are false as water.

Tyrant custom is in nothing more tyrannical than in this matter of the visit which, as now constituted, can be a matter of enjoyment only to lovers and children, for whose benefit, it would appear, all custom's laws are framed. The rational man, let us hope, will always be truly hospitable. He will delight to welcome under his roof an intimate friend, for adoption into his own family, during an indefinite period. He will even return this visit cheerfully, forgetting his small discomforts in the many compensations of the pleasant intercourse it confirms. But until his whole nature changes, he will never honestly enjoy being bound over to good behavior for days together, among comparative strangers, in a house that is not his. Of "all forms, modes, shows of grief" that fashion has invented, this is surely the most irksome. O Informality, what deceits are practised in thy name! One might as well put on the trappings of a courtier and accept feudal servitude at once, as in a land of freedom, under summer skies, to be trammelled so.

When, in the depth of winter, we are dragged from our quiet firesides to perform social duties which for the most part we would gladly leave undone, it is with the distinct understanding that the sacrifice will endure for three hours only. The clock strikes, and we are gone. We congratulate ourselves that it was no worse; we have appeased our consciences, and may retire in good order with the satisfaction that follows any other disagreeable act of heroism. Why should this kindly law of self-protection be enforced at one season more than at another? In this brief life of ours, three hours a day are enough and more than enough to give the world. The long-suffering spirit of man rises in revolt and demands a three-hour limit, year in and year out, in summer and winter, spring and autumn. That the world has some claim upon us, only a savage or a philosopher would presume to deny; up to this point, then, let it be conceded just and honorable; but beyond this point, let us insist upon the right to be let alone.

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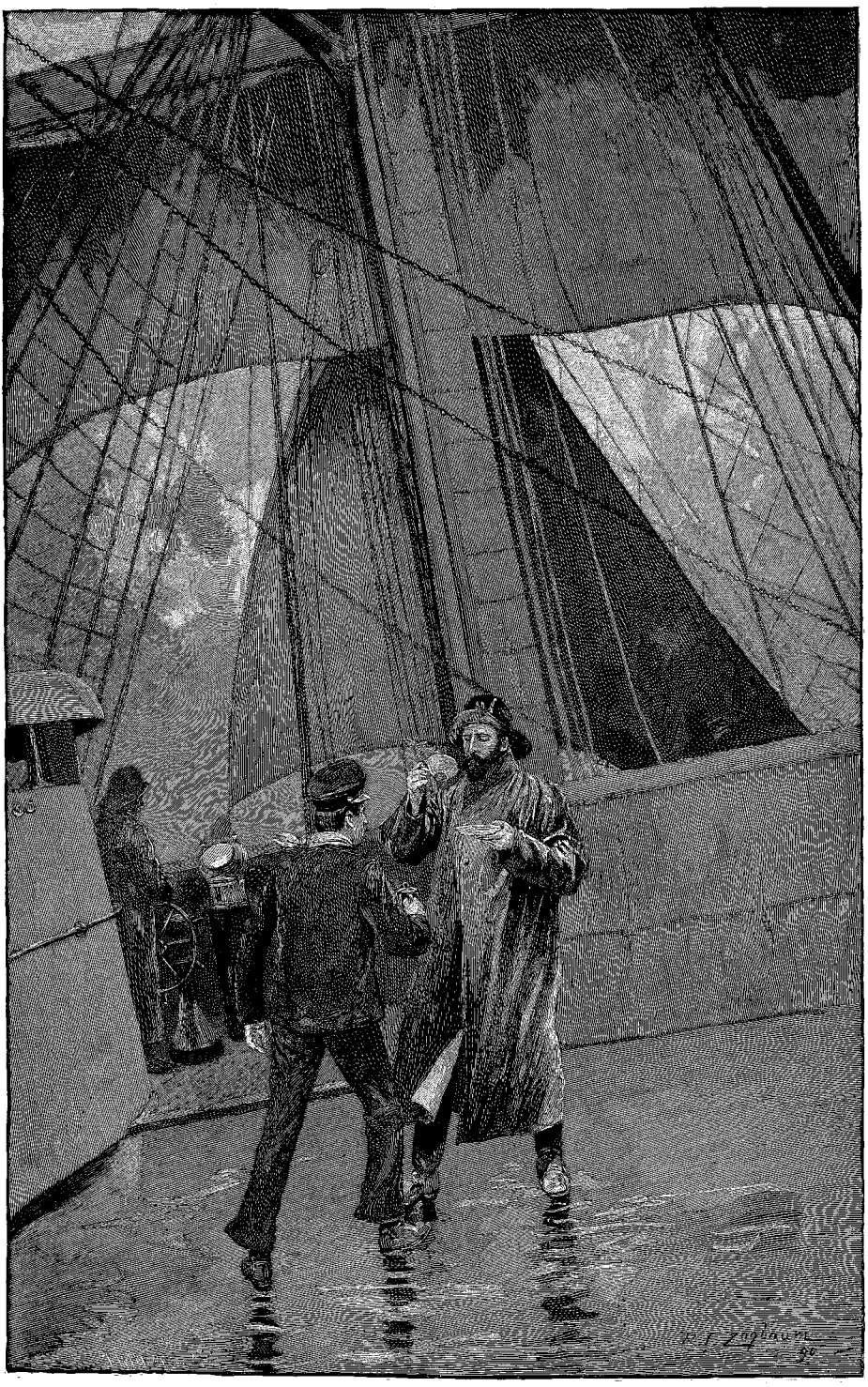

DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM. ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

IN THE MORNING WATCH.

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